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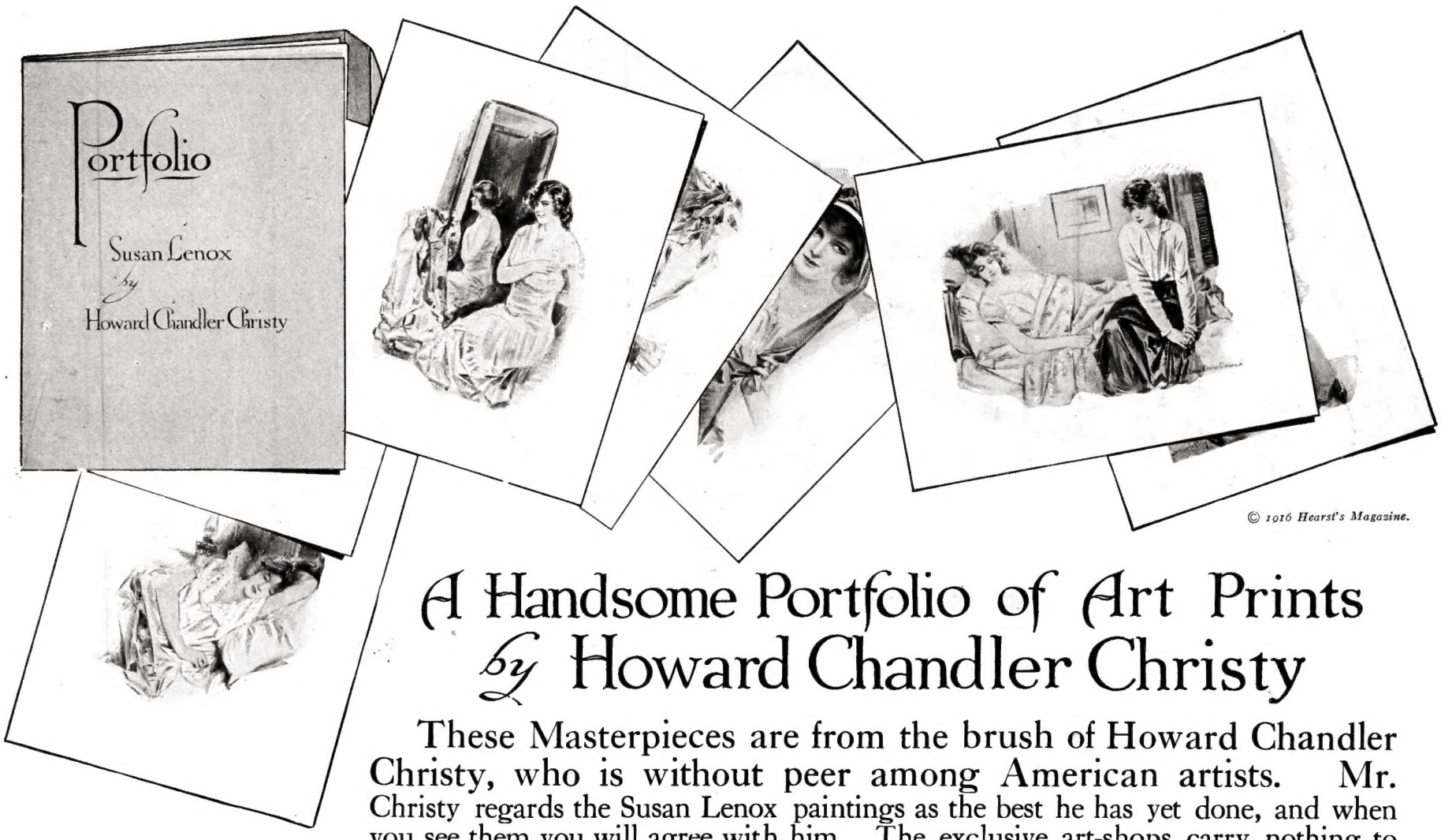


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# A Handsome Portfolio of Art Prints by Howard Chandler Christy

**These Masterpieces are from the brush of Howard Chandler Christy, who is without peer among American artists. Mr. Christy regards the Susan Lenox paintings as the best he has yet done, and when you see them you will agree with him. The exclusive art-shops carry nothing to equal these eight large, full-color pictures. The Portfolio meets the approval of the most discriminating. You have been delighted with the illustrations for "The Story of Susan Lenox." Here is your opportunity to get them in all their original beauty—and absolutely without cost to you.**

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A fine, new edition of the Christy Portfolio has been prepared to meet the insistent demand from the many enthusiastic readers of "The Story of Susan Lenox," and we have a copy here for you.

As David Graham Phillips said "No human being ever has a future unless he or she had a past—and the severer the past the more splendid the future."

So it was with Susan Lenox. God himself only knew what she had been through. But never once did she surrender her soul to the despoiler. She held her head high, confident that her day would come.

And when at last she found the upward path, she rose into the white light of success and won the comradeship of great men and women; a strong, noble woman reaching her high destination gloriously.

You will want to read this thrilling second chapter in the life of Susan Lenox. It is a story of poignant feeling, firm resolve, supreme courage.

You ***must*** have "The Story of Susan Lenox." Just a glance over the list of good things planned for the coming year will convince you that you cannot get along without Hearst's Magazine. And we know you will want the lovely set of Christy paintings for your very own. Simply send us a new subscription to Hearst's Magazine at the regular rate of $1.50 a year. Or better still, send us $2 for a two-year subscription. Thus for 50c more you get an entire extra year of Hearst's Magazine and the Susan Lenox Portfolio in addition. Don't hesitate if you are already on our list, for your subscription will be carefully extended from its present date of expiration. The complete Portfolio will be promptly forwarded you, securely packed in cardboard, and postpaid right to your door entirely free of cost. But act now, sign and mail the coupon today, for the number of Portfolios is limited and you will not want to be disappointed.

### *A Feast of Fiction*

is spread before you in Hearst's Magazine for the next year. We can here give but the barest outline of our extensive plans, but remember that the policy of "The Best, No Matter what the Price" makes Hearst's **command** your attention.

### *Many Short Stories*

—and topliners, every one of them, by such authors as Robert W. Chambers, George Randolph Chester, Larry Evans, Melville Davisson Post, Arthur Stringer, Henry C. Rowland, Bruno Lessing, E. Phillips Oppenheim, "Mr. Dooley," and others.

### *Big New Novels*

These names speak for themselves. They are the masters of their craft. In addition to David Graham Phillips' "The Story of Susan Lenox" and "Rainbow's End," by Rex Beach; you will enjoy W. W. Jacobs' new novel and "Marion—the Story of an Artist's Model," by the author of "Me."

### *Superb Illustrations*

In art as well as in literature, Hearst's Magazine is preeminent. The fine large page gives opportunity for wonderful effects with the illustrations of Penrhyn Stanlaws, James Montgomery Flagg, Clarence F. Underwood, Howard Chandler Christy, A. B. Wenzell, Anton Otto Fischer, Henry Hutt, etc.

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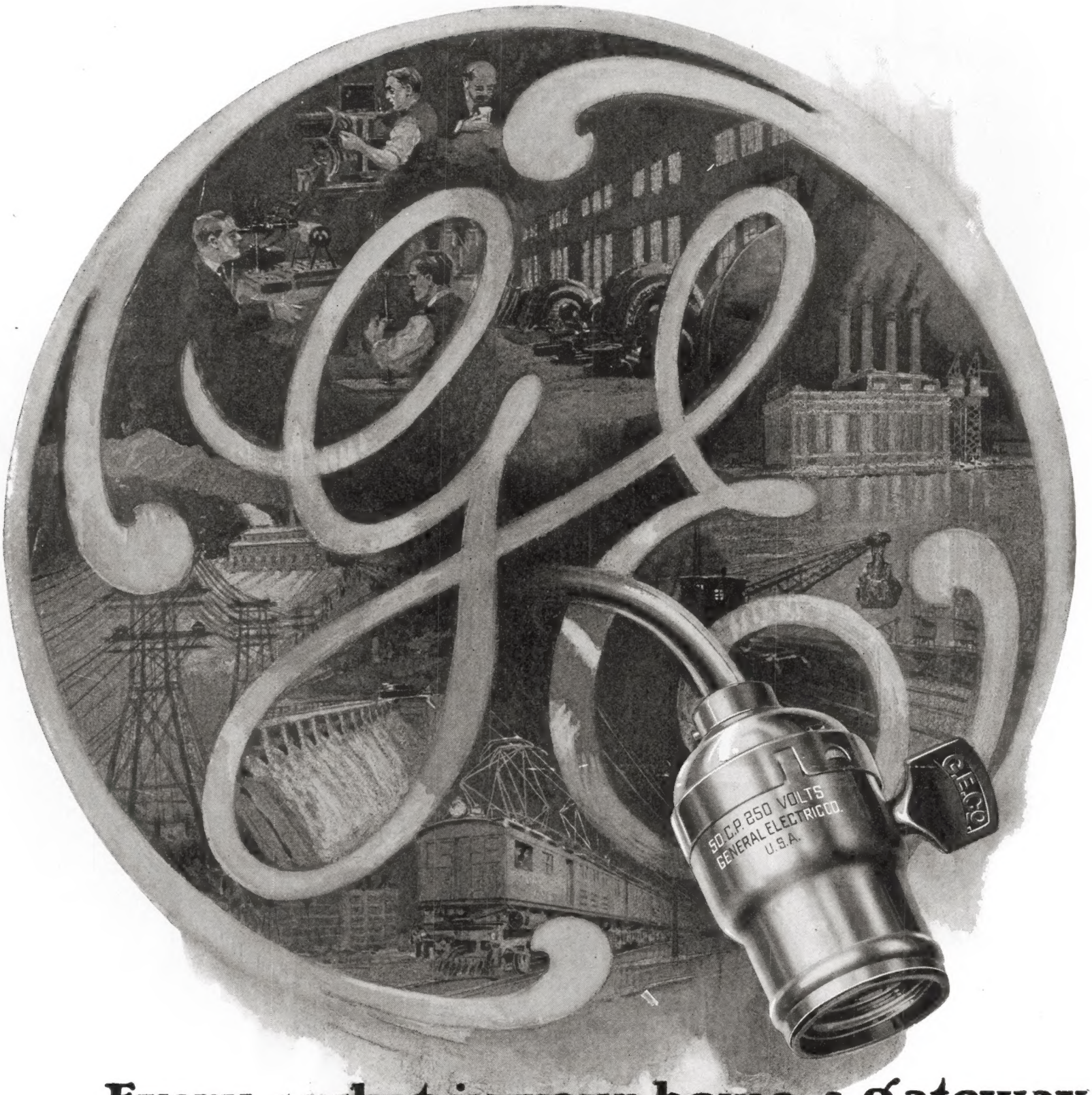


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# *Forecast of Future Issues*

OCTOBER Hearst's will be chock-a-block with good reading, and good reading is the king of indoor sports. So, if you want to begin the indoor season right, lead off with Hearst's:—read the short stories by Marie Corelli, by Melville Davisson Post, by Cosmo Hamilton, by Bruno Lessing, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, writers true and tried and never found wanting. Travel along with the serials by the Author of "Me," by W. W. Jacobs, by Rex Beach, by David Graham Phillips. Margaret Anglin relates a chapter from her life-story, and "Buffalo Bill" Cody dashes in with another "Old Wild West" thriller—all your childhood you have heard about Buffalo Bill, now meet him on his own ground. We expect Mr. Dooley to be with us again; there is a beautiful art section; the best theatrical department, and some timely verse by James J. Montague, with a decorative cartoon, and one of Elbert Hubbard's inimitable Sermonettes. And anything else lively we can lay hands on before we go to press, like the Charles Evans Hughes article in this number and "America's Ideals," by Jules Bois, the eminent French observer, in the forthcoming issue. By the way, have you noticed that other magazines are imitating the Hearst style and size? And have you noticed that they don't touch us, don't catch our distinctive and convincing personality?

WINSTON CHURCHILL is shortly to begin a new novel in Hearst's. His story will be called "The Dwelling-Place of Light." Every Churchill novel in the last several years has at once taken its place at the head of the six-best-seller list and held it longer than the average. One of the reasons for this is the author's thoroughness of workmanship as America's most finished craftsman. One of his novels appears every two years because he carefully takes two years to write and rewrite and then rewrite a novel. A few years ago a prominent periodical paid Mr. Churchill $30,000 for the magazine rights to one of his novels. That's a measure of Mr. Churchill's popularity. He belongs in Hearst's. And so he's coming.

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## You, too, can have its charm if you will begin the following treatment tonight:

Just before retiring, lather your wash cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Use this treatment *persistently* and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

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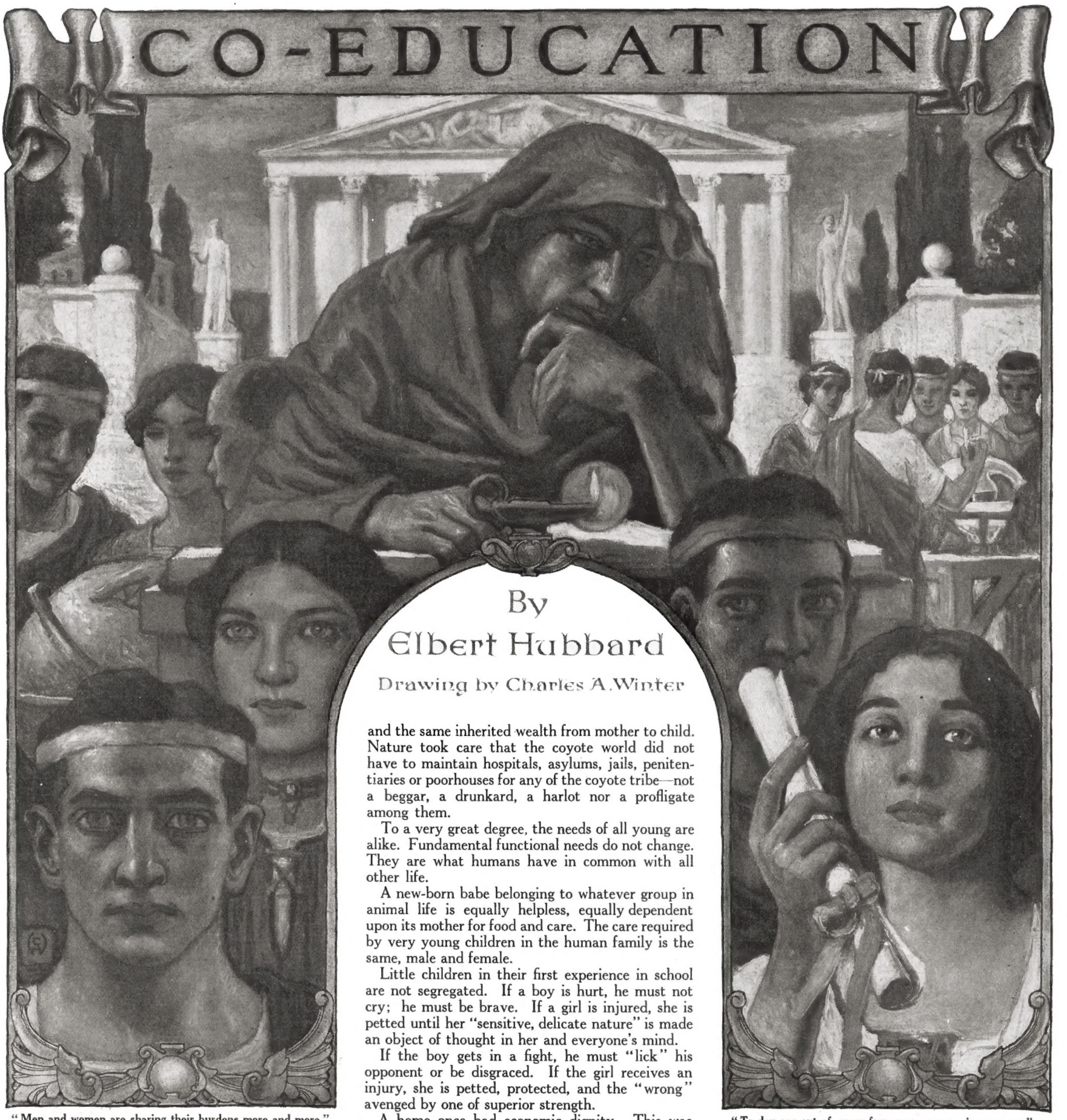
# *Woodbury's Facial Soap*

# CO-EDUCATION



By
Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



"Men and women are sharing their burdens more and more."

A COYOTE had a family of six cubs, male and female. Her instructions, her discipline, were the same for each member of her family.

Indiscretions in the conduct of her male children were punished the same as those of the female. No opportunities were allowed or offered to one sex that were not proffered to the other.

No restrictions were put on one that were not demanded of the other; one could not go to places forbidden to another; no dangerous habits were condoned in the one and not allowed the other.

In fact, Madame Coyote administered to all alike—justice, mercy, tenderness, kindness, severity, responsibility. She had not in her family a prig, a doll, nor an incompetent.

When her children left her hearthstone to go out into the cold, cruel world, each one was economically independent; each had no more, no less, allowance, and the same inherited wealth from mother to child. Nature took care that the coyote world did not have to maintain hospitals, asylums, jails, penitentiaries or poorhouses for any of the coyote tribe—not a beggar, a drunkard, a harlot nor a profligate among them.

To a very great degree, the needs of all young are alike. Fundamental functional needs do not change. They are what humans have in common with all other life.

A new-born babe belonging to whatever group in animal life is equally helpless, equally dependent upon its mother for food and care. The care required by very young children in the human family is the same, male and female.

Little children in their first experience in school are not segregated. If a boy is hurt, he must not cry; he must be brave. If a girl is injured, she is petted until her "sensitive, delicate nature" is made an object of thought in her and everyone's mind.

If the boy gets in a fight, he must "lick" his opponent or be disgraced. If the girl receives an injury, she is petted, protected, and the "wrong" avenged by one of superior strength.

A home once had economic dignity. This was when the mother, through her own efforts of brain and muscle, provided food and clothing for her family.

In the period which followed this, and out of which we are just emerging, one man undertook to carry the stupendous burden of the entire maintenance of from one to a dozen people.

And men broke down. In order to produce strength to maintain this herculean load, they stimulated. They sought relaxation in any way that might enhance their earning capacity and prolong their period of earning.

The whole world has come into a semi-intelligent understanding that for one man to earn for many is a burden too great for any human being to carry; that it is fatal for men to carry it, and no less fatal for women to be relieved from economic responsibilities.

And so, one of every four wage-earners is a woman, and one of every four women is a wage-earner.

Should boys have one kind of education and girls another? Surely, if they are to live in different worlds and have different needs.

But since each needs food, shelter, clothing, and since each needs the natural exercise required to earn a living, boys and girls need the same education.



"To-day one out of every four wage-earners is a woman."

Since each lives in this world, in this age of invention, where the drudgery of life is reduced to a minimum, where an intelligent understanding of the responsibilities of home, school, government and the business world is shared by women and men, each should have the same preparation which a school gives.

Men and women are sharing their burdens more and more. Women's particular responsibilities as mothers do not exempt them from vital interests in business, government and schools.

Science, invention, our present way of living, make it possible for man to assist and be a part in this somewhat exclusive responsibility of women.

All benefits which the state gives to the public are for girls and boys, women and men, alike. The tendency of the times is toward mutuality in all work in which women and men engage, and the preparation for such living should be the same.

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Susan Lenox, child yet a woman, thrust out from her kind, to meet events without parallel, faces the world alone — yet hopefully.

*When you have read Part I Her Fall and Rise" as Susan goes through fire want to read how she Story-Susan's rise-is if than the first part. It be-*

TO behold Susan Lenox was to be fascinated at once. Her chin and throat—to look at them was to know where her lover would first choose to kiss her. The youths of Sutherland longed for and sighed for the alluring, sweet, bright girl of seventeen; but they dared not court her, with all the women saying "Poor thing!" And Susan didn't realize until one day she and her cousin Ruth fell in love with Sam Wright. Then:

"It's time you knew the truth," said Ruth, her eyes half-shut and sparkling devilishly with jealousy; "you haven't any name—no father! No man would think of marrying you."

Even so, Susan didn't see why she should be an outcast. She had kissed Sam. He learned then that she was so innocent that she thought a kiss meant the same as being married. It was only a kiss, but the Warhams, Susan's aunt and uncle with whom she was living as if she were sister to their only child, Ruth, said she was going the way her mother went. First thing they knew, no respectable man would marry Ruth either!

"I'm done with everybody; I'm done with God!" cried Susan in her anguish. She ran off to Cincinnati, where her uncle, with Sam and his father, tracked her down. "*She* talked of marriage; *I* didn't," sniveled Sam.

Her unbelieving uncle then took Susan to his brother Zeke's, back in the hills, where he savagely told her: "It's a question of what's got to be done to save my family—and you, too—from disgrace. I've arranged for you to marry a farmer here, Jeb Ferguson."

"O God," prayed Susan, "stop punishing me. I didn't mean to do wrong—and I'm sure my mother didn't either."

On her marriage night she again ran away. She was pursued, but she hid on the top of a high rock. Here a young newspaper man, Roderick Spenser, found her—no money and no friends and a woman, yet facing the world hopefully.

"Go back, for you don't realize what may be waiting for you at the river—and beyond!" said he.

"Nothing could be so bad as marriage," she replied. At night he went with her as far as Carrollton, across the river; saw her safely to the miserable little hotel there; gave her his pocketbook; and left her, promising to return on the morrow. From her window she watched him rowing back across the stream, under the stars, dawning love in her heart. In after years she always looked back upon that hour as the one that definitely marked the end of girlhood, of the thoughts and beliefs that go with the sheltered life, and the beginning of womanhood, self-reliance, and hardihood.

A letter followed next day saying that Spenser could not come; he had broken his leg. Then Spenser's pocketbook was stolen from her. She borrowed money of Burlingham, a river-boat showman, to pay her hotel bill; she joined his company to work out the loan.

Burlingham discovered her secret, since her uncle had offered a reward of a thousand dollars for information, but that was Susan's business, said he. "We're all people here who have lived. You need not hang your head in this company. Those who get moral gooseflesh at the doings of others are always people who haven't ever really been up against it. You are a nice, sweet girl—well brought up, but that means badly brought up for the life you've got to learn to lead."

"I know what you are doing for me," replied Susan, "and I'd die for you. I'd kill myself before I'd spend another day with the man they made me marry."

Susan made a hit with the countryside audiences, but the show-boat was run down and sunk. The company separated—except Susan and Burlingham, who believed he could place Susan upon the stage. Weeks dragged on, but no results.

When they were down to the last dollar Burlingham fell ill of typhoid; he was taken to a free ward in the hospital. Here it was: She had said she would die for Burlingham, and he was dying for her; long ago he could have found a place had it not been for her. She could find no employment; she was untrained, unskilled. But money must be got—must. Burlingham must be taken from the free ward. She met a young man of her own age, her own class, who told her: "I pity the poor devils in the free wards; nothing free is ever good." They went to a well-known resort and he gave her twenty dollars; she hurried to the hospital to turn it over to them for Burlingham's sake. But he was dead.

Her eyes grew deep violet, large, shining with tragic softness—like the eyes of an angel that had lost its birthright through no fault of its own. Then she was alone in Cincinnati, doubly alone. She finally secured work in a paper-box factory—run by a man named Matson, with his four-dollar-a-week wage, driving the girls he robbed to marry men they hated, or to pick up a living in the gutter. With none of the comforts and few of the decencies of life, she settled down to live with the Brashear family.

"But you ain't afraid to live this way," said old Tom Brashear; "you have soul and imagination, those two things mean something. Some day—swish!—and off you'll soar. Being a female don't matter—it's having soul, and you've got it."

Fire drove the Brashear family into the streets one winter night. Tom and his wife died. Susan lived thereafter with the daughter of the family, Etta, and her brother Ashbel—until that young man told Susan he was as good as she was and offered to marry her; but she repulsed him and refused his offer. The two girls moved, sharing a slum-tenement room with two others, their strength declining, their miseries eating in, until they cried out they were "ready for anything that wasn't cold or hunger, or rags and dirt and vermin—all of which they endured, while they sold both body and soul to Matson's factory for four dollars a week."

One night they met two college boys—pretty decent fellows—who relieved their immediate necessities. "How people would talk," said Etta. "What people?" queried Susan; "anyone who's willing to give you anything?"

Etta went away with one of the young men, but Susan stayed behind; marriage seemed the only outcome of Etta's action, and Susan knew that marriage turned men into brutes. Now that Susan had returned to her class she decided to look up Spenser. When she found him at his newspaper office the love that began at the old rock awoke with full force. At times they were so intensely happy that they laughed with tears in their eyes and touched hands across the table to get from physical contact the reassurance of reality. They decided to go to New York together, to Broadway, for he had written a play, and all she wanted in life was his success.

*of "The Story of Susan Lenox—condensed below; of how and survives, you will triumphs. Part II of the anything more powerful gins on the page following.*

Into life's darkest, civilization's bitterest, goes Susan: there came a time when suicide seemed the only way out, but it wasn't. She was born to rise.

Then came their first glimpse of New York: "On and on to the far horizon stretched the broad Hudson River and the lovely city that seemed the newborn offspring of the waves; on and on the myriad lights, in masses, in festoons, in great gleaming globes of fire rising higher than their native hills."

"I love it," murmured Susan; "already I love it. The City of the Stars," continued she, in the caressing tone in which a lover speaks the name of the beloved. "Rod, Rod! It's the Isle of Freedom! Kiss me!"

He did, but there came an episode later when he probed into her past, and she told him the truth. Then he turned on her with: "If only you had lied to me, told me the one lie!" Oh, he would love her still, but not in the same way.

"Are there different ways of loving?" she asked. Then, too, lack of money began to bother them: Spenser couldn't sell his play; he had to go to work in a newspaper office. They moved to cheaper quarters, still as Mr. and Mrs. Spenser.

One night, good old Drumley, their one friend, told Susan she was dragging Spenser down, killing his ambition. The next morning Susan wrote Spenser a letter: "For the sake of what you have been to me and done for me, I couldn't be so ungrateful as not to go." She left the house.

Alone again, and in strange New York! Down-town she found a job as a cloak-model with a house where "the buyers who come to us are big, easy spenders," and ten dollars a week wages would have to do. After she had been hired, Mary Hinkle, another model, told her the boss had picked her for Gideon, one of their biggest buyers. As to that, Mary went on to explain: "Sometimes a new girl goes out with an important customer and he gets fresh and she complains to the bosses. They always sympathize with her—but—well, I've noticed that somehow she soon loses her job."

Gideon came, and placed a big order. When he told Susan not to be a fool, that he liked her, she informed him he was "a clean, good-natured beast, but still a beast."

Susan resigned as cloak-model. She went to work in a hat factory, where the most she could make was about four dollars and thirty cents a week. It was the Cincinnati slums all over again, only more so. Two other women, old and broken, occupied the same room with her. The old women were always rejoicing in the goodness of the Lord. Susan remarked: "If He hears you, He'll think you're mocking Him." For dirt, hunger, long slaving hours, sleepless, noisome nights had come again. Once she caught a glimpse of herself in a store-window mirror—from the sight she shrank back in horror, yet gazed fascinated at the wreck of her former self.

"Anything—anything would be right if it promised relief." In this mood she met Billy Howland; he took her to Martin's to dine. There she saw a man whom she was to remember long after. Their eyes met, but not a word passed; he seemed to weigh her soul. "Brent, the playwright," whispered Billy.

Again Susan started out to look for work. Ida Driscoll proposed one way out—a woman's way—but Susan would have none of it. No work and down to her last dollar—in desperate spirits Susan left her lodging. The chilling rain drove her into a café sitting-room, where she met a girl named Maud, who introduced her to Charley Palmer.

"My long-sought affinity," jeered he, as he kissed her; "your name's Queenie, mine's Charley. You're going to be my girl. If you ever try to get away from me, I'll kill you—or worse. I understand women. The way to manage a woman is to make her afraid."

In his eyes was the uncontrolled ferocity one sees in a wild beast. No money, no friends, no escape for Susan—except perhaps death. But Charley had made a mistake, and his ultimate confession was: "I love you. You're the first woman I couldn't make afraid."

Susan finally escaped from his clutches, only to fall into worse circumstances where suicide seemed absolutely the only way out, "for surely," she moaned, "there can be no lower depth than where I am now." But the spirit of youth whispered: "Take hold." And she did.

She secured a position in Lange's café as a cabaret singer. For a time Lange's felt a prosperity it had never known before, so popular in a small way became Susan's singing. But Mrs. Lange was a born sitter. She had married to rest—and she went on resting. The service and food did not rise to the occasion; Lange's fell back to its old plane till one night Mrs. Lange, in a blind and unjust fit of jealousy, ordered Susan into the street.

In the dark days thereafter Susan had two friends, Clara and Gussie, unfortunates like herself. Now and again she heard of Charley Palmer, going up in politics, but he never crossed her path. Then one day she came upon Roderick Spenser, fallen to the bottom of the pit of life—broken, ill, drunken. She took him to her room, bathed and dressed him. As he fell asleep she was again the simple, innocent girl upon the high rock after her escape from her husband. Again the evening light faded, stars and moon came out, and she remembered the first sweet stirrings of love for him.

If a woman die, shall she live again? Yes—Susan had something to live for now—someone to redeem. Spenser awoke and asked for whisky; she gave it to him but refused any for herself: "Whisky is a comfort when one's on the way down. But I'm going to try the other direction for a change. I've sunk so low that for me there's no lower level! I've gone through a fire that's burned up every bit of me that can burn. I've been wondering if what's left isn't strong enough to do something with. I believe so—if you'll help me."

Help her! It was more like her helping him. But they would try. While Rod is in a hospital recuperating from typhoid he sends her to his former friend George Fitzalan, a theatrical agent. He can't place her, but while she is in his office she meets a man whose face is strangely familiar; he looks up at her with a piercing gaze: "It's a long time since I've seen you—a longer time for you than for me," he says. "A good deal has happened to me since then," replies Susan, with a faint smile, remembering the abyss.

The man is Robert Brent, playwright and producer. He gives her the chance of her lifetime; makes an appointment with her for three o'clock. He will train her for the stage.

Only the strong can suffer and live. Susan has suffered and lived. A new world is beginning for her—of success, of love, of life in London, Paris, New York, where great men walk and talk and plan, and Susan meets them on their own ground. With this month's instalment we enter with Susan upon that career. The drama of her life is about to center on two strong, antagonistic men, Robert Brent and Palmer, the weaker Roderick Spenser being forgotten.

# The Story of Susan Lenox

## "And Jesus Said I Condemn Thee,

*Illustrated by*

## The Upward at Last Finds

**"I'll miss you something fierce!" sobbed Clara. "Can't you take me along?" Susan's reply was characteristic: "I can't take you along, but I'll come for you as soon as I'm on my feet. I've got to get up myself first."**

AT three that afternoon Susan stood in the vestibule of Brent's small house in Park Avenue, overlooking the oblong of green between East Thirty-seventh and East Thirty-eighth. A most reputable-looking Englishman in evening clothes opened the door; from her reading and her theater-going she knew that this was a butler. He bowed her in. The entire lower floor was given to an entrance hall, done in plain black walnut, almost lofty of ceiling, and with a grand stairway leading to the upper part of the house. There was a huge fireplace to the right; a mirror filled the entire back wall; a broad low seat ran round the sides. In one corner, an enormous urn of dark pottery; in another corner, a suit of armor, the helmet, the breastplate and the gauntlets set with gold of ancient lack-luster.

The butler left her there and ascended the polished but dead-finished stairway noiselessly. Susan had never before been in so grand a room. Looking round her now, she had her first deep draft of esthetic delight in interior decoration. She loved this quiet dignity, this broad simplicity—nothing that obtruded, nothing that jarred, everything on the same scale of dark coloring and large size. She admired the way the mirror, without pretense of being anything but a mirror, enhanced the spaciousness of the room and doubled the pleasure it gave by offering another and a different view of it.

Last of all Susan caught sight of herself—a slim, slightly stooped figure, its white dress and its big black hat with white trimmings making it stand out strongly against the rather somber background. In a curiously impersonal way her own sad, wistful face interested her. A human being's face is a summary of his career. No man can realize at a thought what he is, can epitomize in just proportion what has been made of him by experience of the multitude of moments of which life is composed. But in some moods and in some lights we do get such an all-comprehending view of ourselves in looking at our own faces. As she had instinctively felt, there was a world of meaning in the contrast between her pensive brow above melancholy eyes and the blood-red line of her rouged lips.

The butler descended. "Mr. Brent is in his library on the fourth floor," said he. "Will you kindly step this way, madam?"

Instead of indicating the stairway, he went to the panel next the chimney-piece. She saw that it was a hidden door admitting to an elevator. She entered; the door closed; the elevator ascended rapidly. When it came to a stop the door opened and she was facing Brent.

"Thank you for coming," said he with almost formal courtesy.

For all her sudden shyness, she cast a quick but seeing look round. It was an overcast day; the soft floods of liquid light—the beautiful light of her beloved City of the Sun, poured into the big room through an enormous window of clear glass which formed the entire north wall. Round the other walls from floor almost to lofty ceiling were books in solid rows; not books with ornamental bindings, but books for use, books that had been and were being used. By way of furniture there were an immense lounge, wide and long and deep, facing the left chimney-piece; an immense table desk facing the north light, three great chairs with tall backs, one behind the table, one near the end of the table, the third in the corner farthest from the window; a grand piano, open, with music upon its rack and a long, carved seat at its keyboard. The huge window had a broad sill upon which was built a generous window-garden fresh and lively with bright flowers. The woodwork, the ceiling, the furniture were of mahogany. The master of this splendid simplicity was dressed in a blue house-suit of some summer material like linen. He was smoking a cigaret, and offered her one from the handsome carved-wood box filled with them on the table desk.

"Thanks," said she. And when she had lighted it and was seated facing him as he sat at his desk, she felt almost at her ease. After all, while his gaze was penetrating, it was also understanding; we do not mind being unmasked if the unmasker at once hails us as brother. Brent's eyes seemed


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# Her Fall and Rise by David Graham Phillips

## Unto Her, Neither Do Go, And Sin No More"

*Howard Chandler Christy*

## Path-Susan a Way Out

**"You play and sing?" Robert Brent wanted to know. "Simple songs; I only had a few lessons from a small-town teacher," replied Susan. "Let me hear," was Brent's demand, so she went to the piano and gave him her favorite "Gipsy Queen."**

to say to her: "Human!—like me." She smoked and let her gaze wander from books to window-garden, from window-garden to piano.

"You play?" said he.

"A very little. Enough for accompaniments to simple songs.'

"You sing?"

"Simple songs. I've had but a few lessons from a small-town teacher."

"Let me hear."

She went to the piano, laid her cigaret in a tray ready beside the music rack. She gave him the "Gipsy Queen," which she liked because it expressed her own passion of revolt against restraints of every conventional kind and her love for the open air and open sky. He somehow took away all feeling of embarrassment; she felt so strongly that he understood and was big enough not to have it anywhere in him to laugh at anything sincere. When she finished she resumed her cigaret and returned to the chair near his.

"It's as I thought," said he. "Your voice can be trained—to speak, I mean. I don't know as to its singing value. . . . Have you good health?"

"I never even have colds. Yes, I'm strong."

"You'll need it."

"I have needed it," said she. Into her face came the sad, bitter expression with its curious relief of a faint, cynical smile.

He leaned back in his chair and looked at her through a cloud of smoke. She saw that his eyes were not gray, as she had thought, but brown, a hazel brown with points of light sparkling in the irises and taking away all the suggestion of weakness and sentimentality that makes pure-brown eyes unsatisfactory in a man. He said slowly:

"When I saw you—in the Martin—you were on the way down. You went, I see."

She nodded. "I'm still there."

"You like it? You wish to stay?"

She shook her head smilingly. "No, but I can stay if it's necessary. I've discovered that I've got the health and the nerves for anything."

"That's a great discovery. . . . Well, you'll soon be on your way up. . . . Do you wish to know why I spoke to you this morning?—why I remembered you?"

"Why?"

"Because of the expression of your eyes—when your face is in repose."

She felt no shyness—and no sense of necessity of responding to a compliment, for his tone forbade any thought of flattery. She lowered her gaze, to conceal the thought his words brought—the memories of the things that had caused her eyes to look as Rod and now Brent said.

"Such an expression," the playwright went on, "must mean character. I am sick and tired of the vanity of these actresses who can act just enough never to be able to learn to act well. I'm going to try an experiment with you. I've tried it several times, but— No matter. I'm not discouraged. I never give up. . . . Can you stand being alone?"

"I spend most of my time alone. I prefer it."

"I thought so. Yes—you'll do. Only the few who can stand being alone ever get anywhere. Everything worth while is done alone. The big battle—it isn't fought in the field, but by the man sitting alone in his tent, working it all out. The bridge—the tunnel through the great mountains—the railway—the huge business enterprise—all done by the man alone, thinking, plotting to the last detail. It's the same way with the novel, the picture, the statue, the play—writing it, acting it—all done by someone alone, shut in with his imagination and his tools. I saw that you were one of the lonely ones. All you need is a chance. You'd surely get it, sooner or later. Perhaps I can bring it a little sooner. . . . How much do you need to live on?"

"I must have forty dollars a week—if you wish to take all my time."

"Certainly—certainly," cried he. "I'll want all your time. So it's forty dollars a week. When can you begin?"

Susan reflected. "I can't go into anything that'll mean a long time," she said. "I'm waiting for a man—a friend of mine—to get well. Then we're going to do something together."

Brent made an impatient gesture. "An actor! Well, I suppose I can get him something to do. But I don't want you to be under the influence of any of these absurd creatures who think they

know what acting is—when they merely know how to dress themselves in different suits of clothes, and strut themselves about the stage. They'd rather die than give up their own feeble, foolish little identities. I'll see that your actor friend is taken care of, but you must keep away from him—for the time at least."

"He's all I've got. He's an old friend."

"You—care for him?"

"I used to. And lately I found him again—after we had been separated a long time. We're going to help each other up."

"Oh—he's down and out—eh? Why?"

"Drink—and hard luck."

"Not hard luck. That helps a man. It has helped you. It has made you what you are."

"What am I?" asked Susan.

Brent smiled mysteriously. "That's what we're going to find out," said he. "There's no human being who has ever had a future unless he or she had a past—and the severer the past the more splendid the future."

Susan was attending with all her senses. This man was putting into words her own inarticulate instincts.

"A past," he went on in his sharp, dogmatic way, "either breaks or makes. You go into the crucible a mere ore, a possibility. You come out slag or steel." He was standing now, looking down at her with quizzical eyes. "You're about due to leave the pot," said he. "And I've hopes that you're steel. If not—" he shrugged his shoulders—"you'll have had forty a week for your time, and I'll have gained useful experience."

Susan gazed at him as if she doubted her eyes and ears.

"What do you want me to do?" she presently inquired.

"Learn the art of acting—which consists of two parts. First, you must learn to act—thousands of the profession do that. Second, you must learn not to act—and so far as I know there aren't a dozen in the whole world who've got that far along. I've written a play I think well of. I want to have it done properly—it and several other plays I intend to write. I'm going to give you a chance to become famous—better still, great."

Susan looked at him incredulously. "Do you know who I am?" she asked at last.

"Certainly."

Her eyes lowered, the faintest tinge of red changed the amber-white pallor of her cheeks; her bosom rose and fell quickly.

"I don't mean," he went on, "that I know any of the details of your experience. I only know the results as they are written in your face. The details are unimportant. When I say I know who you are, I mean I know that you are a woman who has suffered, whose heart has been broken by suffering, but not her spirit. Of where you came from, or how you've lived, I know nothing. And it's none of my business—no more than it's the public's business where *I* came from and how I've learned to write plays."

Well, whether he was guessing any part of the truth or all of it, certainly this sweeping statement of his attitude toward her freed her of the necessity of disclosing herself. She tried eagerly to dismiss the thoughts that had been making her most uneasy. She said:

"You think I can learn to act?"

"That, of course," replied he. "Any intelligent person can learn to act—and also most persons who have no more intelligence in their heads than they have in their feet. I'll guarantee you some sort of a career. What I'm interested to find out is whether you can learn *not* to act. I believe you can. But—" he laughed in self-mockery—"I've made several absurd mistakes in that direction. . . . You have led a life in which most women become the cheapest sort of liars—worse liars, even, than is the usual respectable person, because they haven't the restraint of fearing loss of reputation. Why is it you have not become a liar?"

**The night of their reunion Susan cooked a little meal for herself and Rod on a tiny gas-stove, which he vowed was better than their famous dinner at the St. Nicholas.**

Susan laughed. "I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps because lying is such a tax on the memory. May I have another cigaret?"

He held the match for her. "You don't paint—except your lips," he went on, "though you have no color. And you don't wear cheap finery. And while you use a strong scent, it's not one of the cheap and nasty kind—it's sensuous without being slimy. And you don't use the kind of words one always hears in your circle."

Susan looked immensely relieved. "Then you *do* know who I am!" she cried.

"You didn't suppose I thought you fresh from a fashionable boarding-school, did you? I'd hardly look there for an actress who could act. You've got experience—experience—experience—written all over your face—sadly, satirically, scornfully, gaily, bitterly. And what I want is experience—not merely having been through things, but having been through them understandingly. You'll help me in my experiment?"

He looked astonished, then irritated, when the girl, instead of accepting eagerly, drew back in her chair and seemed to be debating. His irritation showed still more plainly when she finally said:

"That depends on him. And he—he thinks you don't like him."

"What's his name?" said Brent in his abrupt, intense fashion. "What's his name?"

"Spenser—Roderick Spenser." Brent looked vague. "He used to be on the 'Sphere.' He writes plays."

"Oh—yes. I remember. He's a weak fool."

Susan abruptly straightened, an ominous look in eyes and on brow.

Brent made an impatient gesture. "Beg pardon. Why be sensitive about him? Obviously because you know I'm right. I said fool, not ass. He's clever, but ridiculously vain. I don't dislike him. I don't care anything about him—or about anybody else in the world. No man does who amounts to anything. With a career it's as Jesus said—'leave father and mother, husband and wife—land, ox—everything—and follow me.'"

"What for?" said Susan.

"To save your soul! To be a somebody; to be strong. To be able to give to anybody and everybody—whatever they need. To be happy."

"Are you happy?"

"No," he admitted. "But I'm growing in that direction. . . . Don't waste yourself on Stevens—I beg pardon, Spenser. You're bigger than that. He's a small man with large dreams—a hopeless misfit. Small dreams for small men; large dreams for—" he laughed—"you and me—our sort."

Susan echoed his laugh, but faintheartedly. "I've watched your name in the papers," she said, sincerely unconscious of (*Continued on page 179*)

It was a pretty bad wreck. . . . We got her out all right, and a doctor on the train washed the cut on her head and dressed her crushed foot . . . He couldn't tell how badly she was hurt; she might live and she might not.

# The Curve at Klokepuk

## by William J. Neidig
## Illustrated by W. T. Benda

THEY called me the meanest man in Ell'nsville. Not the kids — other people. And mostly not the men—the women. I've always got along very friendly with kids and men, and with my sister Bella, who lives in a big house out in Seattle. But they were right. I did feel mean sometimes: meaner than Oliver Pratt, who beat his wife; meaner even than Uncle Simon Risler, who kicked his horse. I was thirty-two, and a bachelor, and some of them fished with good bait.

I didn't mind feeling mean, and I wouldn't have minded men, but nobody likes to have women talking about him all the time. I knew I was mean. I wa'n't to blame for that, nor God either, nor mebby other people for mentioning it. If a man's short, people call him Shorty, don't they? That's what he is—short. What you are comes in a bottle, and you've got to drink it empty. But to have five or six papers of hairpins reading epitaphs on you before you're dead—that's diff'rent again.

So you can see what a pleasant time I had living in Ell'nsville. But I got even. I didn't invest my money there any more than I could help, and I didn't do things for the town any more than I could help. I jest lived there. I was born there, and owned the store and a farm, and that was all anybody needed to know.

"The trouble with you is, nothing has ever happened to you big enough to wake you up. You've had too much Ellensville. Why don't you make us a visit? Bob says he can cure you."

If those Ell'nsville ladies had known about my Chicago money, and my bonds, and my timberland stock, I think Bella might not have written me in jest those words. They would have arranged that things happened to me a-plenty. They might have set out after me with a net instead of bent pins.

Especially the stock. You see, I and my sister, Bella Cramer, between us owned ninety-two per cent. of the Pukluytie Lumber Comp'ny's stock, out on the Pacific Coast, that we had half-and-half from father William Selden when he died, and since then Ellen's husband, Robert Cramer, who owned the other eight percent, had been re-investing profits right along until the comp'ny was worth money. Our net profits were up toward a million a year. Forty-six percent of that —— But shucks! Call it twelve hundred dollars a day jest from that stock. All Ell'nsville thought I had was twelve hundred dollars in about nine months when business was good.

"Speaking of meanness," said Bella, joking me a little in another of her letters, "we have a man named Benjamin Heredia out here who could give my dear brother thirty points and then beat him. And it isn't only the women who hate him. I think you could learn something from Mr. Heredia, John. Why don't you come out and get acquainted?" I wrote her I was coming.

STATION-AGENT Felt Baker, who had two daughters, had reserved me a berth to St. Paul, where I changed trains, in Upper Two over the wheels. Because of Upper Two I didn't oversleep, but was the first man washed up and ready in the car. That and my berth's being in the front end and the nearest to the door got me out on the station platform and half way down the train before all the passengers in the day-coaches had climbed down the steps. Otherwise the things that happened to me might never have happened.

A kid of five or so and a young woman who looked almost too young to be his mother were walking down the platform jest ahead of me. The woman was trying to carry a suitcase and a hatbox and a bundle and keep hold of the boy, all with two hands, and couldn't.

"Let me carry your suitcase, ma'am," I said.

If she had been a city woman she wouldn't have let me, and if I'd been a city man I wouldn't have asked, at least not out of politeness. But I didn't know that then.

"Thank you," she replied, "but don't trouble."

I answered something, I don't remember what, and the next thing I knew I was setting the suitcase down on the floor beside a seat in the main waiting-room, where she told me, and she was thanking me again.

"Your boy will soon be old enough to help," I said.

She turned away, red as fire, and said something about Benjamin being her brother.

That made it different, somehow, so I excused myself and walked over to the street-door and outside. After that I had my breakfast and went down to the end of a street and looked at the Mississippi River for a while, the first time in my life, and got to thinking how that girl with a kid brother hadn't made eyes at me or tried to look pretty any more than if she had been his mother, and yet how she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen, and had the nicest voice. So then I remembered I had a reservation telegram from Felt Baker for my berth to Seattle, and went back to the station for it. My berth this time was lower twelve, tourist, which was over the wheels again. After I bought my sleeper I went over and sat down as near the girl as I dared, waiting for my train, and hoping that something would happen to let me get better acquainted.

The kid knew me, I could see; but the girl didn't even look in my direction. The kid was standing on the seat, list'ning with his mouth and both ears to the uniformed announcer. A Union Depot, this was.

"All—aboard—for Red Wing—Lake City—Wabasha—Winona—La Crosse—Sparta—Tomah—New Lisbon—Kilbourn—Portage—Watertown—Oconomowoc—Milwaukee—and Chicago—the Columbian—leaving—at ten—o'clock—on track—four!"

Benjamin's sister was sitting beside him. I sat two seats off. Across the aisle facing him sat a skinny little girl I felt sorry for; and her mother sat beside her. The mother spoke like a colonel or a gen'ral. She had commanded that the little girl be called Zettie.

The Gen'ral was fidgety; she had some money left, and wanted to find a ten-cent store before her train was sung off by that announcer, but she didn't dare leave her baggage unguarded, and she didn't dare leave Zettie behind all alone to guard it. She didn't know kids as well as I did. Kids get along all right with me, but kids and the Gen'ral would have got along like cats in a laundry-bag. I'm not speaking of Zettie. She had to get along with the Gen'ral, though she would have been fatter if she hadn't.

The Gen'ral was watching Benjamin and his sister. Fin'lly she decided to give it a try, and turned to the little girl.

"There's a nice little boy who looks lonely. Don't you want to speak to the little boy, Zettie?"

Zettie at first hung back; but under the prodding of her boss she fin'lly bucked up heart and crossed to the kid. I could have told them what would happen. Benjamin hadn't made any secret of his feelings. He didn't know the right words, and I don't know as I do either, but the Gen'ral and Zettie might as well have been a Plymouth-Rock hen and her chick for any social int'rest he felt in them.

"Aren't you going to speak to the little girl?" asked Benjamin's sister, who mebbe had grown up without knowing boys very well.

"No, I aren't!"

"But that isn't polite, Benjamin. She spoke nicely to you. You must say something nice to her."

"Don't want to say something nice!"

"Don't you like the little girl?"

"No!"

Benjamin turned his back upon Zettie to emphasize his reply.

"You don't hate the pretty little girl, do you?"

"Ain't pretty! I hate her!"

"Mean thing!" cried Zettie.

"Come, Zettie," said her mother. "He's an ill-mannered little boy, and if something don't happen to him he'll grow up into a mean man and end in the penitentiary!"

"Pooh!" scoffed Benjamin.

By jake, the kid was all right! They would call him mean, would they? But his sister flushed up red, jest as she did when I called Benjamin her boy. Such things wouldn't have bothered me, but women are diff'rent—some women are. Sens'tive. I could see the sister was going to make a dash for the cellar, and I didn't want her to do that. So I caught the kid's eye as he glanced defiantly around the room.

"Come over here, son," I said.

He climbed right down and came over, as if he'd known me all his life. No reason for it; he jest climbed down and came.

"We men have to stand together, or there won't (*Continued on page 194*)

**A kid of five or so and a young woman who looked almost too young to be his mother were walking down the platform just ahead of me.**

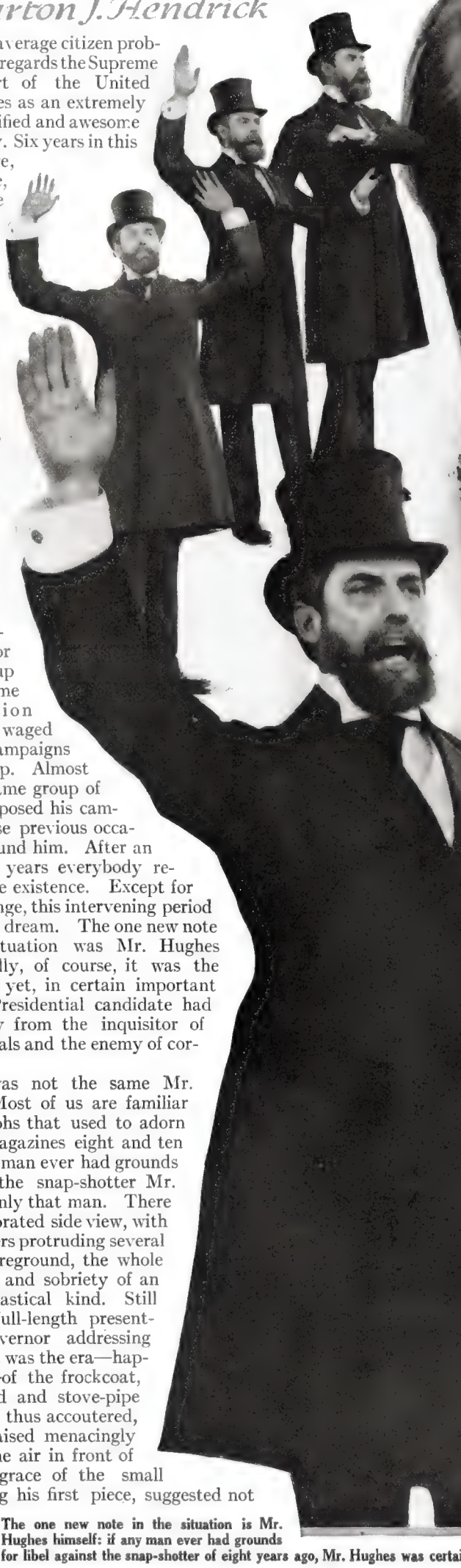
# The New Hughes

## An Appreciation From a Friend

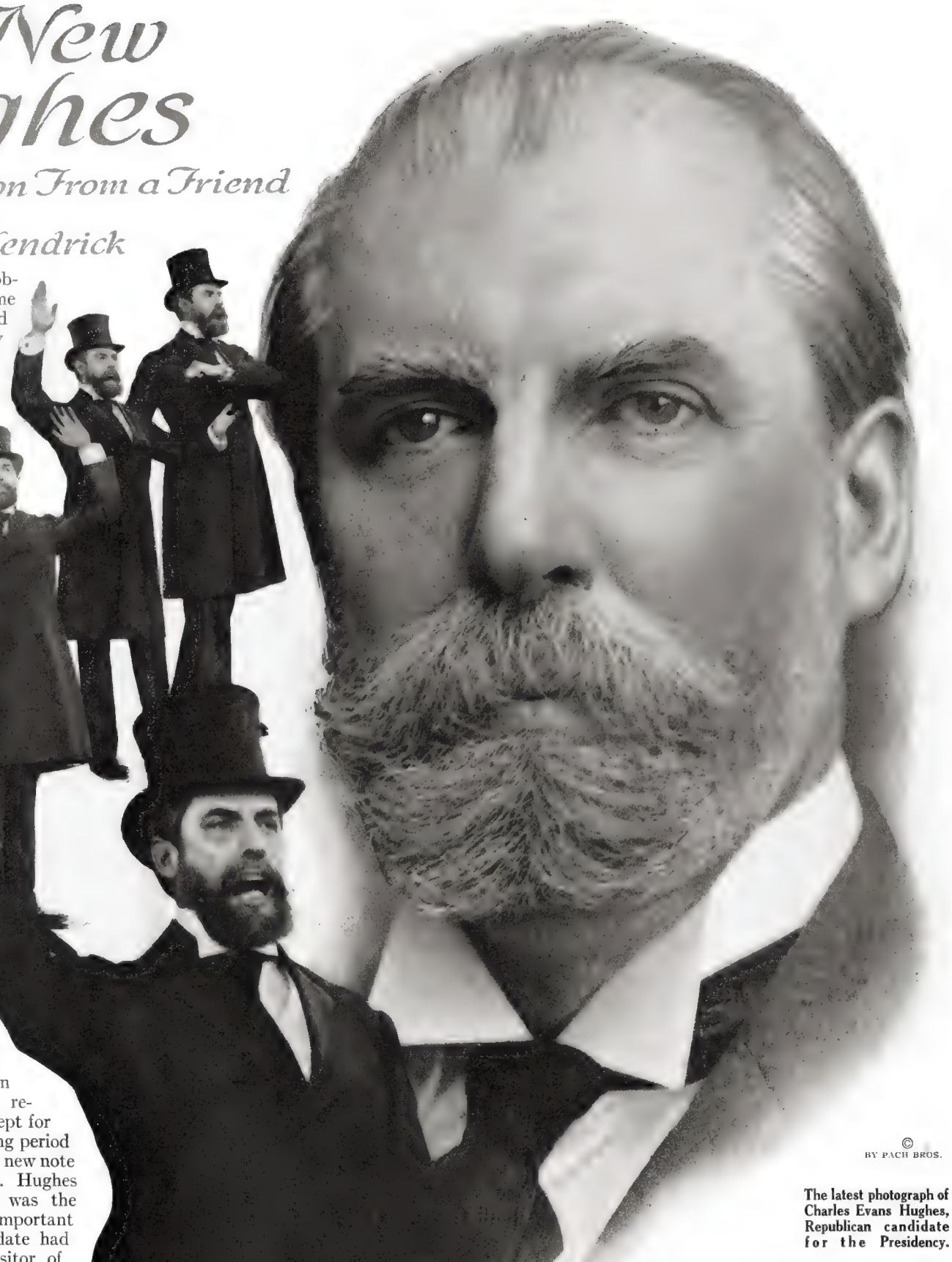
By
Burton J. Hendrick

THE average citizen probably regards the Supreme Court of the United States as an extremely dignified and awesome body. Six years in this rarefied atmosphere, most of us believe, would transform the liveliest citizen into a compendium of desiccated facts and abstract principles. Yet it seems to have had quite the opposite effect upon the gentleman whom the Republicans have just selected as their Presidential candidate. Mr. Hughes, the day after his nomination, packed a suitcase, took a train for New York and immediately opened his personal headquarters in the Astor Hotel. He took up precisely the same political habitation from which he had waged two successful campaigns for the governorship. Almost instinctively the same group of men who had composed his campaign staff on these previous occasions gathered around him. After an interruption of six years everybody resumed the old-time existence. Except for one important change, this intervening period might have been a dream. The one new note in the general situation was Mr. Hughes himself. Essentially, of course, it was the same old Hughes; yet, in certain important details, the new Presidential candidate had departed strangely from the inquisitor of life-insurance officials and the enemy of corrupt politicians.

Physically it was not the same Mr. Hughes at all. Most of us are familiar with the photographs that used to adorn newspapers and magazines eight and ten years ago. If any man ever had grounds for libel against the snap-shotter Mr. Hughes was certainly that man. There was first that celebrated side view, with the historic whiskers protruding several inches into the foreground, the whole suggesting dignity and sobriety of an exclusively ecclesiastical kind. Still worse were the full-length presentments of the governor addressing county fairs. That was the era—happily now passed—of the frockcoat, black four-in-hand and stove-pipe hat; Mr. Hughes, thus accoutered, with his hand raised menacingly aloft, or sawing the air in front of him with all the grace of the small schoolboy speaking his first piece, suggested not so much the executive majesty of the



**The one new note in the situation is Mr. Hughes himself: if any man ever had grounds for libel against the snap-shotter of eight years ago, Mr. Hughes was certainly that man!**



© BY PACH BROS.

**The latest photograph of Charles Evans Hughes, Republican candidate for the Presidency.**

Empire State as an agent of the Anti-Saloon League. These pictures grossly abused Mr. Hughes, even eight years ago; and the genial gentleman who recently opened Presidential campaign headquarters in New York in early July had not the slightest relation to them. Inasmuch as Mr. Hughes's whiskers figure so prominently in any discussion of his Presidential qualifications it is well to understand that, to all practical purposes, they have now disappeared. They have been so closely cropped that no one, except for their associated traditions, would ever give them a second glance. They have lost their reddish-brown color and are very gray. Mr. Hughes's gray, bushy hair, which was likewise somewhat flaring and uncontrollable in the life-insurance days, also reminds us that he has taken on another new dignity unknown then—that is, he is a grandfather. Mr. Hughes's face also has seasoned—and greatly to his advantage. Certain puckerings about the eyes indicate that he has passed the fifty-year mark; there are also certain indentations in other places not noticeable at Albany. The whole impression now is one of shagginess; the slightly lumbering gait with which the candidate walks, and a faint accentuation of girth line give added signs of maturity. Fortunately Mr. Hughes is one of those happy souls who grow old gracefully, both in body and in spirit. Those who knew him ten years ago could hardly recognize in him the exceedingly awkward youth whom his college mates used to describe. (*Continued on page 193*)

# Fifty-Fifty

## by Robert W. Chambers

### Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

SINCE I last had seen him the man had aged ten years in as many months. It was not only because he had been gazing upon death in every phase, every degree—on brutal destruction, wholesale and in detail; but also he had been standing on the outer escarpment of Civilization and had watched the mounting sea of militarism battering, thundering, undermining, gradually engulfing the world itself and all its ancient liberties.

We were alone together on the loggia of the club; dusk was mitigating the infernal heat of a summer day in town.

On the avenue below us motor cars moved north and south, hansoms crept slowly along the curb, and on the hot sidewalks people passed listlessly under the electric lights—the nine-and-seventy sweating tribes.

For, on such summer nights, under the red moon, an exodus from the East Side peoples the noble avenue with dingy specters who shuffle along the gilded grilles and still façades of stone up and down, to and fro, in quest of God knows what—of air, perhaps; perhaps of happiness, or of something even vaguer. But whatever it may be that sets them in painful motion, one thing seems certain: aspiration enters into their unrest.

"After all," I said, "there is nothing to really stifle aspiration in a country as free as this. Among us the individual is responsible for his own limits."

"There is liberty here," he replied. "Also her inevitable shadow, tyranny."

"We need more light; that's all. When light streams in from every angle, no shadow is possible."

"The millennium? I get you. . . . In this country the main thing is that there is *some* light. A single ray, however feeble, and even coming from one fixed angle only, means aspiration, life. . . ."

He lighted a cigar.

"There is," he remarked, "a flower called *Aconitum*. It is also known by the ominous names of Monks-hood and Helmet-flower. Direct sunlight kills it. It flourishes only in shadow. Like the Kaiser-flower it also is blue; and," he added, "it is deadly poison. . . . As you say, the necessary thing in this world is light from every angle."

His cigar glimmered dully through the silence. Presently he went on: "Speaking of tyranny, I think it may be classed as a recognized and tolerated business carried on successfully by those born with a genius for it. It flourishes in the shade—like the Helmet-flower. . . . But the sun in this Western Hemisphere of ours is devilish hot. It's gradually killing off our local tyrants—slowly, almost imperceptibly, but inexorably, killing 'em off. . . . Of course, there are plenty still alive—tyrants of every degree born to the business of tyranny and making a success at it."

He smoked tranquilly for awhile, then:

"There are our tyrants of industry," he said; "tyrants of politics, tyrants of religion—great and small, we still harbor plenty of tyrants, all scheming to keep their roots from shriveling under this fierce Western sun of ours." He laughed without mirth, turning his worn and saddened eyes on me:

"Tyranny is a business," he repeated; "also it is a state of mind—a delusion, a ruling passion—strong even in death. . . . The odd part of it is that a tyrant never knows he's one. . . . He invariably mistakes himself for a local Moses. I can tell you a sort of story if you care to listen. . . . Or we can go to some cheerful show or roof-garden——"

"Go on with your story," I said.

TYRANNY was purely a matter of business with this little moral shrimp, he explained. I was standing between a communication trench and the crater left by a mine which was being "consolidated," as they have it in these days. . . . All around me soldiers of the third line swarmed and clambered over the débris, digging, hammering, shifting planks and sand-bags from south to north, lugging new timbers, reels of barbed wire, ladders, cases of ammunition, machine-guns, trench mortars.

The din of the guns was terrific; overhead our own shells passed with a deafening, clattering roar; the Germans continued to shell the town in front of us where our first and second lines were still fighting in the streets and houses while the third line was reconstructing a few yards of trenches and a few craters won.

Stretchers and bearers from my section had not yet returned from the emergency dressing station; the crater was now cleared up except of enemy dead whose partly buried arms and legs still stuck out here and there. A company of the Third Foreign Legion had just come into the crater and had taken station at the loopholes under the parapet of sand-bags.

As soon as the telephone wires were stretched as far as our crater a message came for me to remain where I was until further orders. I had just received this message and was walking along, slowly, behind the rank of soldiers who stood leaning against the parapet with their rifles thrust through the loopholes, when somebody said in English—in East-Side New-York English, I mean: "Ah, there, Doc!"

A soldier had turned toward me, both hands still grasping his resting rifle. In the "horizon blue" uniform and ugly, iron, shrapnel-proof helmet strapped to his bullet head, I failed to recognize him.

"It's me, 'Duck' Werner," he said as I stood hesitating. . . . You know who he is, political leader in the Fiftieth Ward, here. I was astounded.

"What do you know about it?" he added. "Me in a tin derby potting Dutchmen! And there's Heinie, too, and Pick-'em-Up Joe—the whole bunch sewed up in this here trench. Oh, ye gawds an' little fishes!"

**"Tyranny is a business," the Doctor went on. "The odd part of it is that the tyrant never knows he is one."**

I went over to him and stood leaning against the parapet beside him.

"Duck," I said, amazed, "how did *you* come to enlist in the Foreign Legion?"

"Aw," he replied with infinite disgust, "I got drunk."

"Where?"

"Me and Heinie and Joe was follerin' the races down to Boolong when this here war come and put everything on the blink. Aw, rats, sez I, come on back to Parus an' look 'em over before we skiddoo home—meanin' the dames an' all like that. Say, we done what I said; we come back to Parus, an' we got in wrong! Listen, Doc: them dames had went crazy over this here war graft. Veeve la France, sez they. An' by cripes! we veeved.

"An' one of 'em at Maxeems got me soused, and others they fixed up Heinie an' Joe, an' we was all wavin' little American flags and yellin' 'To blazes with the Dutch!' Then there was a interval for which I can't account to nobody.

"All I seem to remember is my marchin' in the boolyvard along with a guy in baggy red pants, and my chewin' the rag in a big, hot room full o' soldiers; an' Heinie an' Joe was shoutin' 'Wow! Lemme at 'em. Veeve la France!' Wha' d'ya know about me? Ain't I the mark from home?"

"You didn't realize that you were enlisting?"

"Aw, does it make any difference to these here guys what you realize or what you don't? I ask you, Doc?"

He spat disgustedly upon the sand, rolled his quid into the other cheek, wiped his thin lips with the back of his right hand; then his fingers mechanically sought the trigger-guard again and he cast a perfunctory squint up at the parapet.

"Believe me," he said, "a guy can veeve himself into any kind of trouble if he yells loud enough. I'm getting mine."

"Well, Duck," I said, "it's a good game——"

**I found myself looking into the ashy face of Duck Werner. "They got me, Doc!" he whistled. "Gimme a drink an' a square deal! Do I croak?" I told him "Yes!"**

"Aw," he retorted angrily, "it ain't my graft, an' you know it. What do I care who veeves over here? An' the Fiftieth Ward goin' to seed an' all!"

I strove to readjust my mind to understand what he had said. I was, you know, that year the Citizens' Anti-Graft leader in the Fiftieth Ward. . . . I am still, if I ever can get anything into my head except the stupendous din of this war and the cataclysmic problems depending upon its outcome. . . . Well, it was odd to remember that petty political conflict as I stood there in the trenches under the gigantic shadow of world-wide disaster—to find myself there, talking with this sallow, wiry, shifty ward leader—this corrupt little local tyrant whom I had opposed in the Fiftieth Ward—this ex-lightweight bruiser, ex-gunman—this dirty little political procurer who had been and was everything brutal, stealthy and corrupt.

I looked at him curiously; turned and glanced along the line where, presently, I recognized his two familiars, Heinie Baum and Pick-'em-Up Joe Brady, with whom he had started off to "Parus" on a month's summer junket, and with whom he had stumbled so ludicrously into the riff-raff ranks of the Third Foreign Legion. Doubtless the First and Second Legions couldn't stand him and his two friends, although in one company there were many Americans serving.

Thinking of these things, the thunder of the cannonade shaking sand from the parapet, I became conscious that the rat eyes of Duck Werner were furtively watching me.

"You can do me dirt, now, can't you, Doc?" he said with a leer.

"How do you mean?"

"Aw, as if I had to tell you. I got some sense left."

Suddenly his sallow visage under the iron helmet became distorted with helpless fury; he fairly snarled; his thin lips writhed as he spat out the suspicion which had seized him:

"B'gee, Doc, if you do that! If you leave me here caged up an' go home an' raise Cain in the Fiftieth—with me an' Joe here——"

After a breathless pause: "Well," said I, "what will you do about it?"—for he was looking murder at me.

Neither of us spoke again for a few moments; an officer, smoking a cigaret, came up between Heinie and Pick-'em-Up Joe, adjusted a periscope and set his eye to it. Through the sky above us the shells raced as though hundreds of shaky express trains were rushing overhead on rickety aerial tracks, deafening the world with their outrageous clatter.

"Listen, Doc——" (*Continued on page 186*)

# Where Nature Was Naked

"Well, little mascot, we win!" smiled Tadd Jasper, covering with his brown hand her little white one. "Congratulations!" murmured Betty, sensing the coming proposal.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

# An Adventure of Little Lady Cut-in

## By George Randolph Chester

### Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

BETTY CAREY, in the bewitchingest of bewitching pink frocks, sat on the vine-bowered porch of her quaint little suburban house, and her brown eyes were somber, and her red lips were pouting, and her little pink forefinger was poking sullenly at a ruffle on the cushion of her chair.

"Well, I've conquered myself," she announced, as her schoolday friend, present companion, secretary and part-partner came gangling out.

"A few cheers!" Plain Jane Rowland edged her flat self into a corner of the porch-swing, and smoothed her broad stripes straight, and contentedly sipped her lemonade through a straw. "But what, I prithee, resulted in this spasm of virtue?"

"Money," pouted the pretty little widow of Jack Carey. "I've been doing nothing but spend it, and owe it, and make it, and spend it."

"That's what I call a perfect description of a good time," complacently returned Jane, fishing for a strip of orange.

"But it's making me sordid."

"Oh, stop spoofing, Betty Carey! There's nothing so joys your soul as to sneak into the busy marts of trade and catch a marter asleep, and come away with both hands full."

"I'm tired of it, I tell you! I'm tired of everything! And everybody."

"At last!" Jane thumped her lemonade glass on the swing. "At last a ray of light penetrates your starving soul! What you long for, Betty, as every true heart longs, is escape from the artificial luxury of your effete civilization. Period. You long for the simpler joys. Welcome, beloved, into a happy sisterhood! I, too, pine for the free and open life of the prairies and the hills; I, too, pine for a land where men are men, and the blue sky bends low, unflecked by a single smokestack! Exclamation point. Betty Carey, rise and be free! Breathe with me the pure ozone of unclouded heights, and order the car while I dress."

"Silly," laughed Betty, but eager, too, as she studied the gray glint behind the thick spectacles, and the trace of that diabolic smile which made plain Jane's face fascinating. "Where are you going?"

"To get the tickets."

"To where?"

"Back to Nature!"

Thus it was that, a few days later, two happy pilgrims arrived at Musquite Springs, which consisted of a yellow cement hotel surrounded by transplanted palms and ornamented with bead-selling Indians; arrived in the land of endless space where, as far as the eye could reach, the tops of the bare, gray hills receded into majestic perspective, and over all the great blue dome of a cloudless heaven. Oh, it was magnificent here! Magnificent! Splendid to breathe the pure ozone, and to feel so free and untrammeled, so unhampered by conventions! Glorious to have the whole wide world for an equestrian path!

Thus it was that Tadd Jasper, cutting across on a thoroughbred from Copperton to his mines, beheld a dazzling radiance galloping into his existence. She appeared over the knoll of the main road on a mustang, riding with an easy, natural swing, her shining brown hair waving from beneath a broad-brimmed hat of tan, the ends of a scarlet silk kerchief flapping over her shoulders from where it knotted her slender white throat, her green coat spreading to the breeze, her green breeches tucked into the neatest of tan boots; and as she reined up in front of the astonished and admiring native her oval cheeks were pink and her brown eyes were sparkling.

"I beg your pardon." A clear, musical voice, a voice with a thrill in it. "Isn't there a mining town here somewhere?"

Tadd Jasper was a capable-looking big fellow, with the light of intelligence in his blue eyes; he knew the East, and the West, and many other

things, and he was a fluent conversationalist under most circumstances; but just now he stammered.

"I beg your pardon! Oh, yes! Copperton! You'll see it as you turn the foot of the gulch!"

"Thank you," dimpled the dazzling radiance; and Tadd Jasper's blue eyes were watching her gallop out of his existence! Something interrupted his vision. It was a phenomenally bony white mule, jolting and bumping along at a headstrong gait, and it carried a flat young woman in bifurcated khaki, her countenance embellished with spectacles and excruciating agony.

"Whoa!" she shrieked as she jerked past, and she slapped the mule viciously just behind one of his long, ragged ears. "Whoa, you animated bag of bristling spikes! Ouch! Mercy! Oh, you villainous invention of Old Nick! Whoa, doggone you! Whoa! Whoa!"

The villainous invention of Old Nick paid no attention to kick or cuffs or insulting language, but clattered straight on down the hills and around the curves, pounding into and out of gullies, and brushing the bifurcated khaki against dead cacti, all in pursuit of the easy-riding figure on the mustang; and the pitiless blue sky beamed down on the formless hills and the mule and the hapless rider with a serenity which was aggravating, exasperating, maddening!

"Betty!" screamed the flat young woman. "Betty Carey!" No answer from beyond the turn of the hill; only an echo from a tiny canyon. The flat young woman grabbed both ears of the animal and gave them a jerk. "Whoa, you confounded collection of knuckles and spines! *Whoa! You barbed-wire beast!*"

Barbed-wire beast, eh? *Barbed-wire beast!* That indignity was not to be borne, and, full of sullen resentment, the mule whoaed suddenly, with all four feet close together and his back arched, and froze in his tracks.

"Giddap!" shouted the tortured equestrienne in fury, and kicking the thing with both stirrups. She hammered it on the neck. "Giddap, you corrugated monstrosity!"

Startled by that devastating epithet the mule moved one step.

Twenty minutes later, as they inched into the short, shack-lined street of Copperton, the young woman on the mustang came galloping to meet them, with:

"Where have you been?"

"Where!" exploded plain Jane Rowland, her eyes glinting gray behind her thick spectacles, and the tip of her thin nose reddening. "Where! Oh, in the lap of cushioned luxury! Oh, sipping tea in a Persian garden, surrounded by moon-faced houris dancing to the music of the plaintive nightingales! Oh, reclining on the deck of my brass-trimmed yacht! Stand still, you living hack-saw!"

"Why, Jane!" giggled Betty. "You would have that mule, you know, because you thought him so cute!"

"How was I to suspect that his spine was composed of two hundred and fifty hatpins! I wonder if I couldn't take a rock and flatten some of his knobs?"

"We'll get a blanket in the store, and pad the saddle," commiserated Betty. "Say, Jane, this is the funniest little town! Everybody wants to sell you shares in all sorts of mines, and they're all excited about a big trial next week. The Sky Blue mine is being sued by the Green Buzzard, because the Green Buzzard, which is a poor mine, says that the Sky Blue, which is a rich one, is getting all its copper from under the Green Buzzard." Her brown eyes gazed musingly up at the far-distant hills, and her little pink forefinger went slowly round and round on the saddle-horn. The cap of the horn had been held on by brass screws, and one of them was gone! "Jane! The Sky Blue shares are worth a hundred and twenty-seven, and the Green Buzzard's are only worth twelve! If the Green Buzzard were to win that trial its shares would go up immediately, and if I knew it in advance——"

"Merciful powers!" groaned Jane. "Even in this wilderness your sordidness pursues you!"

"——then I could buy some now, and when they win the trial and the price goes up, I could afford that eight-thousand-dollar pipe-organ I had to deny myself!"

Disregarding the pain, Miss Rowland turned sidewise on her thin saddle to glare. "So that's why you tired of civilization, Betty Carey! You couldn't have a pipe-organ! And you won't use the means to get it with which nature so lavishly endowed you! Old Rheumatism Sykes can't possibly live more than three years, and he's worth millions and millions and——"

"I know!" suddenly cried Betty, her eyes snapping with a new exultation. "We'll go up and look at those mines!"

"On this perambulating cactus! Back to the Musquite Springs Hotel or nowhere, young woman! Not another step do you drag me!"

"I drag you!" was the indignant retort. "Why, Jane Rowland! It was you who dragged me into the free and open life of the prairies and hills; it was you who pined for ozone, for Nature!"

"I didn't know Nature was so ugly when naked," remorsefully confessed Jane. "Betty! Where are you going?"

"Up the hill! There's a war up there, and Jack always said that wherever there's a war there's loot! I'll take the mule, Jane."

"No!" was the savage refusal. "He's mine for my sins. But first he gets upholstered. Giddap, you!"

TADD JASPER, checking reports in the inner room of the shack which served him as an office, looked up with a frown as the six-foot, blue-shirted office-boy handed him two cards.

**"It's proved!" declaimed Emerson Doane. "The Sky Blue's richest vein belongs to the Green Buzzard!" "That's a lie!" thundered Tadd Jasper, while the judge vainly shouted "Order in the court!" The war-bonneted Indian alone kept stolid silence.**

"Ladies!" said he. "One's a peach," went on the office-boy, smiling in retrospective pleasure.

"One always is," grinned the principal owner of the Sky Blue group, and striding into the outer office he stopped with an instant's return of the shock of the morning, for here, dimpling at him in recognition, was the dazzling radiance who had

Not a flicker in him! Jack always said that there were only two kinds of people who could look you squarely in the eyes after a leading question—the innocent and the guilty!

"You won't find it very attractive," and the accused glanced down at Betty's trim little boots. His concern changed to instant admiration.

prompt answers to all her sudden questions, not a single solitary thing! Her worried little forefinger reminded her of this, as she found it smoothing and smoothing at her delicately arched eyebrow.

"How strange that one can tell nothing from the surface—of anything," she suggested; and her

**Just as Plain Jane Rowland ruddered Emerson Doane to where the piazza light was brightest, around the corner sailed Lady Betty and Tadd Jasper. The innocent and the guilty stood face to face!**

come up out of the slate-gray hills! But Tadd was not the man to let the same thing stupefy him twice.

"Hello!" he greeted the dazzling radiance—and the other girl, the mule rider—"here you are again!"

"Not again, once," corrected Jane Rowland, while Betty's clear-brown eyes searched the depths of the blue ones.

So this was the man who was supposed to be stealing his neighbor's copper! Could it be possible? Such a nice-looking fellow, and so hearty and breezy, and such a frank gaze. Why, he was as free and open as the country itself! Oh, yes, he was saying something.

"You found Copperton all right, I hope?"

"Yes, thank you. But we were disappointed in it. We understood it was a mining town, and there are no mines in it."

"They only do pocket mining," modified Jane, on whom the price of a certain blanket weighed heavily.

"In the pockets of the tourists," laughed Mr. Jasper. What a nice, clear laugh he had! Could it be possible? Betty's little pink forefinger made a troubled inspection of a paper-weight on the table. It was a copper nugget, and had funny bumps on three sides. None on the others! "I hope they didn't sell you any mining shares," went on the Sky Blue man.

"Not yet," replied Betty. "But I know I shall, because I never did, and it's fascinating." The man laughed very heartily at that, which made an excellent time to plump an unexpected question at him.

"Will you take us through your mine, Mr. Jasper?"

"It's muddy in some places and messy everywhere."

Was that an evasion? The little forefinger paid no attention to the remarkable discovery that there were tinier knobs on the other knobs of the nugget.

"Oh, we won't mind!"

"Then come right along!"

Just as hearty and breezy as anything he had said, and his smile and his glance was as open and as free and as frank. Now, what was to be made of that? There was not the slightest particle of concealment in the man! It wasn't possible that strangers would be allowed down there if the Sky Blue mine ran straight under the Green Buzzard to steal its copper! Of course, maybe Betty wouldn't know it if she saw it, and maybe the man knew that. The little forefinger straightened. But then the man would have to reflect that maybe some smart young woman, who knew all about mines, might be a spy, and so—— The little forefinger kinked. A firm hand took Betty's arm to guide her down the steps. Could it be possible that anyone with so candid a manner could steal somebody else's vein of copper!

The Sky Blue was a very nice mine, probably. It went down and down, and the farther down it went the more disagreeable it became.

And it was damp and stuffy and smelly, and there were sloping passages everywhere, and little carts rattling along, drawn by ragged donkeys, and smeary looking men, drilling and picking at the rocks, and queer sounds everywhere; and when they came up again to the great beautiful outdoors Betty hadn't the slightest idea of where the Sky Blue ran, nor of anything else; and she hadn't intuited from the attentive Mr. Jasper's brown eyes turned up at him from beneath their long lashes with terrier-like eagerness. He was a great disappointment! He did *not* look down at the ground and with his eyes trace the course of the underneath passages, maybe across under the Green Buzzard mine yonder! Not even for an instant did he betray himself, if there was anything to betray; and could it be possible that there was? Well, Jack always said that if you couldn't crack a nut by refined methods try a hammer. "Just to look down at the ground, no one could trace the course of all those passages below."

Tadd Jasper turned a sharp scrutiny on the radiance, then he laughed. "You're thinking of the Green Buzzard scandal."

It didn't seem to worry him a bit! And how clear his eyes were; so straightforward and so guileless! As they looked into Betty's they began to widen and to kindle, and she felt her cheeks warming.

"We must be running along, Jane!" she said hastily, and held out her hand to him. "Thank you so much!"

"You'll see me again to-night," he told her, as he helped her into her saddle. "The Friday doings, you know, at the Musquite Springs Hotel. You'll dance with me?"

"Of course," she gaily promised, and galloped away.

"Well?" inquired Jane, following on her now comfortably padded mule. "What do you know? Nothing."

Betty looked down into the valley with its conglomeration of derricks and wobbling tracks, and pyramids and cones and ridges of ore, and she looked across at the endlessly receding perspective of bald hills, and *(Continued on page 203)*

# Marion

## The Story of an Artists Model

## by The Author of "Me"

### Illustrated by Henry Hutt

SYNOPSIS: Here we have the story, told at first-hand, of Marion Ascough, sister of "Me," a girl destined to travel far—accumulating experiences by the way—clinging to high ideals, as artist, model, friend of painters, and finally the wife of an artist. She was born in the queer little French-Canadian village of Hochelaga, a suburb of Montreal; her father was an English painter, her mother a Frenchwoman. Here Monsieur de St. Vidal proposed to her in the snow, and she ran home. Next she had a bent for the stage and made a hit in amateur theatricals. Along came Mr. Reggie Bertie—call him Bartie, so English, you know—remittance-man, who is studying for the bar. It was a case of love at first sight between handsome Reggie and pretty Marion Ascough. He took her to the ice carnival and when he should have been watching the procession he was looking down at her. Later, he refuses to take her into a flashy all-night restaurant because Marion is "too nice and too sweet." Very soon they become engaged, but while Bertie is an ardent wooer he does not want the marriage to take place, he's afraid of "the governor" over in England, so poor Marion is in for a long wait, during which she must be self-supporting at painting and other art work, besides helping at home. Then she hires a little studio of her own—Reggie pays for it—in Montreal; Reggie still procrastinates. At last she tells him that he has no right to monopolize her time and her society unless he intends to fulfil his promise,—particularly as he objects to her seeing any other men. She goes to Boston and there becomes a full-fledged model, with some weird experiences.

LATER in the evening Jimmy Boyd came. He was very quiet and queer for Jimmy, and he sat down on my window-sill, and held his head in his hands. When I told him about Benevenuto, he looked up and said:

"The cheeky little rat. I'll throw him out of the window."

After a moment he said: "Come over here, Marion, I want to tell you something." So I went and sat down on the opposite side of the window-seat.

"Say, Marion, there's a big row going on up at my house about you. Sis kicked up an awful fuss, and they're all on to my coming to see you. She declares I insulted her friend, because I took you home instead, and mother is mad, too. They make me sick. Mother asked me where your folks lived, and what you were living alone like this for. I told them that you were a hard little worker, and then they wanted to know what you did, and I told them you were a model, and that I was proud of it, but gosh! You ought to have heard those women! When I told them that, they almost burst themselves mouthing about it. I turned on 'em and told them not one of them could be a model. They didn't have the looks. But the long and short of it is that mother has telegraphed for dad, and she says she won't give me another cent unless I promise to give you up. As I needed a ten-spot I said I would, but you better believe I'm not going to do it."

I stood up and put my hand on Jimmy's shoulder. Somehow I felt older than Jimmy, though we were about of an age. He seemed such a boy, so wayward and reckless, and there was so much that was lovable about him, despite his "toughness."

"Jimmy dear," I said, "I guess your mother's right. You'd better give me up. It'll only make trouble for you if you keep on coming to see me."

"Tell you what I'll do," said Jimmy. "I'll quit college, and get a job of some sort. Then I'll be independent, and I'll come to see you all I please, and I'm going to marry you whether they want me to or not."

I thought of Jimmy's happy-go-lucky nature and his love for drink, and I determined the poor fellow should not lose the help of his family if I could avoid it. We took a little walk around the block, I urging Jimmy all the time to please do what his people wished, and I even told him that while I was fond of him I did not love him. He said savagely that he guessed I had left my heart in Montreal, and then he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and didn't say anything for a long time. We just tramped around, and then Jimmy said suddenly:

"Say, Marion, why doesn't he come on here and marry you if he loves you? Is it lack of money prevents him?"

I said: "*I* don't want to marry *him*. That's the reason why." How I wished that was the truth!

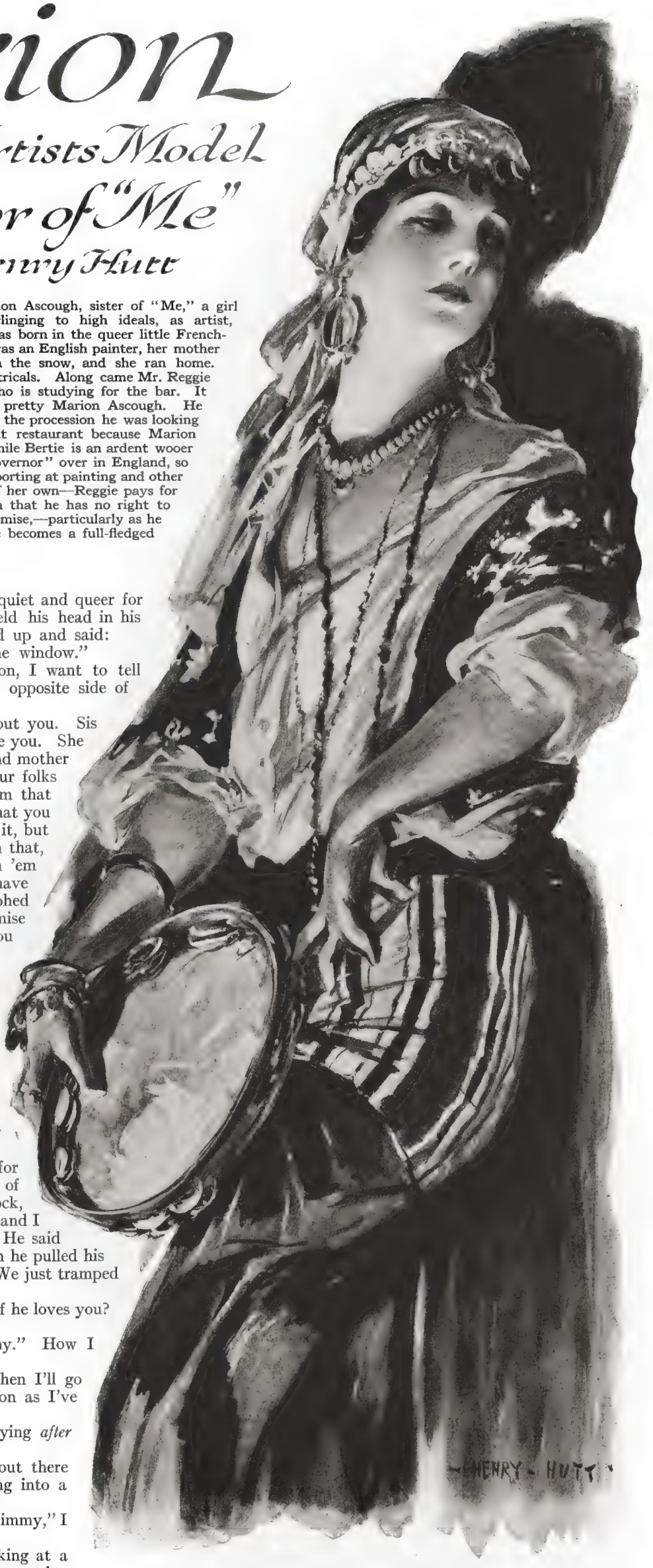
"Well, say, girlie, let's you and I get married on the q. t. Then I'll go West, as they're talking of shunting me out there, and as soon as I've made good you can join me. How's that for a scheme?"

"It sounds pretty nice, Jimmy, but I'd rather do the marrying *after* you've made good."

"Oh, it'll be dead easy," declared Jimmy. "I've an uncle out there with a ranch as big as a whole county. It'll just be like dropping into a soft snap, don't you see?"

I sighed. "Making good isn't merely dropping into soft snaps, Jimmy," I said sadly.

Jimmy suddenly whistled under his breath, and I saw him looking at a couple of women who were coming toward us. He raised his cap as they passed us, but although the younger one returned his bow, the older one




**"I was posing in gipsy costume for three women amateurs," says Marion, "and they talked to me occasionally in a patronizing way as though I were a little poodle!"**

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stared at him indignantly, and then she gave me a very severe and condemning glance. All of a sudden I knew who that woman was. I recognized her by her hat. She was Jimmy's mother!

The following day I had a letter from her. She said I was ruining her son's future, and if I did not give him up he would soon be without even a home. She said that he was in serious trouble with his father and that the latter intended to send him out West, and that she hoped I would do nothing to prevent her son from going. Finally she said that if her son were to marry a model the family would never forgive him and that such a disgrace would break all of their hearts, besides ruining him.

I did not answer her letter.

I SAT for a very long time thinking about my life. What was there wrong about being a model that society should have cast the bar sinister upon it? Surely there was no disgrace in one who had beauty having that beauty transferred to canvas. I had long ago ceased to despise the profession myself. The more I posed the more I felt even a sort of pride in my work, though I still felt one was "beyond the pale" when one posed undraped.

Miss Darling knocked at my door, and brought in a telegram. I thought at first it was from Reggie—that he was at last coming, as he had been threatening in all of his letters to do, and my hands were trembling when I broke the flap. But it was from poor Jimmy—Jimmy *en route* to Colorado, entreating me to write to him and assuring me that he never would forget his "own little Marion," and that he would "make good" and I'd be proud of him yet. I sat down to write an impulsive answer to the boy, and then my eye fell upon his mother's letter. No! I would not ruin her son's life. Jimmy should have his opportunity, but I said to myself with a choking sob:

"And if Jimmy ever does make good, they'll have *me* to thank for it, even if I am an artist's model!"

JUNE had come and I was filling the last of my engagements. There was not a single other date in my calendar for the week, and it was Wednesday. I had filled only two engagements the week before.

I was posing for three women. The work was easy, as they were amateurs and liked to meet together and use the same model, and paint and have a social time. I was posing in a gipsy costume, and they talked to me occasionally in a patronizing way, as if I were a little poodle. One of them asked me if I wouldn't like to paint. I knew I could paint better than she could, but pretended to simper and said:

"Oh yes, indeed."

One of the women, with kind-looking eyes, smiled at me and asked me if I managed to make a living, and then the one who asked me if I would like to paint said:

"Oh, by the way, we won't need you again, as we are all off for the country."

She added that they might be able to use me the next season, and I wondered dully to myself whether I would need them when the new season came. A feeling of despair was stealing over me—despair and recklessness.

The woman with the kind eyes who asked if I made a living I have since recognized as the wife of one of our Presidents. I wish I had known her better.

Though I had so little work to do, nevertheless I was feeling languid and tired in these days, and when I reached my room that afternoon I threw myself bodily down upon my bed. I felt that I did not want to get up even to go out for my dinner. I was lying there with my face buried in the pillow when Miss Darling called up the stairs:

"There's a gentleman to see you, Miss Marion."

I jumped up and ran out into the hall. A short, dark man was mounting the stairs. I thought at first he was a picture-dealer I had once seen at Mr. Sands's studio. "Miss Ascough?" he asked. I bowed, and led him to my room.

He said he had obtained my name from Mr. Sands and that he wanted to engage me as a model for some decorative work he was doing. He had seen me several times about the studio

**Marion fairly hated those intently-gazing students; they were looking at her, she thought, like cruel tormentors. Hastily she flung the drapery around her and ran for the screen, shouting: "Oh, you fiends, you beasts! You shall not torment me any more!"**

buildings, and had decided I was the type for this particular work. As he said the work would last all summer I was delighted, and I thanked him fervently. Then he said:

"Suppose we have a little supper together somewhere."

I was awfully sorry, but I had promised to help Miss St. Denis fix a waist she was making. So I told this man I could not disappoint my friend. He said: "As you please, then," and was going, when I asked for his address. He stopped and thought a moment, and then wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to me. He told me to come to work at ten the following morning, and, bowing, went. The address was in Brookline, and as it was some distance out I planned to start early to be sure to be there in time. After the man had gone all my lassitude vanished. I felt like dancing and screaming, I was so relieved and happy. Here I was engaged for six hours' work a day for all of the summer. I rushed over to tell the good news to Rose St. Denis. She said:

"I tink it is too good to be true. It looks too easy. I tink he will want the model to pose undrape', ha! You will not do so yet?" As I shook my head, she said with a nod: "You will make very poor living if you don't do so, *mon enfant.* The artists have not enough to keep one model in work in ze costume, and then there is so many doing the same ting. Every girl—even ze frien' of ze artist, she will pose in ze costume. The model cannot get enough work to keep her.

**Rose St. Denis drew her knees up in the bed and regarded Marion with the tolerant glance of a wise young mother. "Tell him you are one professional model, that you are frien' to Miss St. Denis, and will tek her place."**

unless she is friend of some one or maybe she is *complaisante* to ze artist—yes. Only when she pose in ze schools—see, she get ze work, so long as she have ze *belle* figure. It is so. Now, which a model prefer? Pose that way, starve—or perhaps be *maîtresse* to somebody—which is same ting," she added to the shrug, "as *aller au diable!*"

"Which would you prefer?" I asked her.

"*Mais oui!* Some funny question you ask," said the French girl. "It is because I love my Alfred" (Alfred was her fiancé) "that I pose undrape' for ze other mens; for bi-cause I pose *comme ça* I can keep myself good and pure for only him. It would be more easy if I were not good. Do you not see, enfant? I pose and stand on my poor feet for three, four and sometime nine heures a day—nine heures when I do night work, and for zat I get me fifty cent one heure. Ze bad girl she get for very liddle time more moneys than I; but me? I keep me my reespect. Yes—it is so. Soon my Alfred he will come from France and we will marry. Then, *enfant,* ah! we will be happy like cheeldren."

Somehow, when she was speaking, this model who posed so freely looked like the Virgin Mary, and I put my arms around her and kissed her. She said:

"Pauvre enfant! Me? I know eet is hard for you! I have ze pity for you; but dat will not put ze food in ze stomach! Non! Soon you will see!"

I awoke happily next morning. I was going to start at good steady work. Now, I thought, I would pay back Lu Frazer all I owed her, and I'd send mama money every week, and Reggie's letters should go unanswered. He had written me saying that he was coming soon to Boston to bring me home, unless I returned myself. And I thought I would buy myself a new hat and trim it with violets.

I went into the basement dining-room to get my breakfast, and the landlady put a bill at my plate. It was for three dollars for meals I had had. I told her I would pay her in a few days.

I had exactly five cents in my pocketbook when I started for Brookline, but I intended to ask the artist to pay me a little in advance. They often did that, and as I was to have steady work I was sure he would not object. I could not help thinking of a remark of my father's, that something always "turned up" and I felt that my something had come in the nick of time.

It was three-quarters of an hour's ride to the street in Brookline he had marked on the slip. I got off at last, and walked down the street looking at the numbers. I went up and down twice, but I could find no such address. I went to nearly every second house on the street, but no one knew the name I inquired for, and the clerk in the drug-store where I also inquired said there was no such man in the vicinity. Again and again I looked, and then a sick sense of apprehension stole over me, and I began to realize that I was the victim of some cruel hoax.

What in heaven's name was I to do? I had no carfare even, and it was too far to walk. I wandered about distractedly, and then I finally resolved to get on the car, and when the conductor should ask for my fare, I would pretend I had lost it. Then I thought, "even if he puts me off, I will be that much nearer home, and I will try another car."

So I got on a car, but I suffered the shame of a cheat when the conductor finally came up to see me, and I almost cried as I pretended to search through my empty pocketbook. Then I heard the conductor's voice. He was a big, red-faced Irishman, with freckles on his face, and he grinned down at me:

"Aw, dat's all right, kid!" he said, and taking a nickel from his own pocket, he rang up my fare. When I was getting off, I said:

"Thank you! I'll send it back to you, if you give me your name."

He laughed. "Dat's all right, kid," he said, and then leaning to my ear he added: "Say, do you want another nickel, sissy?"

I borrowed a dollar from Evans, the student who was a friend of Jimmy's. I bought the morning papers, and scanned the (*Continued on page 190*)

One day a band of fifteen Indians jammed me in a sand ravine. I made a running fight for eleven miles, but went unscathed and had a lead of two miles at Sweetwater Bridge.

# The Great West that Was

## "Buffalo Bill's" Life Story

## by Col. William F. Cody

### Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The first chapter of these exciting reminiscences of Colonel Cody covered his early boyhood in Kansas during the Border troubles, the death of his father whereby the boy became the family breadwinner, and some thrilling experiences on the Great Plains with the long wagon-trains of those days, fights with Indians and the Danites.*

SOLDIERS from Fort Leavenworth found the herders, killed and mutilated in the Indian fashion. But the cattle had been stampeded among the buffalo and it was impossible to recover a single head.

We were taken back to Leavenworth on one of the returning freight wagon-trains. The news of my exploit was noised about and made me the envy of all the boys of the neighborhood. The Leavenworth "Times," published by D. R. Anthony, sent a reporter to get the story of the adventure, and in it my name was printed for the first time as the youngest Indian slayer on the Plains.

I was persuaded now that I was destined to lead a life on the Plains. The two months that our ill-fated expedition had consumed had not discouraged me. Once more I applied to Mr. Majors for a job.

"You seem to have a reputation as a frontiersman, Billy," he said; "I guess I'll have to give you another chance." He turned me over to Lew Simpson, who was boss of a twenty-five-wagon train just starting with supplies for General Albert Sidney Johnston's army, which was then on its way to Great Salt Lake to fight the Mormons, whose Destroying Angels, or Danites, were engaged in many outrages on Gentile immigrants.

Simpson appeared to be glad to have me. "We need Indian fighters, Billy," he told me, and giving me a mule to ride assigned me to a job as cavayard driver.

Our long train, twenty-five wagons in a line, each with its six yoke of oxen, rolled slowly out of Leavenworth over the western trail. Wagon-master, assistants, bull-whackers—thirty men in all, not to mention the cavayard driver—it was an imposing sight. This was to be a long journey, clear to the Utah country, and I eagerly looked forward to new adventures.

The first of these came suddenly. We were strung out over the trail near the Platte, about twenty miles from the scene of the Indian attack on McCarthy's outfit, watching the buffalo scattered to right and left of us, when we heard two or three shots, fired in rapid succession.

Before we could find out who fired them, down upon us came a herd of buffalo, charging in a furious stampede. There was no time to do anything but jump behind our wagons. The light mess-wagon was drawn by six yoke of Texas steers which instantly became part of the stampede, tearing away over the prairie with the buffalo, our wagon following along behind. The other wagons were too heavy for the steers to gallop away with; otherwise the whole outfit would have gone.

I remember that one big bull came galloping down between two yoke of oxen, tearing away the gooseneck and the heavy chain with each lowered horn. I can still see him as he rushed away with these remarkable decorations dangling from either side. Whether or not his new ornaments excited the admiration of his fellows when the herd came to a stand later in the day I can only guess.

The descent of the buffalo upon us lasted only a few minutes, but so much damage was done that three days were required to repair it before we could move on. We managed to secure our mess-wagon again, which was lucky, for it contained all our provender.

We learned afterward that the stampede had been caused by a returning party of California gold-seekers, whose shots into the herd had been our first warning of what was coming. Twice before we neared the Mormon country we were attacked by Indians. The army was so far ahead that they had become bold. We beat off the attacks, but lost two men killed.

It was white men, however, not Indians, who were to prove our most dangerous enemies. Arriving near Green River we were nooning on a ridge about a mile and a half from a little creek, Halm's Fork, where the stock were driven to water. This was a hundred and fifteen miles east of Salt Lake City, and well within the limits of the Mormon country.

Most of the outfit had driven the cattle to the creek, a mile and a half distant, and were returning slowly, while the animals grazed along the way back to camp. I was with them. We were out of sight of the wagons.

As we rose the hill a big bearded man, mounted and surrounded by a party of armed followers, rode up to our wagon-master.

"Throw up your hands, Simpson!" said the leader, who knew Simpson's name and his position.

Simpson was a brave man, but the strangers had the drop and up went his hands. At the same time we saw that the wagons were surrounded by several hundred men, all mounted and armed, and the teamsters all rounded up in a bunch. We knew then that we had fallen into the hands of the Mormon Danites, or Destroying Angels, the ruffians who perpetrated the dreadful Mountain Meadows Massacre of the same year. The leader was Lot Smith, one of the bravest and most determined of the whole crowd.

"Now, Simpson," he said, "we are going to be very kind to you. You can have one wagon with the cattle to draw it. Get into it all the provisions and blankets you can carry, and turn right round and go back to the Missouri River. You're headed in the wrong direction."

"Can we have our guns?" asked Simpson.

"Not a gun."

"Six-shooters?"

"Not a six-shooter. Nothing but food and blankets."

"How are we going to protect ourselves on the way?"

"That's your business. We're doing you a favor to spare your lives."

All Simpson's protests were in vain. There were


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thirty of us against several hundred of them. The Mormons stood over us while we loaded a wagon till it sagged with provisions, clothing and blankets. They had taken away every rifle and every pistol we possessed. Ordering us to hike for the East, and informing us that we would be shot down if we attempted to turn back, they watched us depart.

When we had moved a little way off we saw a blaze against the sky behind us, and knew that our wagon-train had been fired. The greasy bacon made thick black smoke and a bright-red flame, and for a long time the fire burned, till nothing was left but the iron bolts and axles and tires.

Smith's party, which had been sent out to keep all supplies from reaching Johnston's army, had burned two other wagon-trains that same day, as we afterward learned. The wagons were all completely consumed, and for the next few years the Mormons would ride out to the scenes to get the iron that was left in the ashes.

Turned adrift on the desert with not a weapon to defend ourselves was hardly a pleasant prospect. It meant a walk of a thousand miles home to Leavenworth. The wagon was loaded to its full capacity. There was nothing to do but walk. I was not yet twelve years old, but I had to walk with the rest the full thousand miles, and we made nearly thirty miles a day.

Fortunately we were not molested by Indians. From passing wagon-trains we got a few rifles, all they could spare, and with these we were able to kill game for fresh meat. I wore out three pairs of moccasins on that journey, and learned then that the thicker are the soles of your shoes, the easier are your feet in a long walk over rough ground.

After a month of hard travel we reached Leavenworth. I set out at once for the log-cabin home, whistling as I walked, and the first to welcome me was my old dog Turk, who came tearing toward me and almost knocked me down in his eagerness. I am sure my mother and sisters were mighty glad to see me. They had feared that I might never return.

My next journey over the Plains was begun under what, to me, were very exciting circumstances. I spent the winter of '57–'58 at school. My mother was anxious about my education. But the master of the frontier school wore out several armfuls of hazel switches in a vain effort to interest me in the "three R's."

I kept thinking of my short but adventurous past. And as soon as another opportunity offered to return to it I seized it eagerly.

That spring my former boss, Lew Simpson, was busily organizing a "lightning bull team" for his employers, Russell, Majors & Waddell. Albert Sidney Johnston's soldiers, then moving West, needed supplies, and needed them in a hurry. Thus far the mule was the reindeer of draft animals, and mule trains were forming to hurry the needful supplies to the soldiers.

But Simpson had great faith in the bull. A picked bull train, he allowed, could beat a mule train all hollow on a long haul. All he wanted was a chance to prove it.

His employers gave him the chance. For several weeks he had been picking his animals for the outfit. And now he was to begin what is perhaps the most remarkable race ever made across the Plains.

A mule train was to start a week after Simpson's lightning bulls began their westward course. Whichever outfit got to Fort Laramie first would be the winner. No more excitement could have been occasioned had the contestants been a reindeer and a jack-rabbit. To my infinite delight Simpson let me join his party.

My thousand-mile tramp over the Plains had cured me of the walking habit, and I was glad to find that this time I was to have a horse to ride —part of the way, anyhow. I was to be an extra hand—which meant that by turns I was to be bull-whacker, driver, and general-utility man.

I remember that our start was a big event. Men, women and children watched our chosen animals amble out of Salt Creek. The "mule skinners," busy with preparations for their own departure, stopped work to jeer us.

"We'll ketch you in a couple of days or so!" yelled Tom Stewart, boss of the mule outfit.

But Simpson only grinned. Jeers couldn't shake his confidence either in himself or his long-horned motive power. (*Continued on page 197*)

**Behind Simpson's dead-mule barricade we made ready for attack from the circling redskins. The carcases were soon stuck full of arrows, and Woods was winged in the shoulder.**

# The Interrupted Revue

## By E. Phillips Oppenheim

### Illustrated by Armand Both

MADAME FÉLANIE sat before the gaily-decorated mirror which swung upon her dressing-table, contemplating the result of her maid's careful and strenuous attentions. Her dressing-room, during the many months of her great success, had become transformed into a little bower of luxury and comfort. A telephone stood at her elbow among a chaos of tortoise-shell-backed toilet articles. There was a soft green carpet upon the floor, a wonderful divan in the most comfortable corner, a few trifles of Empire furniture, an etching or so upon the wall. Madame Félanie was a clever woman and she understood the art of suitable environment.

Her costume now for the second act of the brilliant *revue*, in which her success had been almost phenomenal, was practically completed. She wore a rose-colored dressing-gown over garments not remarkable for their prodigality, and though the evening papers, a French novel, a little volume of poetry sent from the author, and a box of Russian cigarets stood at her elbow, she still continued to gaze a little abstractedly at the reflection of her own features in the looking-glass. London had found her beautiful, seductive, vivacious. She was all of these. Her dark and beautifully-set eyes retained their gleam of natural violet notwithstanding the encompassment of stage make-up. No rouge could conceal the pearly brilliancy of her complexion, no cake of powder the charming lines of her mouth. It was not at these things, however, that she looked. Her eyes were fixed steadily upon the roots of her blue-black hair, drawn back from her forehead in a manner peculiar to herself. She even raised the tiny magnifying glass on the table before her, to concentrate her regard, and there was in her face almost at that moment a shadow, as though some faint foreboding was hovering over her, even in these halcyon days of her great triumph. She laid the magnifying glass down.

"It is impossible," she murmured to herself, stretching out her hand for a cigaret.

There was a knock at the door. Her maid came softly in—an elderly woman in prim black, softly-shod and with the art of moving noiselessly. She carried a card in her hand, which she presented to her mistress.

"Madame," she announced, "this gentleman desires the favor of a word with you." Félanie stretched out her hand.

"You know so well, Marie," she complained, "that I receive here only those who need send no card. Give him my address, if it is a gentleman from the Press."

"I thought madame would prefer to see this gentleman," the maid said quietly.

Still with a queer reluctance, Félanie took the card into her white fingers. Before she glanced at it she knew very well what name she would find written there, and she hated the knowledge. The black letters stared up at her—

*Mr. Ambrose Lavendale,*
*17 Sackville Street.*

Félanie turned her head slowly and looked upward at her maid. The woman's face, however, was blank.

"The gentleman is doubtless known to Mr. Wiltshaw," the latter continued. "He secured the *entrée* here without difficulty. He waits now in the passage."

"You can show him in," her mistress ordered.

There were a few seconds during which another woman looked into that gaily-hung mirror, and another reflection appeared there. The mouth was no longer seductive, but grim. The eyes were no longer insolent, half challenging conquest, half promising tenderness, but seemed, indeed, to have receded a little, to be filled with the shrinking light of fear. The transition was extraordinary and complete. Here sat a terrified woman, face to face with some evil thing!

**"There is no man in this world," Lavendale declared, "who could fail to recognize Adèle Goetz even under the guise of Félanie! Congratulations on your great success, madame!"**

Then there came a knock at the door. As with the touch of her fingers upon the switch the gloom of the room was changed into brilliant light, so Félanie almost miraculously recovered herself. She swung round in her dainty revolving chair. Her lips, even, fell naturally and easily into the lines of her most seductive smile. What fear there was at the woman's heart showed itself no longer in her face.

"Monsieur Lavendale — Monsieur Ambrose Lavendale, is it not?" she added, with a momentary glance at the card. "You wish to see me?"

Lavendale came a little further into the room and bowed. At a glance from her mistress the maid softly withdrew, closing the door. In his severely simple evening clothes, Lavendale seemed in that little room to be taller even than his six feet two. Félanie, who had risen to her feet, felt herself suddenly dominated.

"Madame," Lavendale said, "I have ventured to present myself in order to renew a very delightful acquaintance."

She played the game bravely. "But, monsieur," she protested, "I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

He sighed. "It is, alas! then, your memory, madame, which is at fault."

"Or yours?" she queried softly. He shook his head.

"Those who have had the privilege of knowing the lady who calls herself now Madame Félanie could make no mistake."

"Yet it seems," she persisted, acknowledging his courtesy with a smile, "that that is what has happened. You are gallant, monsieur, but there are so many of us upon the stage who resemble one another."

He shook his head with a self-confidence which she hated.

"There is no man in this world," he declared, "who could fail to recognize Adèle Goetz, even under the guise of Madame Félanie. May I congratulate you upon your great success? Your *revue*, they tell me, will run for ever."

"You are very kind," she said, her knees beginning to tremble a little, "but indeed you are mistaken. My name is Elaine Félanie. It is my own name. I came from the Odéon. I am so well known in Paris. This lady of whom you speak perhaps resembles me."

Lavendale did not for a moment reply. His face had become a shade graver, his gray eyes held hers.

"Is there, then, a reason, madame," he asked, "why Adèle Goetz preferred to disappear and Madame Félanie to rise from her ashes? Am I not one of those who could be trusted? My memories of Mademoiselle Adèle are too delightful

for me to bear anything but good-will toward Madame Félanie."

She stood for a moment quite still. Her brain was working quickly. After all, the man was an American. She looked at him a little doubtfully. He smiled—and she yielded. She gave him both her hands.

"Monsieur Ambrose," she said, "it can go on no longer. I thought myself an actress, but you have conquered. You are my friend?"

"Your devoted friend," he assured her.

"You can imagine, then, why here in England it is Elaine Félanie alone who exists?"

"Adèle Goetz, if I remember rightly," he replied, "was of German birth."

She glanced almost nervously around her. He went on without pause.

"So far as that simple fact is concerned," he continued, "you will not—you need have no fear of my discretion."

She gave him her hands again and this time there was more of invitation in her gesture.

"You were always kind to me," she murmured. "We shall see something of one another now, is it not so?" He shook his head.

"Alas! no, madame," he sighed. "I am engaged to be married."

"And mademoiselle is jealous?" she inquired, with a little pout.

"There is no woman in the world," he told her, "who would not be jealous of Madame Félanie."

She laughed at him with something of her old gaiety, threw herself back in her chair and passed him the cigarets.

"We have a few minutes longer, at least," she pleaded, "before we make our pathetic farewells. You have not lost the gift of saying pleasant things, Ambrose."

"Nor you, Adèle, the art of inspiring them," he replied.

"Oh, la, la, la!" she exclaimed lightly. "Tell me of your life here in London. Tell me why you came to renew our acquaintance, if it is to be only a matter of this one visit?"

He had refused her offer of a chair and the cigaret, still unlit, was between his fingers.

"Yes, I will tell you that," he said. "You read, without a doubt, of the sinking of the *Marabic?*"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Who has talked of anything else in London these few days?"

"I was among the saved," he continued, "I and the young lady to whom I am engaged to be married. We were in the last boat that left the ship and lost everything except the clothes we stood up in. That circumstance has, to a certain extent, changed my outlook upon this struggle."

There was the slightest of frowns upon her velvet brow. She waited. He had the air of one, however, who has concluded all he has to say. He turned toward the door. She stopped him with an imperative gesture.

"You have not given me the promise I desire—I demand!" she cried. "Monsieur Ambrose, you will not leave me like this?"

"That promise," he said gravely, "is yours—conditionally."

His departure was a little abrupt, and her gesture to recall him too late. She sat for a moment thinking, a curious shadow upon her face. Then she touched the bell.

"Ask Monsieur Anders to spare me a moment," she directed her maid.

There was a brief interval, then the sound of a cheerful whistling outside. The door was opened and Monsieur Anders himself appeared. He was a small man with a strangely-lined face, a mouth whose humor triumphed even over his plastic make-up. He was attired with great magnificence in the costume of a beau of the last century. His fingers glittered with rings, lace cuffs fell over his wrists and a little waft of peculiar perfume entered with him. It was not for nothing that for many years he had been considered upon the French stage the embodiment of a certain type of male elegance.

"You have had a visitor, *chérie?*" he remarked.

"I have," she replied. "Shut the door."

He obeyed at once. From outside came the voice of the stage-carpenter, the occasional rumbling of scenery, the music of the orchestra, the murmur now and then of applause. The curtain was raised upon a fresh scene in the *revue.*

"Mysterious?" Anders murmured.

Suddenly, even as the word passed his lips, apprehension seemed to seize him. He remained for a moment dumb and motionless. Then he, too, glanced around before he leaned toward her. "Is it trouble?"

"Perhaps not," she answered. "One cannot tell. A young American has been to see me. He is one of the few who would remember. We were friends in Paris nine years ago. He was a boy then, but, notwithstanding everything, he recognized me."

"An American," Anders muttered. "Better that than an Englishman! Well?"

"He was serving his apprenticeship in the American diplomatic service in those days," she went on. "What he is doing now I do not know, except that he and the girl whom he is engaged to marry were among the survivors from the *Marabic.* He went out of his way to pay me a visit here, just to tell me that he recognized me, and he made it plain that although he is not an Englishman, he is in sympathy with them."

"Did he threaten?" Anders asked quickly.

"No," she replied, "and yet he terrified me. He promised silence—conditionally."

"Conditionally? How?"

"He left that for me to understand. I am still puzzled. He does not want to see me any more—he took pains to tell me that he was engaged to be married. Yet underneath his manner I seemed to discover a threat."

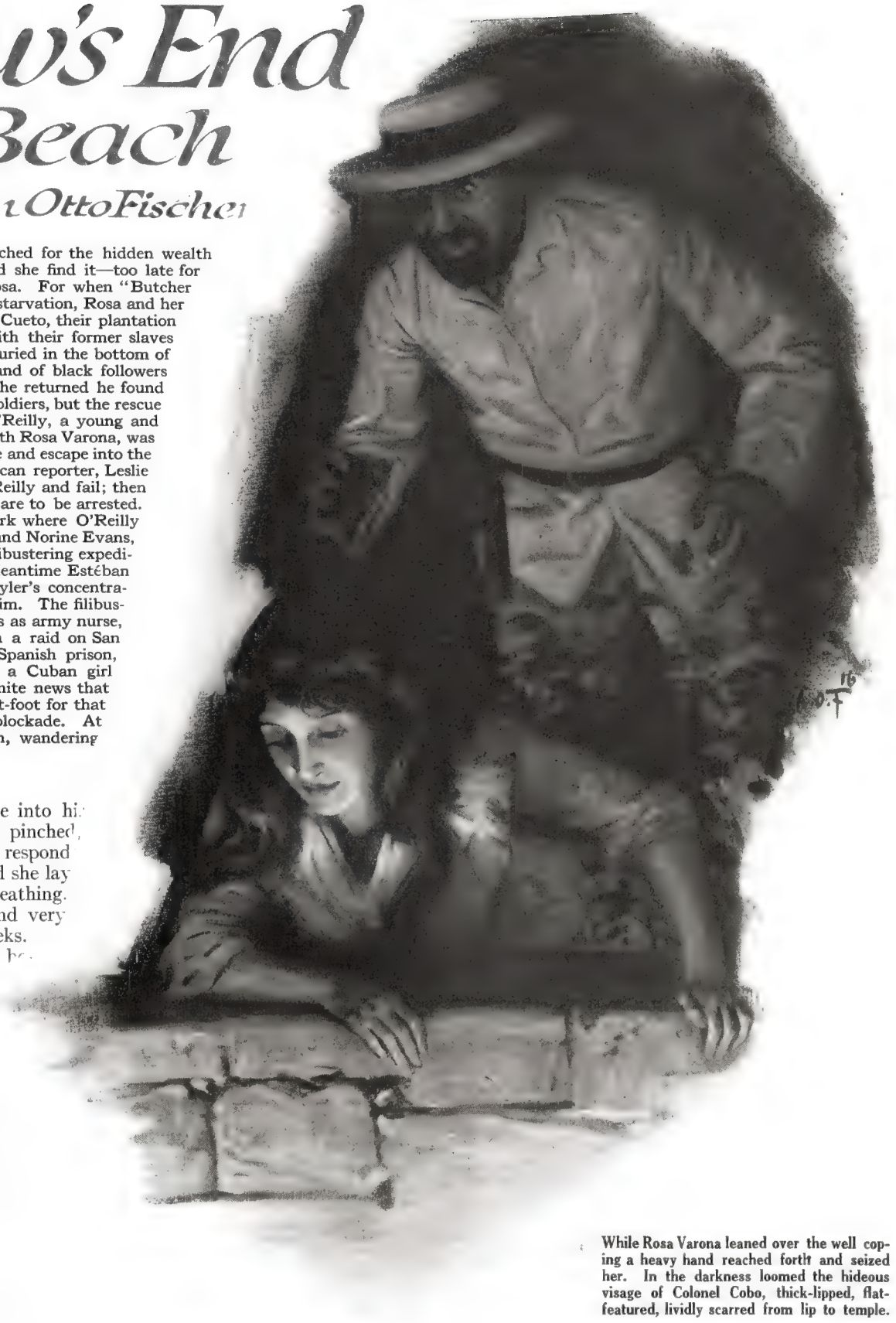
Anders stood perfectly still for a moment. Underneath all the paint (*Continued on page 188*)

**Lavendale gripped Anders by the collar, almost swinging him off his feet, while Félanie cowered in terror. "Listen," hissed Ambrose: "You are one of the vermin of the war,—a spy selling his own country! If either of you remain in London something very ugly will happen!"**

# Rainbow's End

## by Rex Beach

### Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer



**While Rosa Varona leaned over the well coping a heavy hand reached forth and seized her. In the darkness loomed the hideous visage of Colonel Cobo, thick-lipped, flat-featured, lividly scarred from lip to temple.**

SYNOPSIS:—For many years Doña Isabel searched for the hidden wealth of the man she had married, and only in death did she find it—too late for herself or her twin step-children Estéban and Rosa. For when "Butcher Weyler" came to Cuba with fire and sword and starvation, Rosa and her brother were betrayed as Cuban sympathizers by Cueto, their plantation manager, and had to flee into the mountains with their former slaves Asensio and Evangelina. So the wealth stayed buried in the bottom of a well. Estéban swore vengeance and with a band of black followers sallied forth to burn Cueto's stolen crops; when he returned he found Rosa in the hands of the Spaniard Cobo and his soldiers, but the rescue was swift and complete. Meanwhile Johnnie O'Reilly, a young and adventurous American, who had fallen in love with Rosa Varona, was trying to elude the Spanish spies at Puerto Principe and escape into the interior where Rosa was. With him was an American reporter, Leslie Branch, an invalid. The Cubans try to help O'Reilly and fail; then comes secret information that the two Americans are to be arrested. After arrest comes deportation back to New York where O'Reilly gets in touch with Dr. Alvarado, a Cuban patriot, and Norine Evans, a wealthy girl, who insists on joining the next filibustering expedition as a nurse, besides financing the venture. Meantime Estéban kills Cueto, Rosa Varona learns the horrors of Weyler's concentration camps, and Johnnie's work is cut out for him. The filibusters land in Cuba, Norine Evans begins her duties as army nurse, while Johnnie gets word of Rosa and Estéban. In a raid on San Antonio, O'Reilly rescues Estéban from a filthy Spanish prison, while Leslie Branch inadvertently commandeers a Cuban girl baby. Despatches to General Gomez bring definite news that Rosa Varona is in Matanzas, so O'Reilly starts hot-foot for that city, braving the dangers of running the Spanish blockade. At length he finds Rosa, nearly dead from starvation, wandering in the ruined garden of La Cumbre.

O'REILLY took the misshapen figure into his arms, he rained kisses upon the pinched, discolored face. But Rosa did not respond her puny strength had flown and she lay inert in his embrace, scarcely breathing. Tears stole down her cheeks and very faintly her fingers fluttered over his bearded cheeks.

Dazed, doubting, astounded, it was some time before Johnnie could convince himself of the reality of this moment and even then words did not come to him, for his mind was in turmoil. Joy, thanksgiving, compassion—a thousand emotions—mingled in a sort of delirium, too wild for coherent thought or speech.

Fear finally brought him to his senses, for he became aware that Rosa had collapsed and that his endearments left her unthrilled. Quickly he bore her to the bench and laid her upon it. After a time she smiled up into his eyes and her words were scarcely more than a murmur:

"God heard my prayers and sent you to me."

"Rosa! You are ill, you are weak——"

Her eyelids fluttered. "I am dying, O'Rail-ye. I only waited to see you."

"No, no!" In agony he gathered her once more into his arms.

"Oh, yes!" Her bloodless fingers touched his face again, then his thin, worn rags. "You, too, have suffered. How came you to be so poor and hungry, O'Rail-ye?"

"I'm not poor, I'm rich. See!" He jingled the coins in his pocket. "That's money; money for you, sweetheart. It will buy you food and medicines, it will make you well and strong again. Rosa, dear, I have looked for you so long, so long——" His voice broke wretchedly and he bowed his head. "I—I was afraid——"

"I waited as long as I had strength to wait," she told him. "It is too bad you came so late."

Once again she lapsed into the lethargy of utter weakness, whereupon he fell to stroking her hands, calling upon her to come back to him. He was beside himself now, a terrible feeling of impotence and despair overcame him.

Hearing someone speak, he raised his eyes and discovered at his side that figure of want which he had seen digging on the slope below. It was Evangelina. The negress was little more than skin and bones, her eyes were bleared and yellow and sunken, her face had grown ape-like, but he recognized her and she him.

"You are the American," she declared. "You are Rosa's man."

"Yes. But what is wrong with her? Look! She is ill——"

"She is often like that. It is the hunger. We have nothing to eat, Señor. I, too, am ill—dying; and Asensio! Oh, you don't know how they have made us suffer."

"We must get Rosa home. Where do you live?"

Evangelina turned her death's head toward the city. "Down yonder. But what's the use? There is no food in our house and Rosa is afraid of those wagons. You know—the ones with the corpses. She made me bring her here to die."

The girl was not wholly unconscious, it seemed, for she stirred and murmured faintly:

"Those wagons! Don't let them put me in there with the other dead. They pile the bodies high——" A weak shudder convulsed her.

O'Reilly bent lower, and in a strong, determined voice cried: "You are not going to die. I have money for food. Rouse yourself, Rosa, rouse yourself."

"She prays for you every night," the negress volunteered. "Such faith! Such trust! She never doubted that you would come and find her. Sometimes she cried, but that was because of her brother. Estéban, you know, is dead. Yes, dead, like all the rest."

"Estéban is *not* dead," O'Reilly asserted. "He is alive. Rosa, do you hear that? Estéban is alive and well. I left him with Gomez, in the Oriente. I have come to take you to him."

"Estéban alive? Ha! You are fooling us." Evangelina wagged her head wisely. "We know better than that."

"I tell you, he *is* alive," O'Reilly insisted. He heard Jacket calling to him at that moment, so he hallooed to the boy; then when the latter had arrived he explained briefly without allowing Jacket time in which to express his amazement.

"Our search is over; we have found them. But they won't believe that Estéban is alive. Tell them the truth."

"Yes; he is alive. We found him rotting in a prison and we rescued him," Jacket corroborated. He stared curiously at the recumbent figure on the bench, then at O'Reilly. He puckered his lips and gave vent to a low whistle of amazement. "So. This is your pretty one, eh? I—she—well, I don't think much of her. But then, you are not so handsome yourself, are you?"



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Evangelina seemed to be stupid, a trifle touched, perhaps, from suffering, for she laid a skinny claw upon O'Reilly's shoulder and warned him earnestly: "Look out for Cobo. You have heard about him, eh? Well, he is the cause of all our misery. He hunted us from place to place and it was for him that I put that hump on her back. Understand me, she is straight—straight and pretty enough for any American. Her skin is like milk, too, and her hair—she used to put flowers in it for you, and then we would play games. But you never came. You will make allowances for her looks, will you not?"

"Poor Rosa! You two poor creatures!" O'Reilly choked, he hid his face upon his sweetheart's breast.

Rosa responded; her fingers caressed him and she sighed contentedly.

O'Reilly's ascent of the hill had been slow, but his descent was infinitely slower, for Rosa was so feeble that she could help herself but little and he lacked the strength to carry her far at a time. Finally, however, they reached the wretched hovel where Asensio lay; then leaving her there, Johnnie sped on alone into the city. He returned soon with several small bundles concealed about his person, and with Evangelina's help he set about preparing food.

Neither Rosa nor the two negroes had any appetite—their hunger had long since passed the point at which they were conscious of it—and O'Reilly was compelled to force them to eat. When he had given them all that he dared, he offered what food was left to Jacket.

The boy moistened his lips and his fingers twitched, but he shook his head.

"Oh, I'm not so hungry," he declared indifferently. "I have a friend in the market-place; I will go down there and steal a fish from him."

O'Reilly patted him on the shoulder, saying, "You are a good kid, and you understand, don't you? These sick people will need more food than we can buy for them, so we will have to draw our belts tight."

"Of course. Eating is a habit anyhow, and we men know how to get along without it. I will manage to find something for you and me, for I'm a prodigious thief. I can steal the hair from a man's head when I try." With a nod he set off to find his benefactor's supper.

Jacket whistled heroically until he was out of O'Reilly's hearing, then his bearing changed. His mouth drew down, and moisture came into his eyes. He rubbed a grimy hand over his stomach, murmuring faintly: "*Caramba!* It is hard to be a man when you smell things cooking!"

ROSA VARONA did not die. On the contrary, under her lover's care, she made so amazingly swift a recovery that improvement was visible from hour to hour; she rallied like a wilted flower under refreshing rain. It was O'Reilly's presence as much as the nourishing diet provided by his money which effected this marvel, although the certainty that Estéban was alive and safe put added force into her determination to live. Rosa found hope springing in her breast, and one day she caught herself laughing. The marvel of it was unbelievable! O'Reilly was sitting beside her bed of leaves at the time; impulsively she pressed his hand to her lips, repeating a question she had asked him many times: "Do you love me?"

For answer he bent and kissed her. What he said is of no consequence. Rosa held his hand against her cheek, striving for words with which to voice her gladness.

"Such happiness as mine belongs in heaven," she managed to tell him. "Sometimes it frightens me. With you by my side this prison is a paradise and I want for nothing. War, suffering, distress—I can't imagine they exist."

"Nevertheless they do, and Matanzas is anything but a paradise," said he. "It is—purgatory, and we must try to get out of it quickly."

"Escape, do you mean? But that is impossible! Asensio can tell you all about that. The Spaniards used to issue passes for men to go outside the lines in search of food. It was just a trick. They never came back—all of them were killed. Everyone knows better than to try now."

"Nevertheless, we can't stay here much longer." In answer to the girl's puzzled inquiry he explained: "My money is gone—all but a few *centavos*. This is the last of our food and there is no chance of getting more. Jacket has some mysterious source of supply and he manages to bring in something every now and then, but there are five of us to feed, and he can't forage more than enough for himself. No, we must make a move at once while we have the strength."

Rosa had not asked the source whence came the blessed food which was bringing the lifeblood back into her body, and although that food was not much—a little meal, a plantain, an occasional scrap of meat or fish—it had never occurred to her that the supply might be limited. She met the problem bravely, however.

"I have been close to death so long that it means little to me," she confessed. "I have you, and —well, with you at my side I can face the worst."

"Oh, we won't give up until we have to," he assured her. "If I had money, it would be a simple proposition to bribe some guard to pass us through the

Morin rowed quietly toward the schooner, growling in his beard: "There's too much risk about this business!" while the three refugees, Rosa, O'Reilly and Jacket, scarcely breathed in the velvet gloom.

lines, but I have spent all that General Bétancourt gave me." He smoothed back Rosa's dark hair and smiled reassuringly at her. "Well, I'll manage somehow, so don't worry your pretty head. I'll find the price, if I have to waylay old Don Mario and rob him. Don't you think I look like a bandit? The very sight of me would terrify that fat rascal."

"To me you are beautiful," breathed the girl. Then she lowered her eyes. "La, la! How I spoil you! I have quite forgotten to be ladylike—Isabel was right when she called me a bold and forward hussy. Now then, please turn your face aside, for I wish to think, and so long as you look at me I cannot—I make love to you brazenly. See! There, that is much better. I shall hold your hand, so. When I kiss it you may look at me again for a moment."

Drawing herself closer to O'Reilly, Rosa began thoughtfully: "Before you came I more than once was on the point of appealing to some of my former friends, but they are all Spaniards and we are no longer *simpatico*, you understand?" She paused for his answer.

"Perfectly. I'm in the same fix; of all the people I used to know there isn't one but would denounce me if I made myself known. Now that I've been fighting with the *insurrectos* I daren't even go to the American consul for help—if there is an American consul."

Rosa nodded, then continued hesitatingly: "I had a vivid dream last night—perhaps it was a portent, who knows? It was about that stepmother of mine. You remember how she met her death? I wrote you——"

"Yes, and Estéban also told me."

"It was he who recovered her body from the well. One day, while we were in hiding, away up yonder in the Yumuri, he showed me an old coin that——"

"I know," O'Reilly said quickly. "He told me the whole story. He thinks that doubloon is a clue to your father's fortune, but I can't put much faith in it. In fact, I didn't believe until this moment that there was a doubloon at all."

"Oh, indeed there was! I saw it."

"Then it wasn't merely a sick fancy of your brother's?"

"Indeed no, it——" Rosa broke off to exclaim: "O'Reilly, you are looking at me!"

"But you gave me the signal to look," he protested.

"Nothing of the sort; you placed your fingers upon my lips." There was a moment of silence during which the lovers were oblivious to all but each other, then Rosa murmured: "How strange! Sometimes your eyes are blue and sometimes gray. Does that mean that your love too can change?"

"Certainly not! But come, what about Estéban and that doubloon?"

With an effort the girl brought herself back to earth. "Well, it occurred to me, in the light of that dream last night, that Estéban may have been right. Of course nobody outside of our family credits the old story, and yet my father was considered a very rich man at one time. Pancho Cueto believed in the existence of the treasure, and he was in a position to know."

"True! Perhaps, after all——" O'Reilly frowned meditatively.

Rosa lifted herself upon her elbow, her eyes were sparkling. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were true? Just think, O'Reilly, cases of Spanish gold, silver coins in casks, packages of gems. Oh, I've heard Isabel talk about it often enough!"

"Don't forget those pearls from the Caribbean, as large as plums," Johnnie smiled. "I could never quite swallow that. A pearl the size of a currant would buy our freedom right now." After a moment he went on more seriously: "I've a notion to look into that old well this very afternoon. I—I dare say I'm foolish, but—somehow that story doesn't seem so improbable as it did. Perhaps it is worth investigating." He made up his mind swiftly. "I—I'm off this very instant!"

When O'Reilly emerged from the hut, he found Jacket industriously at work over a fragment of grindstone which he had somewhere unearthed. The boy looked up at his friend's approach and held out for inspection a long, thin file, which he was slowly shaping into a knife-blade.

"What do you think of that?" he queried proudly. "It may come in handy when we are ready to clear out of this pesthole."

"Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I stole it. I steal everything I can lay my hands on nowadays. One can never tell when he may have a throat to cut, and a file has good steel in it."

**Toward evening O'Reilly and Rosa overhauled the jewel-box, which was crammed with flashing gems, set and unset, fit for the treasure of a rajah.**

"Since you are such an accomplished thief, do you think you could steal something for me?" O'Reilly inquired. "A piece of rope?"

"Rope?" Jacket was puzzled. "Rope is only good for hanging Spaniards. My friend in the fish-market has a *volandra*, and perhaps I can rob him of a halyard." Laying aside his task, Jacket arose and made off in the direction of the waterfront. He was back within an hour, and under his shirt he carried a coil of worn but serviceable rope. Without waiting to explain his need for this unusual article, O'Reilly linked arms with the boy and set out to climb La Cumbre. When at last they stood in the unused quarry and Johnnie made known his intention to explore the old well, Jacket regarded him with undisguised amazement.

"What do you expect to find down there?" the latter inquired.

"To tell you the truth, I don't really expect to find anything," the man confessed. "Now that I'm here, I'm beginning to feel silly; nevertheless, I'm going to have a look for the hidden treasure of the Varonas."

"Hidden treasure!" From Jacket's expression it was plain that he feared his friend was mildly mad. Even after O'Reilly had told him something about old Don Estéban's missing riches he scouted the story. He peeped inquisitively into the dark opening of the well, then he shook his head. "*Caramba!* What an idea! Was this old man crazy, to throw his money away?"

"He—he had more than he knew what to do with, and he wished to save it from the Spaniards," O'Reilly explained lamely.

"Humph! Nobody ever had more money than he wanted!" The boy's disgust with such credulity was plain. "This well looks just like any other, only deeper; you'd better look out that you don't break your neck like that foolish old woman, that Doña What's-Her-Name."

O'Reilly did indeed feel that he was making himself ridiculous. Nevertheless he made the rope fast and swung himself down out of the sunlight, leaving Jacket to stand guard over him. Perhaps fifteen minutes later he reappeared, panting from his exertions. He was wet, slimy; his clothes were streaked and stained with mud. Jacket began to laugh shrilly at his appearance.

"Ha! What big lizard is this! Your beautiful garments are spoiled. And the treasure? Where is it?" The lad was delighted. He bent double with mirth, he slapped his bare legs and stamped his feet in glee.

O'Reilly grinned good-naturedly, and replaced the planks which had covered the orifice, then hid the rope in some near-by bushes. On their way back he endured his young friend's banter absent-mindedly, but as they neared Asensio's hut he startled Jacket by saying: "Can you manage to find a pickax or a crowbar?"

Jacket's eyes opened; he stopped in the middle of the dusty road. "What did you see down there, *compadre?* Tell me."

"Nothing much. Just enough to make me want to see more. Do you think you can steal some sort of a tool for me?"

"I can try."

"Please do. And remember, say nothing before Asensio or his wife."

(*Continued on page 206*)

# Justice

## The Play of the Month

AMONG the recent dramatic sensations has been this Galsworthy tragedy entitled "Justice"—emphatically a play with a purpose, that of prison reform, of which the American public has heard much.

Act 1 opens in the London offices of *James* and *Walter How*, solicitors. The managing clerk, *Cokeson*, is balancing the firm's bankbook; a shortage of eighty-one pounds is discovered by the senior partner, caused by the figures on a certain check having been changed from "nine" to "ninety." *William Falder*, a junior clerk, took the check to the bank and received the larger amount in gold and notes, being identified by the cashier.

At first suspicion falls on *Davis*, a fellow-clerk, who has just sailed for Australia. But it appears that *Falder* was desperately in need of money, having fallen in love with *Ruth Honeywill*, whose husband is a drunkard and a brute. To rescue her and her two little children from their misery, *Falder* persuades her to elope with him to South America, and in a moment of madness, crazed by poverty, grief and anxiety, he is tempted and falls, hoping to be out of England before the crime is discovered, and vowing to himself to make restitution some day.

**John Barrymore as *William Falder* in prison garb with its mark of the "Broad Arrow."**

But *James How*, the elder partner, insists on probing the matter to the root, and *Falder* is summoned into the private office of the firm:

*James*—(*turning to Falder suddenly with cheque*) You know this cheque, Falder?

*Falder*—No, sir.

*James*—Look at it. You cashed it last Friday week.

*Falder*—Oh! yes, sir; that one—Davis gave it me.

*James*—I know. And you gave Davis the cash?

*Falder*—Yes, sir.

*James*—When Davis gave you the cheque was it exactly like this?

*Falder*—Yes, I think so, sir.

*James*—You know that Mr. Walter drew that cheque for *nine* pounds?

*Falder*—No, sir—ninety.

*James*—Nine, Falder.

*Falder*—(*faintly*) I don't understand, sir.

*James*—The suggestion, of course, is that the cheque was altered; whether by you or Davis is the question.

*Falder*—I—I ——

*Cokeson*—Take your time, take your time.

*Falder*—(*regaining impassivity*) Not by me, sir.

*James*—The cheque was handed to Cokeson by Mr. Walter at one o'clock; we know that, because Cokeson's lunch had just arrived. He therefore gave the cheque to Davis. It was cashed by you at one-fifteen. We know that, because the cashier recollects it as the last cheque he handled before *his* lunch.

*Falder*—Yes, sir, Davis gave it to me because some friends were giving him a farewell luncheon.

*James*—(*puzzled*) You accuse Davis, then?

*Falder*—I don't know, sir—it's very funny. (*Walter says something to James in a low voice*)

*James*—Davis was not here again after that Saturday, was he?

*Cokeson*—(*anxious to be of assistance*) No, he sailed on the Monday.

*James*—Was he, Falder?

*Falder*—(*very faintly*) No, sir.

*James*—Very well, then, how do you account for the fact that this nought was added to the nine on the stub on or after *Tuesday*?

*Cokeson*—(*surprised*) How's that? (*Falder goes to pieces*)

*James*—The cheque-book remained in Mr. Walter's pocket till he came back on Tuesday morning. In the face of this, Falder, do you still deny that you altered both cheque and stub?

***Ruth Honeywill* (Cathleen Nesbitt) has just learned that she can best befriend Falder by leaving him. But: "Nothing shall make me give you up!" he tells her.**

**The victims of the "solitary system," *Falder* among hundreds of others, pound on their cell-doors for relief, raising a deafening din throughout the prison.**

*Falder*—No, sir—no, Mr. How. I did it, sir. I did it!

*Cokeson*—Dear, dear! What a thing to do!

*Falder*—I wanted the money so badly, sir. I didn't know what I was doing.

*Cokeson*—However such a thing could have come into your head!

*Falder*—I can't think, sir, really! It was just a minute of madness.

*James*—A long minute, Falder. (*tapping stub*) Four days at least.

*Falder*—Sir, I swear I didn't know what I'd done till afterward, and then I hadn't the pluck. Oh! sir, overlook it! I'll pay the money back—I will, I promise.

*James*—Go into your room. (*Falder retires*) About as bad a case as there could be.

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*Cokeson*—To break the law like that—here!
*Walter*—What's to be done?
*James*—Nothing for it. Prosecute.
*Walter*—It's his first offense.
*James*—(*shaking head*) I've grave doubts of that. Too neat a piece of swindling altogether.
*Cokeson*—I shouldn't be surprised if he was tempted.
*James*—Life's one long temptation, Cokeson.
*Cokeson*—Ye-es, but I'm speaking of the flesh and the devil, Mr. James. There was a woman came to see him this morning.
*Walter*—The woman we passed as we came in just now? Is it his wife?
*Cokeson*—No, no relation. A married person, though.
*Walter*—How do you know?
*Cokeson*—Brought her children. (*scandalized*) There they were outside the office.
*Walter*—I should like to give him a chance.
*James*—I can't forgive him for the sneaky way he went to work—counting on our suspecting Davis if the matter came to light. It was the merest accident the cheque-book stayed in your pocket.
*Walter*—It *must* have been the temptation of a moment. He hadn't time.
*James*—A man doesn't succumb like that in a moment, if he's a clean mind and habits. He's rotten; got the eyes of a man who can't keep his hands off when there's money about.
*Walter*—(*dryly*) We hadn't noticed that before.
*James*—(*brushing remark aside*) I've seen lots of such fellows. No doing anything with them except to keep 'em out of harm's way. They've got a blind spot.
*Walter*—It's penal servitude.
*Cokeson*—They're nahsty places—prisons.
*James*—(*hesitating*) I don't see how it's possible to spare him. Out of the question to keep him in this office—honesty's the *sine qua non*. Equally out of the question to send him out among people who've no knowledge of his character. One must think of society.
*Walter*—But to brand him like this!
*James*—If it had been a straightforward case I'd give him another chance. It's far from that. He has dissolute habits.
*Cokeson*—I didn't say that—extenuating circumstances.
*James*—Same thing. He's gone to work in the most cold-blooded way to defraud his employers and cast the blame on an innocent man. If that's not a case for the law to take its course I don't know what is.
*Walter*—For the sake of his future, though.
*James*—(*sarcastically*) According to you, no one would ever prosecute. (*moves toward the partners' room*)
*Walter*—Put yourself in his place, father.
*James*—You ask too much of me.
*Walter*—We can't possibly tell the pressure there was on him.
*James*—You may depend on it, my boy, if a man is going to do this sort of thing he'll do it, pressure or no pressure; if he isn't, nothing'll make him.
*Walter*—He'll never do it again.

**Cathleen Nesbitt as *Ruth Honeywill*, the only woman character in "Justice."**

*Mr. Justice Floyd* (**Wallis Clark**)—"**William Falder, your counsel has claimed that you should be treated concerned only with its administration. The crime you have committed is a serious one.**

*Cokeson*—S'pose I were to have a talk with him. We don't want to be hard on the young man.
*James*—That'll do, Cokeson. I've made up my mind. (*passes into partners' room*)
*Cokeson*—We must excuse your father. I don't want to go against him if he thinks it right.
*Walter*—Confound it, Cokeson! why don't you back me up? You know you feel——
*Cokeson*—(*on dignity*) I really can't say what I feel. He must have known what he was doing.
*Walter*—(*bitterly*) "The quality of mercy is not strained."
*Cokeson*—(*looking at him askance*) Come, come, Mr. Walter. We must try and see it sensible.
*Sweedle*—(*entering with tray*) Your lunch, sir. (*while Sweedle is putting it on Cokeson's table, the detective, Wister, enters outer office, and, finding no one there, comes to inner doorway*)
*Wister*—(*to Walter*) From Scotland Yard, sir. Detective-Sergeant Wister.
*Walter*—Very well! I'll speak to my father. (*James enters*)
*James*—Morning, Wister! (*in answer to appealing gesture from Cokeson*) Sorry; I'd stop this if I felt I could. Open that door. (*Sweedle, wondering and scared, opens it*) Come here, Mr. Falder. (*as Falder comes shrinking out, the detective, in obedience to a sign from James, grasps his arm*)
*Falder*—(*recoiling*) Oh! no—oh! no!
*Wister*—Come, come, there's a good lad.
*James*—I charge him with felony.
*Falder*—Oh, sir! There's some one—I did it for her! Let me be till to-morrow. (*James motions with hand. At that sign of hardness, Falder becomes rigid. Then,*

*James How* (**Henry Stephenson**) to *Ruth* and *Falder:* "**I'll help you, but don't let me know what you do with yourselves, that's all!**" while *Cokeson* (**O. P. Heggie**) **looks on.**

rather as a patient than as a criminal. But the Law is what it is. I am You will go to penal servitude for three years!"

*turning, he goes out quietly in the detective's grip*)

The sure and relentless procedure of an English criminal court takes up all of Act II, where *William Falder* is arraigned on a charge of felony. There are no sensations, no "expert" testimony; *Ruth* and *Cokeson* and *James* and *Walter How* all testify in the prisoner's favor so far as the facts permit. His counsel's efforts are along the lines of proving previous good character and a fit of temporary insanity when the check-raising and uttering were committed. But the judge's charge is adverse; the jury brings in a verdict of "Guilty," and *Falder* is sentenced to penal servitude for three years. "Justice" must be served and society protected!

The three intensely dramatic scenes of Act III deal with the inner life of some such English prison as Dartmoor or Portland, where the discipline is so frightfully rigid that prisoners often go insane especially first offenders although there are no dark cells or torture-chambers as in some American jails. But there are attempts at escape and suicide. *Falder* is in solitary confinement. *Cokeson*, who has been a regular visitor, calls to see him on Christmas Eve, and is announced by *Wooder*, one of the wardens, to the governor:

**"Convict Q3007"—John Barrymore.**

*Wooder*—Visitor who's been seeing Q3007 asks to speak to you, sir. I told him it wasn't usual.

*The Governor*—(*resignedly*) No, no. Let's see him.

*Cokeson*—I'm sorry to trouble you. I've been talking to the young man.

*The Governor*—We have a good many here.

*Cokeson*—Name of Falder, forgery. (*producing card and handing it to Governor*) Firm of James and Walter How. Well-known in the law.

*The Governor*—(*receiving card, with faint smile*) What do you want to see me about, sir?

*Cokeson*—(*suddenly seeing prisoners at exercise*) Why! what a sight!

*The Governor*—Yes, we have that privilege from here; my office is being done over. (*sitting at table*)

*Cokeson*—(*dragging eyes with difficulty from window*) I wanted to say a word to you; I sha'n't keep you long. (*confidentially*) Fact is, I oughtn't to be here by rights. His sister came to me—he's got no father and mother—and she was in distress. "My husband won't let me go and see him," she said; "says he's disgraced the family." And his other sister, she said, is an invalid. And she asked me to come. Well, I take an interest in him. He was our junior—I go to the same chapel—and I didn't like to refuse. And what I wanted to tell you was, he seems lonely here.

*The Governor*—Not unnaturally.

*Cokeson*—But we don't want to be unreasonable. He's quite downhearted. I wanted to ask you to let him run about with the others.

*The Governor*—(*with faint amusement*) You'd like to hear what the chaplain says about him, perhaps?

*The Chaplain*—You are not accustomed to prisons, it would seem, sir.

**Portrait study of Miss Kathleen Nesbitt in the part of *Ruth Honeywill*.**

*Cokeson*—No. But it's a pitiful sight. He's quite a young fellow. I said to him: "Before a month's up," I said, "you'll be out and about with the others; it'll be a nice change for you." "A month," he said—like that! "Come!" I said, "we mustn't exaggerate. What's a month? Why, it's nothing!" "A day," he said, "shut up in your cell, thinking and brooding as I do, is longer than a year outside. I can't help it," he said. "I try—but I'm built that way, Mr. Cokeson." And he held his hand up to his face. I could see the tears trickling through his fingers. It wasn't nice.

*The Chaplain*—He's a young man with large, rather peculiar eyes, isn't he? Not Church of England, I think?

*Cokeson*—No.

*The Governor*—Let's see, he's not married?

*Cokeson*—No. (*confidentially*) But there's a party he's very much attached to, not altogether com-il-fo. It's a sad story.

*The Chaplain*—If it wasn't for drink and women, sir, this prison might be closed.

*Cokeson*—(*looking at Chaplain over spectacles*) Ye-es, I wanted to tell you about that, special. He had hopes they'd let her come and see him, but they haven't. Of course, he asked questions. I did my best, but I couldn't tell the poor young fellow a lie, with him in here—seemed like hitting him. But I'm afraid it's made him worse.

*The Governor*—What was this news then?

*Cokeson*—Like this: The woman had a nahsty, spiteful feller for a husband, and she'd left him. Fact is, she was going away with our young friend. It's not nice—but I overlooked it. Well, when he was put in here she said she'd earn her living apart, and wait for him to come out. That was a great (*Concluded on page 179*)

# An Actress in the Making

## by Margaret Anglin

Photo by Arnold Genthe

**"I doubt," says Miss Anglin, "whether I should now be in the maelstrom of the theater had I not responded to 'one clear call.'"**

**Graceful and characteristic is this charmingly posed photographic study.**

*EDITOR'S NOTE.— There is something supremely fascinating about the career of a theatrical star, especially when the personality of the actress is as engaging as that of Margaret Anglin, whether ancestry, artistry, or ability be considered. In these articles the reader may see the stage and its people from fresh viewpoints. The series will run well into the year nineteen-seventeen.*

THERE is no beginning without some reason, I verily believe, and I doubt whether I should now be in the maelstrom of the theater if it were not for "one clear call," as the poet says, to which I responded by suddenly going to a school of acting. In order to make an artistic beginning, I suppose it is necessary for sympathy to heighten the actual event; that is why we have so many starving poets in the garret, so many geniuses held in leash by varying degrees of deprivation. Nothing of this sort ever happened to me. I cannot imagine a more unsatisfactory task for an interviewer than to fathom the exact reasons for my determination to go on the stage.

For I was born in an atmosphere opposed to anything like an artistic professional career for a woman. My father, at the time, was Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons. He and my mother were occupying the wing in the Parliament buildings—those very buildings which only the other day were destroyed in Ottawa—set aside for the Speaker. I might say that I came into existence breathing the air of the Liberal Party. There are no stories of my disturbing the routine of official business by my early entrance into Colonial politics. Sedate lawmakers probably passed me while I was playing in the grounds. My father would bring me now and again various gifts of dolls from them; I was even editorially referred to once, on a later visit to Ottawa, as the "Parliament-House Baby." That is the story of my beginning, and it all smacked of Government rather than of the theater.

My family had come to Ottawa from New Brunswick, and had entered the official circle of the then Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, who was the great-grandson of the dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, on his mother's side. While the spirit of that delightful playwright did not wholly absorb the interest of the Governor-General, it must have helped to increase his love for acting, in which he was enthusiastically abetted by Lady Dufferin. Rideau Hall was the scene of many a gay party, where amateur theatricals formed a large part of the social life. My mother and Lady Dufferin were very warm friends. By a strange coincidence I found an old clipping only the other day in which there was an excerpt from Lady Dufferin's vivacious "Journal." The entry reads: "I was able to be present at the representation of the 'Maire of St. Brieux.' The music is very pretty and the whole play excellent. It is very interesting to bring out a new thing on one's own stage, and even the author and composer must have been satisfied with the actors and singers who played in it. . . . The prima donna—Mrs. Anglin—both sang and looked charmingly."

Lady Dufferin was appearing in Gilbert's "Sweethearts," and my mother was likewise on the program to sing. Because of this fact, Lord Dufferin asked that the House be adjourned, in order that my father might escape his duties and be present. But no one had fathomed the deep-seated prejudice of my father against any public performance by his family, whether amateur or otherwise. He was quiet about it, and though the House was

**The beautiful Parliament House at Ottawa, Canada, recently damaged by fire. Here Margaret Anglin was born, which event earned for her later the sobriquet of "Parliament-House Baby."**


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The Lyceum Theater Company (E. H. Sothern as *Dundreary*) at the time Miss Anglin was a member.

Margaret Anglin at the time of her stage début in "Shenandoah."

As *Virginia*, in association with Mr. James O'Neil.

Suddenly called on by Mr. Sothern to play *Lady Ursula*, "I was enabled to assure him that I knew the part by heart!"

adjourned on his account he remained away; and never once to the day of his death was he untrue to his Early-Victorian belief that home was the proper place for a woman. I remember that, the only time he came to see me act, he sat throughout the evening with his eyes closed; he came to please my mother, but it none the less hurt him that a daughter of his should be a professional actress. Apart from this, he loved the theater.

Doubtless I have this love for private theatricals in Ottawa to thank for my own theatrical beginnings. My father was a bulwark of disapproval; he was never aggressive about it, but firm. When I broke the news of my intention to go on the stage he never allowed the subject to be mentioned again in his presence. Such prejudices are difficult to overcome, even in a matter of private charades. The amateur spirit in my girlhood was charming; the children and, as a matter of fact, the elders too, used to give charades and pantomimes in a most delightfully unaffected way, so different from the present-day sort of professional amateur who dips into Strindberg and stretches all "isms" to the *n*th degree.

I grew into the school age, living now in St. John and again in Toronto, and finally I was old enough to be sent to boarding-school, away from home, where I was destined to spend three years. It was the Convent of Loretto, in Toronto, where the Canadian-Irish spirit reigned supreme. I was a mere slip of a child in those days, everywhere prompted by that histrionic spirit which my father frowned upon whenever it became too evident. They asked me to recite at one St. Patrick's Day celebration, and I immediately memorized a long piece, by the poet Campbell, with the ardor of a young person. By the time the hour set for the performance had arrived I was ready, though I had some misgivings that the sentiments I was about to utter were wholly unrelated to the occasion we were celebrating. Thus early I was developing a will of my own, though my life was being more or less regulated for me in its external routine.

Then I went to a convent just outside of Montreal, where I passed entirely under French influence. Here the nuns were "The Ladies of the Sacred Heart." I have memories of skating and tobogganing, but more vivid to me than any child's sports are the long hours of discipline, with early rising at 5:45 in Quebec weather, with the (*Continued on page 176*)

FROM THISTLE PRINT. © DETROIT PUB. CO.

In the portrayal of motherhood few painters have surpassed Gari Melchers in the tenderness with which he invests and handles his subjects. Beautifully sympathetic is this picture "Maternity," exhibited in the Champs de Mars Salon of 1895.

# The Art of Gari Melchers

## Painter-Laureate of the Humble

by Gardner Teall

IN the firmament of American artists of note the star of Gari Melchers shines brightly. It is not given to every painter of achievement to gain recognition at home and to win laurels abroad at once, or, having been the recipient of honors in foreign lands, to find himself still a prophet equally honored by his compatriots. To Gari Melchers, Fame has been more than kind—she has been generous though not improvident, for this artist has given return in a life-work of sincerely directed effort, fine accomplishment, unceasing devotion to ideals and the preservation of a personality at once free from affectation, self-exploitation and assumption.

If you were to ask Gari Melchers to tell you about himself he would really wonder why you should think it interesting information. This would not be a pose, bending to the coax of concealed invitation to persist. On the other hand, he would be courteous enough to satisfy your curiosity. No door would be slammed in your face or curt *bon mot*, hurled from perilous juxtaposition to a monocle, would present you with your *congé* before you had proved your title to even a stranger's welcome. Instead you would find him —well, you would find him just Gari Melchers—human, intelligent, gifted, unaffected, kindly, a painter who paints things more than worth while, an artist of enduring works.

A study of Raphael's Sistine Madonna is interesting, but it is only natural to want to know something about the real Raphael who painted it. And even when we know a good deal about him, it still does not seem enough. Our enthusiasms are usually omnivorous in their demands. That is because nothing in the world seems actually to stand alone and apart by itself in complete isolation or from the circumstances of its conception. So it is with the life of any painter whose works inspire us with a lively interest and create in us a responsive appreciation. I think every normal intelligence will recognize the pleasure and interest to be found in the paintings of Gari Melchers, paintings that have helped to raise and then to maintain the standard of American art. Because this is so, it is normal to wish to know something of the artist himself in connection with a consideration of his painting.

Gari Melchers was born in Detroit in 1860. His father was a sculptor. From early childhood the boy Gari had determined to become a painter. No parental obstacles were interposed and consequently no biographical "thrillers" are required to introduce him to his seventeenth year when, in 1877, he went abroad to study in Düsseldorf, that excellent cradle of much of the best in modern art, despite the fun that has been poked at the original Düsseldorfers and their spiritless academicism. However, such men as Eduard von Gebhardt, with whom Gari Melchers studied there, keep the memory of Düsseldorf's other phase perennially fresh in the memory of notable influences.

After Düsseldorf came Paris—it is the little leaven that leaveneth the mass!—and there, at the École des Beaux-Arts, Gari Melchers worked under Jules Lefebvre, and worked hard. He not only learned to paint but he painted; it was a record of absorption and production. This intelligent industry and his unusual talent found him at twenty-six receiving an Honorable Mention for "The Sermon," a canvas exhibited at the Salon in 1886. This painting, as its title indicates, showed the interior of an old Dutch church, a characteristic bit of contemporary life in Holland. Three other works, "The Letter," "A Woman of Attina," and "Paternoster," had already been shown in previous Salons. All had been well received, but it was "The Sermon" that first displayed Gari Melchers's fuller mastery of his art and won for the young painter immediate recognition. After that came a Medal of the First Class, Amsterdam, 1887; a First-Class Medal, Munich, 1888; the Grand Prix, Paris Exposition, 1889; the First Prize, Chicago Art Institute, 1891; the Medal of Honor, 1891; the Gold Medal of the Philadelphia Art Club, 1892; the Medal of Honor at

FROM THISTLE PRINT. © DETROIT PUB. CO.

**Melchers loves Belgium and the simple, adorable folk of the countryside, as depicted in his "Brabançonne."**

the Antwerp Exposition, 1894; the Temple Gold Medal of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 1896; the Grand Gold Medal, Vienna, 1898; the Grand Gold Medal, Dresden, 1901; the Gold Medal at the Buffalo Exposition, 1901; the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904. Such a catalogue should not be thought tedious, for every entry in it symbolizes a phase of human effort that deserves its crown of laurel.

where on the Italian peninsula, Gari Melchers returned to the north and went for a sojourn at Egmont-aan-Zee in Holland, a picturesque little town that had attracted his fancy on a chance trip there some three years before. From that time on Holland and the simple, lovable folk of the countryside won his residence among them. They furnished the types to which his brush found immediate response. Indeed, even to this day, Hutchinson, to which reference has already been made.

When Gari Melchers introduces the cool lights that characterize so many of his paintings he represents for us a light that is not gloomy though subdued, and when he brightens it he still saves us from light that is blazing, glaring or scorching. That the artist loves children might be told one by Gari Melchers's friends in a thousand anec-

© GARI MELCHERS

**"The Communion" was shown and greatly admired at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893, where its creator served on the International Jury of Awards.**

To the honors that have been enumerated above many others have been added, among them the membership in the International Jury of Awards at the World's Columbian Exposition, when "The Communion," "The Sermon," "The Pilots," "The Nativity," "Skaters," "Portrait of Mrs. W." and "Married" were exhibited. The "Maternity," exhibited in the Champs de Mars Salon of 1895, was purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum. Other paintings by Gari Melchers are to be found in the Dresden Gallery ("The Shipbuilders"), Berlin Gallery ("Child in Church"), the gallery in Rome ("Man with Cloak"), the Carnegie Gallery, Pittsburgh ("Sailor and His Sweetheart"), the Pennsylvania Academy Gallery, Philadelphia ("Mother and Child"), and the "Portrait of Mr. Charles Hutchinson" in the Art Institute galleries, Chicago. The artist is also represented in many of the world's notable private collections. The two large mural decorations "Peace" and "War" for the Library of Congress in Washington are among Gari Melchers's best-known and most important works.

While Gari Melchers has lived and worked abroad so much of his lifetime he is not the less a true American. After a trip home in the early days of his study he returned to France to continue his work there. Then, shortly after his first big Salon success, he started on a trip to Italy, but cholera having broken out in Naples and elsethere are many who think Gari Melchers is a Dutch painter. His foreignish name, perhaps, lends to the mistaken impression. Moreover, no Dutch painter has ever depicted his fellow-countrymen with more fidelity than has this American painter.

Gari Melchers is a modern but not an iconoclast, a poet but sane, an historian and truthful, human with strength of character, sure but just. It is little wonder, then, that each of his paintings goes like a swift arrow to its mark, straight to the appreciation of others who are sane, human and unsodden. Gari Melchers handles light and color in a masterly manner. He seems to have studied the technique of the painters of every age and to have studied it thoroughly and then to have gone on in his own very personal, unimitative way. For instance, he paints eyes as few other painters —even great painters—have learned how to paint them; not as mere necessary peep-holes through which the soul may look out upon the world, but as wonderful windows through which the light of the inner self glimmers, or shines out, or through which it receives light from without in turn.

Portraiture is a field in which Gari Melchers has also been unusually successful. Among his many noteworthy canvases of this sort one may mention the portraits of the artist's wife, of Donald K. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), Theodore Roosevelt, Potter Palmer, David B. Jones, Walter Cranston Larned, Mrs. George Lothrop, and the portrait of Charles dotes, but such narration is not required when one turns to those canvases where the figures of children are introduced.

A visit to Gari Melchers's cottage at Egmont-aan-den-Hoef is a thing which friends who have had the good fortune to travel thither can never forget. The little town is the very embodiment of the picturesque, and yet with nothing of the unreal about it. But Gari Melchers has traveled about a great deal, and Holland has found him absent from its hospitable Egmont much of the time. For instance, some years ago the court of Saxe-Weimar appointed him a professor of painting, and thereafter many of Gari Melchers's days have been spent in Weimar, Franz Liszt's old home, the Weimar that Goethe and Schiller helped to make famous.

To group Gari Melchers's "The Communion," "The Fencing-Master," "Maternity," "Portrait of Theodore Roosevelt," "The Two Sisters," "The Morning Room," and "The Wedding" at once would disclose another phase of this painter's art —his extraordinary versatility, a versatility that happily meets no loss of quality in any shifting of subject-matter.

Gari Melchers is a member of many distinguished art societies at home and abroad, such as the National Academy of Design, the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, the Munich Secession, and the Fine Arts Society of Vienna, not to name them all.

# The Castaways

## By W. W. Jacobs

### Illustrated by Will Owen

SYNOPSIS:—Carstairs, a bank-clerk, inheriting a large amount of money, decides to live a little, and persuades William Pope, a fellow-clerk, to become his business-manager. In search of a country house they are assisted by Jack Knight and Freddy Peplow, both of whom confess to "heart interests" in the neighborhood of the suggested estate. Carstairs decides to buy or lease the place "ghost" and all. On their way back to the village their car is run into by a horse and trap driven by a careless groom, the occupants, Lady Isabel Penrose and two younger ladies, Misses Seacombe and Blake, being fortunately uninjured. The latter turn out to be the respective lady-loves of Jack Knight and his chum Peplow. The young men are decidedly not in favor with Lady Isabel, who prefers Sir Edward Talwyn and Captain Tollhurst. The veteran Carstairs is greatly smitten with Lady Penrose, who gives him afternoon tea. Pope is "odd-man-out," and Mrs. Ginnell, aunt to Carstairs, is also an amused looker-on. Carstairs plans to inveigle the whole party aboard the same yacht, and the arrangements proceed merrily. Meantime we are introduced to English country life at Berstead, both above and below stairs, including a garden-party specially planned for Knight and Peplow, where they hope to outwit the girls' chaperons, and the yachting trip begins to take tangible shape. Lady Penrose and her friend, Mrs. Jardine, consent to be guests. They strike dirty weather in the Bay of Biscay which for a time puts a stop to all billing and cooing.

Captain Vobster somehow couldn't sense that he was a bad third. "What an ill-bred man!" said Miss Blake, when their tormentor finally left them alone. "Shocking!" agreed Jack Knight.

EXCEPT for an occasion on which Miss Mudge was lost at Colombo and was brought back to the ship by two Cingalese gentlemen in striped petticoats with their hair done up in a bun, the voyage progressed without incident. Between ports nothing happened to break the monotony of the days, and in these circumstances even the youngest and fairest began to attach an importance to meal-times that was totally lacking on shore. Some of the older members began to put on flesh, and Mr. Pope, confronted by the twin evils of corpulence and a liver that clamored for attention, laid his case before the doctor.

"No good coming to me," said Maloney, brusquely; "you ought to see a magistrate."

"What for?" demanded the other.

"Six months' hard labor," replied the doctor. "I've seen your kind before. What you want me to do is to give you something in a bottle that will work miracles; an antidote for four heavy meals a day and strong cigars in between. How many old brandies did you have after dinner last night?"

"Two," said Pope, slowly. "There's no need to look like that; you had three."

"Absence of mind," declared the doctor. "I was thinking out a problem in medical science. It might just as well have been water. I shouldn't have known."

"You work out problems every night, then," said Pope, "and I've never seen you take water with them yet. It's a bad example for a doctor to set; naturally other people think it is right to do what he does."

"It's wasting good breath on you to argue," said Maloney, "and it's wasting the best possible medical skill to try and treat you."

"I'm going to be treated all the same, though," declared Pope, breathing hard.

Maloney shrugged his shoulders. "All right; come along, then," he said cheerfully. "I'll mix you up a little bottle."

"Will it do me any good?" inquired the patient.

"Not the least in the world," was the reply. "It's merely to put your mind at ease. Fortified with the mixture (two tablespoonfuls three times a day), you will indulge more than ever."

Miss Mudge certainly enjoyed herself when she managed to get lost at Colombo and was carried back to the yacht by a brace of Cingalese gentlemen in striped petticoats and their hair done up in a bun.

"But I want to be treated properly," protested Pope. "I want to get well."

"Will you put yourself into my hands?" demanded the doctor.

Pope eyed him uneasily. "Of course," he said at last, "with——"

"No 'withs,'" said the other, sternly, "and no mental reservations. It's a bad case, a case that most men would jib at, but if you promise to do exactly as I tell you I'll undertake it."

"I've always understood that any sudden change——" began Pope.

The doctor turned to Knight, who had just come up with Talwyn and Tollhurst. "He's going to teach me my business now," he said, despairingly.

"All right," said Pope, gruffly; "do as you like."

"You hear," said Maloney, turning to the audience. "My patient has placed himself unreservedly in my hands. Two months' treatment, and he will be a convert to the simple life. His taste for alcohol, tobacco, and strong meats will be entirely eradicated, and the dinner-bell will serve merely to remind him of past errors."

Mr. Pope began his treatment the same day, and dined simply and healthfully off a pint of hot water. Conversation in his immediate neighborhood languished, and it was a relief to all when he arose and, with unpleasant emphasis, announced his intention of going on deck for a mouthful of fresh air.

Conditions were relaxed next day. He breakfasted off dry toast, lunched off biscuits, and for dinner was allowed both, his sole reward consisting in the praise accorded to his strength of mind—praise chorused by his friends between savory mouthfuls and brimming beakers.

Diet and exercise were the two principal remedies in the doctor's medicine-chest, and in arranging the latter to suit Mr. Pope's wishes a little inconvenience was occasioned to others. The patient naturally objected to performing skipping and other exercises before an audience of candid, and in some

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cases outspoken, friends, and in these circumstances the doctor agreed to get up and superintend them at six in the morning.

"Everybody will be asleep at that time," he said encouragingly, "except the crew, and they'll be too busy washing decks to bother about you." Mr. Pope raised another objection.

"Cold water won't hurt you," said the doctor, "and for the lying-down turn you can have a rug. There's one beautiful exercise where you lie on your back and describe circles with your legs. It's the one Adonis used to do."

Mr. Pope made a few remarks about Adonis which were mercifully carried away by the wind and sterilized by the ocean.

"If you rise at six and do your exercises," said the doctor, regarding him steadfastly, "you shall have a slice of lean meat with your lunch; if you do them well you shall have another slice for dinner."

Whether it was the promised reward or mere strength of mind, the patient quitted his bunk next morning at six o'clock, and in bare feet and purple pajamas followed Maloney to the deck.

"A gentle walk round first," said the doctor; "the wet is good for your feet."

They took a dozen turns and then, at his command, broke into a double. The officer on the bridge leaned over to watch them.

"Now for the exercises," said the doctor, after four rounds. "Where's that rug?"

He spread it on the deck behind the drawing-room and, lying on his back with his legs close together, raised them slowly and described circles in the air. Pope, still panting from his exertions, stood by watching coldly.

"Now you try," said Maloney, springing up. "Flat on your back and your legs extended to begin with."

"I've got a touch of lumbago this morning," growled the patient.

"It's a cure for lumbago," was the reply. "Down you go."

Mr. Pope got down and, the doctor having pressed his shoulders to the rug and walked all round, peering at him from different angles, commenced his instructions.

"At the word 'One,'" he said, slowly, "raise both feet from the deck. O-one! There's no need for you to raise your head to look at them. Nobody'll try to steal them. Now begin again: 'O-one!' There's nothing to giggle at!"

"I'm not giggling," said Pope, indignantly.

"You were making some fizzy noise," said his instructor. "Keep your mouth shut and breathe through your nose. Now."

Mr. Pope had completed three circles, and was half-way through the fourth, when the sound of a faint agonized moan brought his feet down and his head round with great swiftness. The form of Miss Blake disappeared around the corner of the drawing-room as though withdrawn by some powerful but invisible agency. Stifled sounds issued from within.

"Don't take any notice of them," counseled the doctor, as Pope, very red ot face, scrambled to his feet.

"It was the pup-pup-pup-purple pajamas that upset me," wailed the voice of Miss Blake. "Didn't he—look—a dream! And his little pink to-to-toes waving in the air! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!"

Judging by the inflection of the voices within, the sufferer was getting but scant sympathy. Maloney put his head in at the door and saw Knight and Peplow, with Miss Seacombe, gazing disdainfully at Miss Blake, whose face was buried in a sofa cushion.

"And what's the meaning of it all?" demanded the doctor. "And why are you all up at this time?"

"Well, if you come to that, why are you up?" retorted Knight.

"Duty," said the other. "I'm looking after my patient's interests. He has now retreated to his cabin, and the exercises only just begun!"

"Well, let him do 'em in his cabin in future," said Knight. "We don't want purple acrobats first thing in the morning. It's a disturbing influence."

Maloney shook his head. "He's going to do 'em on deck in the fresh air," he said, firmly. "You'll have to get up later."

"We were here first," said Knight.

"Early-Rising Brigade," explained Peplow, nodding.

"Been established for weeks," added Knight.

Maloney grinned. "Why didn't you tell me?" he inquired.

"Because the number is limited to four," said Knight, as Miss Seacombe, with a slight elevation of her head, passed out, followed by Miss Blake. "You get your man up at five and let him get his contortions over before we appear, there's a good chap."

Maloney shook his head. "If you'd heard him when I mentioned six o'clock you wouldn't ask it," he replied.

"Very well, we'll keep to the other end of the deck," said Knight, restlessly. "What is more, we will stay in the smoke-room."

"I'll put it to him," said the doctor, doubtfully. "I want to do all I can for you young people, but of course my patients stand first. Pope is an interesting case—a sort of over-grown rose-bush I'm going to prune down."

"I expect he is waiting for you—and the pruning-knife," said Knight. "Don't let us keep you. Duty first."

"Four's company," assented Maloney, with a nod; "five is—good company."

"I wish you'd get your rose-bush to do his exercises after we are all in bed," said Knight, buttonholing him as he turned to go. "If the other people get to hear of them they'll be getting up early, too."

"We must take the risk," said the other blandly. "Good thing for them if they do, but I don't think they'd make a practice of it. Once would be enough."

The news, as Knight had foreseen, soon leaked out. For once Miss Mudge found the bo'sun's conversation interesting, his description of Mr. Pope's skipping in particular being so well received that he began to entertain a high opinion of his powers as a *raconteur*.

"You ought to see 'im; you'd burst," he said, tenderly. Miss Mudge received the suggestion coldly.

"Or else 'ave a fit," urged Mr. Yarn, eyeing her hopefully.

"It wouldn't amuse me," said the girl, in a superior voice. "And I hope I'm too much of a lady to get up at six in the morning to look at any gentleman that ever was born, especially" (she shivered slightly) "when he is not dressed to receive visitors."

"I don't see no 'arm in it," said the disappointed bo'sun. "Now suppose, for the sake of argyment, it was you instead o' Mr. Pope, why every man Jack of us would——"

He broke off suddenly as Miss Mudge, closing her book with a bang, gathered up her work and stalked off with her head in the air. He returned with a sigh to his duty of finding fault with men who had neglected theirs.

It is sad to relate that Lady Penrose displayed less refinement in the matter than her maid. Indeed, Miss Mudge had no sooner informed her, with all due respect, of Mr. Pope's early morning exercises than she was formulating plans for witnessing them.

"Easiest thing in the world," said Carstairs, to whom she confided her desire.

"Get up at ten to six to-morrow morning, and lie in wait for him in the smoke-room or somewhere. I'll get up too if I may."

"Do you think he would mind?" inquired Lady Penrose, with somewhat belated consideration.

"Why should he?" said Carstairs. "Besides, he won't know. We shall have the smoke-room all to ourselves at that hour, and not a soul will be any the wiser."

They had the smoke-room to themselves next morning for exactly two minutes, at the end of which time the door opened and admitted Miss Blake. A startled "Oh!" sufficiently expressed her opinion of the situation. Knight and Peplow, who followed with Miss Seacombe, maintained a discreet silence.

A faint shadow flitted across the face of Lady Penrose. "Dear me," she said, recovering with a little laugh, "you are up early!"

"Healthy," said Knight, briefly.

"How interesting!" murmured Lady Penrose. "Have you been taking this prescription for long?"

"Not very," said Knight suavely. "Not longer than you and Carstairs will, I hope."

"We came here to see Mr. Pope," said Lady Penrose.

Knight bowed. "We came on the same errand—four of us," he added, somewhat pointedly. "Pope—who is a sensitive plant—usually performs aft."

In the somewhat constrained silence that followed an odd pattering noise was heard outside, and, before anybody could close the door, Pope, who was doing a sort of frog exercise with bent knees and knuckles (*Continued on page 200*)

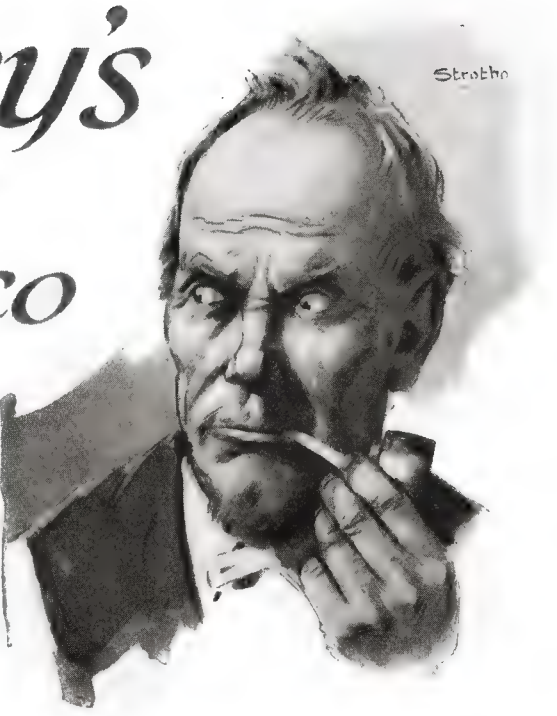
**"It was the p-p-purple pajamas that upset me!" giggled Miss Blake. "Didn't he look sweet, with his pink t-t-toes waving in the air!" "Don't take any notice," sternly counseled the Doctor as Pope struggled to his feet.**

# Mr. Dooley's History of Mexico

## By F. P. Dunne

### Illustrated by F. Strothmann

"I niver heerd of anny polis captain sendin' a solemn warnin' to a burglar!"




"HOW'S this here rumpus with Mexico comin' out?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Faith, I don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "F'r four years th' pa-apers has been sayin' we're on th' brink iv war with Mexico. I don't know what a brink is, mind ye, but I've obsarved if ye iver git to wan ye niver go any further. Just as soon as th' counthry gits to th' brink iv annything I stop wurryin' an' go ca'mly to sleep. No wan loves a brink more thin me revered leader, th' Prisidint iv th' United States. Afther th' turmoil iv th' day, he picks out a comfortable, cool brink, pitches a hammick, an' sets there with a pad iv paper on his knees writin' ultomatoes in blank verse. They're pleasant readin'. I often take wan iv thim to bed with me. Ivery American ought to study these prose pomes if he has time. But they're wasted on furriners who do not understand th' spirit iv America anny more thin they do th' inflexible purpose an' unbendin' attichood iv th' naytional emblem, th' jack-rabbit.

"How did we come to get to the brink iv war? says ye. In answer to ye're question I must sketch th' recent histhry iv our relations with Mexico, as Hogan wud say. Ye see, in th' first place, whin ol' Perforatid Diaz had been ilicted prisidint be a great majority iv thoughtful an' pathriotic Mexicans, he growed tired iv th' pomp iv office. Afther havin' to disarm th' cabinet befure lettin' thim into his house, an' discoverin' that th' cat had died afther bein' in th' panthry, an' seein' his cook talkin' with th' sicrety iv agariculture an' thin pro-ceedin' to a dhrug store, he made up his mind that he'd like to mingle with sthrangers fur away fr'm th' home cookin'. So he wrote a touchin' farewell letter to his counthrymen to be opened ten days later, an' whin th' moon was dark he loaded th' safe iv th' threasury department aboard a boat an' sailed away.

"As soon as he lift, a la-ad be th' name iv Madero, havin' nawthin else to do, declared himsilf prisidint an' wint to th' city iv Mexico where there was a fine ol' chief iv polis be th' name iv Hoorta, an able statesman an' p'raps th' most accomplished ineebryate in th' Western hemisphere. Fearin' that th' infuryated popylace wud harm their beloved chief magisthrate th' benivalint chief iv polis put him down in th' cellar at headquarthers an' sat on th' thrap dure. Wan day th' liberator iv his counthry said he'd like a little fresh air an' th' good Hoorta hired an autymobill an' sint him f'r a ride through th' park as far as th' palace provided be th' Mexicans f'r th' fathers iv their counthry, which is called in Spanish El Jug an' in our language pinitinchry. On th' way th' exicutive happened to meet a rig'mint iv sojers that was dhrillin' on their stomachs behind a hedge. Seein' their honored ruler approach th' sojers fired th' prisidintial salute at him an' most iv it took effect. Th' faithful Hoorta waited an' waited f'r his chief, an' whin he did not return put on his hat an' wint to look f'r him, an' was horrified to find what had happened an' in a burst iv indignation disgraced th' colonel iv th' rigimint befure his men be sthrippin' him iv his pass to th' bull-fight, although he aftherwards larned that this was onconstitchoochinal an' give it back to him.

"An' he returned to his office sick at heart an' sint f'r Felix Madero, th' prisidint's brother, an' says he: 'Ye'll be awful lonesome without Frank,' says he. 'I will that,' says Felix. 'I can't see ye sufferin',' says Hoorta, an' he had him shot.

"At that time, mind ye, me frind Willum Jennings Bryan was often sicrety iv state whin he wasn't on tour with th' minsthrels, an' he said, by dad, he wudden't stand f'r th' way Hoorta was carryin' on. So he told our ambassadure to Mexico to pack his grip an' come home an' he sint a specyal invoy to go down an' tell Hoorta if he didn't get out Willum Jennings wud be much pained.

"Nawthin happened f'r awhile, but wan day Josephus Dan'ls, havin' sint th' pa-aper to press, made up his mind to test th' American navy to see whether it wud float on salt wather, so he ordhered a man-iv-war to go to Mexico, be sea if possible. Whin it got there some iv th' hearties wint ashore f'r nourishment, there bein' none aboard th' ship on account iv Josephus bein' an inimy iv th' paint, d'ye mind. Whin they landed th' Mexicans greeted thim with a hospital smile an' three rounds iv ammunition fr'm a rifle. Whin Willum Jennings Bryan heerd iv this, he said, says he, that no wan cud shoot at an American citizen even if he did wear th' unyform, without causin' Willum Jennings Bryan to feel petulant. An' he ordhered Hoorta to histe th' American flag an' slute it with twinty guns. Hoorta fired an empty bottle at th' messenger. So Willum Jennings wint over to th' White House an' says he, 'Me blood biles at this outrage,' he says. 'I haven't been so angry since ye got th' nomynation at Baltimore,' he says. 'We must take sthrong measures to show this Hoorta man that he can't fool with th' majesty iv th' American people,' he says. 'D'ye think we ought to go to exthremes?' says Dock Wilson. 'Must I write a note?' says he. 'Ye've got as manny notes out now as th' Wabash Railroad,' says Willum Jennings. 'No wan will take any more fr'm ye unless endorsed with two good names,' he says. 'What ye've got to do is to ordher Josephus to sind some iv his boats down an' terrify these divilish pathrites, without doin' any harm to thim,' he says.

"So th' navy was floated down to Vera Cruz an' iv'ry day Willum Jennings sint a messenger to Hoorta to ask him how about th' slute. 'Our mighty navy is at ye're dure,' says th' messenger. 'F'r th' last time Misther Bryan directs me to tell ye that if ye don't fire th' slute, th' consequinces will be on ye're own head. Won't ye plaze fire off twinty guns?' 'Divil th' salute,' says Hoorta. 'I'm empowered to say it don't need to be twinty guns,' says th' messenger. 'We'll compromise on ten if they make noise enough.' 'Nary wan,' says Hoorta, pourin' out a tumbler iv kerosene an' tippin' it into himsilf. 'Well, how about five? Five's not many. Be a good fellow. Make it five. Ye won't? Well, thin, three? No? Let's say two. How 'bout two? Two wudden't hurt ye. In th' coorse iv a year ye'd niver notice th' diff'rence. Set down an' write an ordher f'r two guns an' thin we'll have a dhrink on it an' be frinds. Ye'll see me somewheres first? Now, ye're excellency, if ye'll not listen to raisin, I'm insthructed be me governmint to presint wan iv our cillybrated ultomatoes. Give us at laste a single explosyon. Ye won't miss it. What's wan stingy little gun to a big, broad-minded fellow like ye'ersilf. If ye want us to, we'll lend ye th' gun an' th' powdher an' sind a fellow fr'm th' fleet to shoot it off. Just wan small pop will satisfy our wounded honor. Ye needn't tell ye're constitooents it was f'r our flag. Tell thim it's ye're birthday. Tell thim th' gun wint off be accident. If ye value our frindship an' fear our wrath ye'll be gin'tleman enough to go that far.' But Gin'ral Hoorta had fallen asleep.

"Well, Willum Jennings Bryan was so indignant he called th' navy back home an' looked around f'r some way iv gettin' a punch at Hoorta. Wan day he discivers that a young pathrite be th' name iv Pancho Villa is carryin' on a rivolushun which in any other counthry wud be called horse stealin', an' says he, 'I'll sick this illusthrius throuble onto th' tyrant Hoorta.' He looks over a list iv thrained diplomats that he cud thrust an' he picks out wan that used to be a Unitaryan ministher but was promoted to be a newspaper reporther. An' he sinds him with an interpreter down to neegotyate with Pancho. Th' interpreter an' Pancho comes to an undherstandin' which is that Pancho Villa will have all th' guns he needs to shoot ol' Hoorta out iv Mexico. Th' gin'ral iv our army says, 'Can't we have some iv these guns f'r our sojers?' Willum Jennings was horrified. 'Niver,' says he, 'can it be said that I encouraged our sojers to carry deadly weepons,' he says.

"Well, when Pancho Villa got guns enough an' bullets enough fr'm Connecticut he begun to show his rale military janius. Bank afther bank fell befure his inthripid throops, grocery store afther grocery store succumbed to their fierce attacks an' th' pro-gress iv th' army iv liberation was marked be th' lowin' iv th' kine they stole that freedom might not perish. Pancho proved himsilf not only a gr-reat ambitious military janius but a statesman as well. He captured a carload iv wrappin' paper an' issued (*Concluded on page 202*)

# AN ACTRESS IN THE MAKING—Margaret Anglin

(*Continued from page 169*)

thermometer often thirty degrees below zero. This is all very good for one, no doubt, but in those days we had to go to bed at eight o'clock to be ready for the morning. Such routine went on in unbroken succession, for we had no Christmas holidays, no indulgences such as the younger members of my family now have when they attend the same school.

There was one compensation, however: We used to play little French dramas, the nuns probably arguing that colloquial dialogue would increase our vocabulary and give us fluency in speech. I recollect that one of these little playlets was called "La Colombe et La Vautour," and I was the "vulture" of the occasion—a significant beginning for my first *rôle*, and certainly a startling character to be countenanced in secluded convent walls. My elation had a downfall, however, when I was brought before the Mother Superior, a very dignified Belgian noblewoman, and I was startled to hear what she had to remark. "My child," she said, deprecatingly, "you are too theatrical." It took me some time to get over this bit of frank criticism.

We had real scenery for these plays, painted on both sides—a garden on one and, presto! an interior on the other. Pierre, the gardener, was the scene-shifter, and it was through him that I received my first glimpse of how things are done behind the scenes. I can see him now rattling tin for thunder and shaking peas in a box for the patter of raindrops. Shall we lay the responsibility for my artistic beginnings on Pierre? I am not the only convent girl to claim such a fosterhood. Madame Albani and Mary Anderson in their day came out of convent walls into professionalism.

I made a long row of sedate friendships during my school days—we were uniformed in outward garb and in inward spirit. Never can I forget the awful stiffness of the high linen collars, and when I think it all over now the very memory of those sharp, relentless cuffs seems to hurt. But the severity of this costume, it appears, was not enough. At one time, when we had a new Mistress-General from France, it was rumored that we were to wear white woolen stockings, but fortunately for our comfort they never materialized! The only real emotional ordeal that came to me during this period was on Sundays when, after Vespers, the nuns would seat themselves on a dais in the Study Hall, and we victims of a stern, if kind, *régime* would be drawn up in a line before them—culprits brought before the bar of moral justice to answer for our weekly offenses or be rewarded for our weekly virtues. (There is, in my own case, a temptation to spell that weekly with an "a.")

Cards varying in color, according to the varying colors of our souls, were handed out to each one of us. The "*tres biens*" were a beautiful pale gray. How I wish my associate, Mr. Livingston Platt, might get hold of such a beautiful gray for me! A "*tres bien*" in the theater would be a very coveted reward, even if critics occasionally refuse it to me! "*Biens*" were turned into dirty gray by some offense! And I hate to describe the utter lack of pure color in the "*assez biens*." I could have stood these little cards better than the actual standing before those gentle ladies, who seemed to give one a penetrating look more searching than I have ever had since. I have walked across stages as large as that of the Greek Theater in Berkeley without quailing a millionth part in comparison with the torture I went through on my way from my place in line to the dais to get my card.

At last the time arrived when I was sixteen, and there was an awful ordeal persuading my family that it was really necessary for me to wear long skirts. I might be described as simple and provincial, and I suppose they argued that there was no reason why I should not remain so. Yet there was something within me urging me forward that prompted me to assert my will at every turn. I refused to continue at school any longer. Whenever I was at home I was given my special duties suitable to a young girl who should know something about housekeeping. But I fear that my dusting was of the most superficial kind. There was the superintending of the Sunday dinner-table. There was the wine to be decanted and the flowers to be arranged. It may be that subconsciously this destiny which here suggested itself for me in the routine of domesticity encouraged me to a more imaginative career.

I cannot quite imagine what plans were being arranged by my family for my future. But suddenly I was sent with friends to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Little did I then dream, when I left home, that I would not return until after my stage career had begun.

For I came to a sudden determination in Chicago that I would be a dramatic reader. Why or how I could not tell. But it should be so, and I wrote the family as though an oracle had spoken. What they said I do not remember; if my father had a sense of humor on the subject he in no way suggested it to me. In fact, I never remember him smiling about anything connected with my association with the theater. My mother's nature manifested itself, not so much in high spirits, which I and some of my family had to a plentiful degree, but in her intense earnestness. No doubt she argued that if I were fully determined on this course, there was nothing for me to do but to go about it and achieve. She always wanted the best in art, and when she had concluded that she had seen or heard the best, none could be better.

Well, I found myself on my way to New York, with little encouragement but with a generous monthly allowance for my support. Whatever struggles I was to have financially would be due to my own foolhardy miscalculations, and not to the stereotyped adventures in poverty of a beginner. I was terribly "green," now that I come to think of it, and I had not the slightest idea what it meant when I was told that I would have to attend a school of acting. I entered the Empire School, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Wheatcroft, and I unburdened my ambitions to them; whereupon they proceeded to make an actress of me. It was a six months' course, and I was treated very kindly. I was too young to realize anything about standards in art, but I was given a variety of parts to speak, and that is one of the great values of a school for a beginner—the facilities afforded to overcome self-consciousness—from French maids to *Juliet*, from broadest comedy to deepest tragedy. Particularly vivid is the memory of a dramatization of "David Copperfield," in which I was cast for *Little Em'ly*, and by that trick of Fate which makes us forget important things and treasure up trivialities, I recall a single line from the dialogue—it was one, I think, belonging to some other character than mine: "There are doorways and dustheaps for such as you," it ran. It seems prophetic, in view of all the sinners and outcasts theater managers have since forced me to play. My ambition knew no bounds. During this novitiate I begged for *Rosalind*, for *Lady Teazle*, and I got them.

Most of my monthly allowance was used in going to see plays. One of the girls and I boarded with a charming old lady on Sixty-first Street, who treated us very much as though we were inconsequent school-children, which, if the truth were told, we were. My beginnings were not tragic. Through some turn of my temperament I always looked at disaster in a humorous way, and no disappointment befell me but pointed the way to what I wanted in the end. Sometimes my companion and I ran short of money, but, as the Chevalier song says, "We had only ourselves to blaime."

It happened that while I was at the Wheatcrofts, a revival of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was being put on at the Academy of Music, and the management wanted some "extras." The Empire School supplied these, but somehow Mr. Wheatcroft did not encourage me in my desire to be one of them. He tried to reason me out of my anxiety to go. But I would not listen to any reasoning, and proceeded immediately to take things in my own hands. When I reached the manager's office I was told that all I needed was a summer dress and a hat. I had them both, but, because I wanted a new hat, I reasoned myself into the belief that it would be necessary for me to buy one. So I had it made to order, and my allowance was crimped accordingly to pay for it. I calculated that two weeks' salary would repay me, although we had not been told exactly what our salaries were to be, and in our wild dreams were living on great expectations. When Saturday arrived we had to walk down to the theater, so low had our finances run, and as for dinner, we did not even have carfare to take us home for it, so we managed to munch biscuits and trusted, like Mr. Micawber, that before the day was over something would turn up. It did, but not as we had expected. The stage-manager approached us. "Young ladies," he said, "here are five dollars apiece for you, and you will not be needed next week." We laughed all the way home; such happenings have always tickled my fancy before they have hurt my feelings.

It was while I was studying at the Empire School that Mr. Wheatcroft sent me to see "Liberty Hall," as presented by the Empire Stock Company, and he told me that if I worked hard enough for ten years I might sometime reach the point where I could play in such a company. Strange that in less than five years I was leading lady of the Empire Theater Stock Company! The idea of becoming a mere reader, as I had at first intended, had utterly vanished from my mind by now, although, when Mr. Wheatcroft told me one day, thinking that I would be overjoyed, that Mr. Charles Frohman had selected me out of all the members of my class to join his company, I cried aloud in some confusion: "Why, I am not going on the stage!" Mr. Wheatcroft smiled benignly. I suppose he knew that the call would be too strong.

I had a semi-professional start, and it came about in the most unusual manner. A play, entitled "Cross Keys," was given a public reading in the ballroom of one of New York's largest hotels. Mr. Paul Arthur and Mr. Lorimer Stoddard and several other prominent people were in the cast, and so was I. When I came to put on my one and only evening dress I found I had outgrown it, and it required some heroic "lacing" at the waist-line to get into it. As I made my entrance on the stage, one of the actors whispered audibly to another, "Number eighteen." I thought it a most indelicate allusion to my corset, of which I was extremely conscious—utterly ignorant of the fact that my high color had called forth the remark, "number eighteen" being the vernacular for rouge. You can see by this how little I knew of stage matters, but I recollect that during the entire evening my face burned with indignation at those two actors, and I would scarcely speak to them during the whole performance.

The play was later put on at the Empire Theater with professionals, and again I was in the cast, bringing down upon me another adventure. I had not been told that there was to be no overture and, thinking that I would have plenty of time in which to prepare, I was sitting quietly in my dressing-room in negligée (it was 98° in the shade), when suddenly I heard my name being frantically called, and it was all I could do to fling on my dress, which was only half buttoned and covered up with a feather boa, when I went on in answer to my cue. So confused was I that I made my entrance walking straight through a lake!

My first real appearance, however, was in a revival of "Shenandoah," and I recollect that occasion as being my first introduction to the lovable Bronson Howard. Youth always looks at people with an eye of comparison, and Mr. Howard seemed such a venerable old gentleman—one I held in awe but loved because he was so kind and generous to me. "We will hear from you some day," he said to me, and for the instant I could scarcely speak, so boundless was my gratitude. But my exultation was short-lived, for along came a lady attached to the company with the comfortable rejoinder: "Oh, yes, she'll be heard, for she outroars the cannon!"

I went with Mr. Rolfe, who was playing Molière, Shakespeare, and "The Leavenworth Case." It was about him that I had my first insight into some of the queer habits of the press. In after years, when I had made what I considered my first distinctive success as *Roxane* with Mr. Richard Mansfield, I was interviewed; of what I said or what I was asked I have little idea; but I remember with some misgivings how the finished product read when it was served up to me in cold print: "Miss Anglin was barnstorming, not so long ago, with a gentleman by the name of Rolfe, and rather enjoyed the experience."

Whatever I did say, certainly it was nothing in disparagement of Mr. Rolfe as a man or an artist. I had an almost affectionate regard for him and for his wife, for they had both been extremely kind to me. Imagine, however, how my breath was taken away when I received a communication from Mrs. Rolfe, assuring me in no uncertain terms of the depth of my ingratitude. I could not help but smile over the *dénouement*, for I was such an innocent party to the whole affair—at the mercy of a certain writer who was one of distinction. With the perversity, which has always pursued me, not to prolong a controversy by correspondence, I made no attempt to set myself right, and to this day I have no doubt that the Rolfe family look askance at my name whenever they see it.

I have an overpowering recollection that while I was serving my apprenticeship in Buffalo I was charged with incompetency. I know that I was actually dismissed. But whether they were unable to find someone willing to work for my salary, or whether their hearts were touched, it is certain that before many hours I was reinstated. My engagements with Mr. Rolfe, and afterward with Mr. William Morris, were just the ordinary routine to which every actor has to conform. My sense of humor was amply rewarded while with Mr. Morris when I found that, young as I was, I was obliged in one week to be his mother, wearing a gray wig of Mr. Morris's which he pinned backward for me. Imagine the picture of Mr. Morris making me up for the part and putting heavy lines on my face for old age! To begin one's career by playing old women was, shall we say, an anachronism?

After this I joined Mr. James O'Neill, and with him had my ambition gratified, for his repertoire consisted of such dramas as "Hamlet," "Virginius," and "The Lyons Mail." I was at first given only the ingénue *rôles*. But not long after I came with the company I changed places with the leading woman, and strange to say we remained friends throughout that year's engagement. Mr. O'Neill was very kind. He told me once that I had the Irish Sea in my voice; for some time I puzzled over that, wondering whether he meant, on the other hand, the letter "c." It was he who first taught me to read Shakespeare, and through the care he took, together with that of Mr. William Connor, who afterward became Sarah Bernhardt's manager, I passed a subdued but busy season, learning much about the theater.

This knowledge was further augmented in the summer, when I toured with an "As You Like It" production. I remember that so ill-prepared was the company in the lines and business of the play—but to the credit of myself (and Mrs. Wheatcroft) be it said that I knew my *Rosalind* backward—that there was some question as to whether we should open at the appointed time. But we did, and little was the audience aware that right straight through the Forest of Arden scene, on every bough and twig, all the company, barring me, had pinned their parts, which they read whenever their memories failed them. This panicked the actors so that there was an unusual amount of study among them before the next evening arrived. One critic in the papers declared that "Miss Anglin's company played 'As You Like It' as they liked it." It was while I was appearing during that same summer in "Pygmalion and Galatea" that Mr. Daniel Frohman wrote me a letter in which he said that he thought he had a part for me in a play called "The City of Pleasure." Surely, I argued to myself, this entitled me to take the very next train back to New York. And this I did, but when I reached the Lyceum Theater I faced an awful fact: the *rôle* intended for me had been cut altogether out of the play. There I was, minus an engagement! However, Mr. Frohman bolstered up my disappointment by promising me that I should go out in a road company, playing the part of *Flavia* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." I left his office a little consoled.

Now here begins another one of those foolish tricks of Fate that led, not to disaster, but to a long period of discomfort and misunderstanding. On my way home in the car I met two women, one of them a Canadian friend, the other seemingly a stranger. Elated over Mr. Frohman's promise, I told my friend, when (*Concluded on page 178*)

# The Romance of Rubber

WHEN your great-grandfather wanted his shoes waterproofed, he probably sent them to Brazil by his friend, the captain of the good ship "Sarah Ann." There they were dipped in latex, the liquid from the rubber tree.

Your grandfather's first rubber shoes were made on straight lasts. Those days there were neither rights nor lefts, and rubber shoes were few.

How times have changed! Today the United States Rubber Company produces millions of pairs of rubber footwear every year—several times as much as any other manufacturer, and more than all others combined—footwear that is fashioned to fit and fitted to fashion.

Included are rubber overshoes, shoes with rubber soles for street and home as well as sporting wear, and rubber boots and shoes for every purpose. The romance of rubber comes less from the jungles along the Amazon than from the rubber manufacturer. In the factory rubber has been developed almost overnight, as if by magic, and set to serve humanity.

The first company was licensed to make rubber goods only 74 years ago. This rubber factory, the ancestor of all rubber factories, enlarged, with other firms since founded, are the units which form the United States Rubber Company, *the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.*

The 47 great factories of the United States Rubber Company produce not only *footwear*, but also, on the same gigantic scale, *raincoats, tires for automobiles, motor trucks and all other kinds of vehicles, druggists' rubber goods, hose, belting, packing, and all rubber goods for mechanical uses.*

Rubber has become an absolute necessity to mankind. The United States Rubber Company is valuable to the public because it makes an infinite variety and immense volume of high-quality rubber goods.

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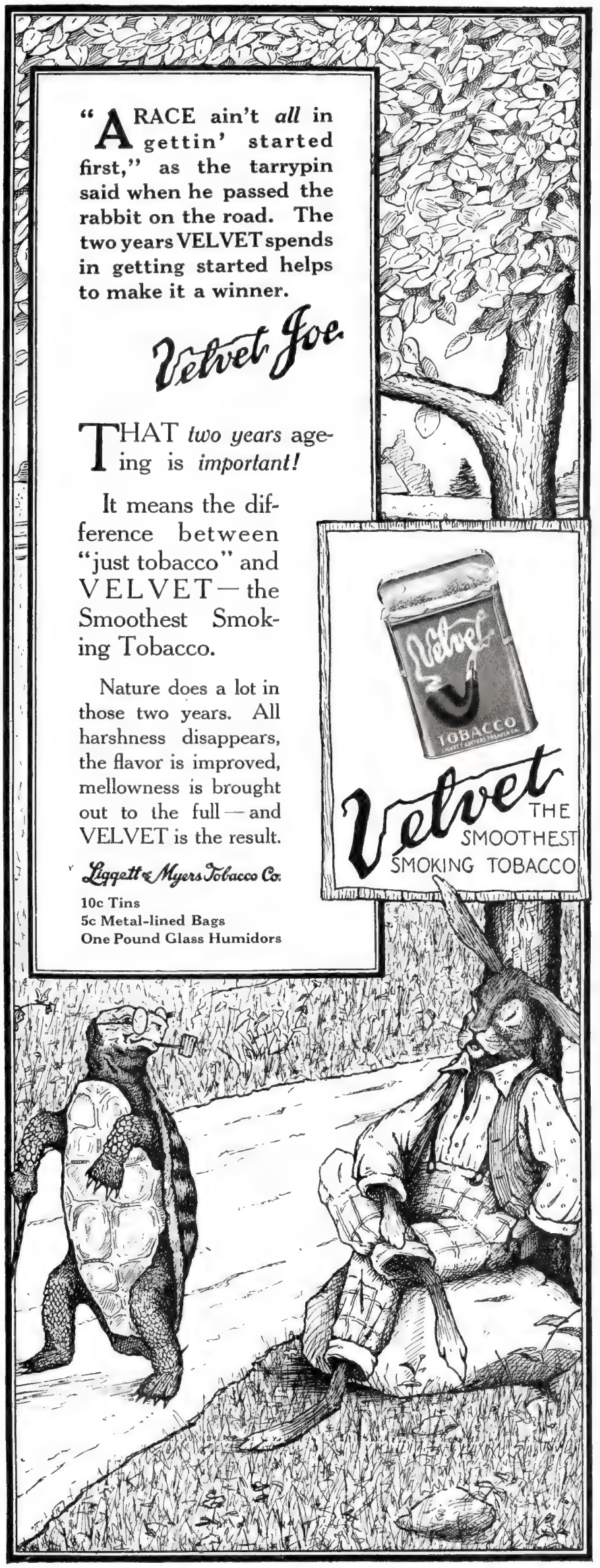
## United States Rubber Company


"A RACE ain't *all* in gettin' started first," as the tarrypin said when he passed the rabbit on the road. The two years VELVET spends in getting started helps to make it a winner.
Velvet Joe.
THAT *two years* ageing is *important!*
It means the difference between "just tobacco" and VELVET—the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.
Nature does a lot in those two years. All harshness disappears, the flavor is improved, mellowness is brought out to the full—and VELVET is the result.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors
Velvet
TOBACCO
Velvet THE SMOOTHEST SMOKING TOBACCO


she asked me what I was doing, that I was about to appear in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Three or four weeks after I was told that the actress who had been playing *Flavia* in the road company was to be retained. This alteration in plans was made more galling by a notice which appeared in the papers to the effect that I had proclaimed myself the leading woman of Mr. E. H. Sothern's company, replacing Miss Harned, and ridiculing me for half a column. I tried in every way to trace this bit of stage gossip to its source, but with no results. I went to Mr. Frohman with my explanation and he advised me not to worry. But that little news item became in my mind's eye a veritable flaming-red three-sheet poster. Strange to say, however, that before two weeks had passed, by a curious coincidence, I was actually in Mr. Sothern's company, as though in justification of that newspaper announcement.

Mr. Sothern's play, "Change Alley," had not proven a success, and it was found necessary to revive "Lord Chumley" without delay. I was given the small part of *Meg*, the Angel of the Attic, replacing the actress who had originally played it, but who could not go on tour. Imagine what a comedown this was to me—I who had wanted to be a great *Juliet* above all else! It certainly was a large tumble. Mr. Tully Marshall (the stage-manager) gave me only one rehearsal every week, and I remember that the first "running through" of the part with Mr. Sothern occurred at one o'clock in the morning. He was a tireless worker. I can see us now in the wee sma' hours going through the scenes, with a dim consciousness that Mr. Daniel Frohman was watching from the dark depths of the stage-box, though all we could see of him was the startling reflection of his glasses.

From where I was living at the time with my mother I had to cross Madison Square every morning to the little theater on Fourth Avenue. And I retain vivid memories of the fountain in the center of this park, which used to spurt upward, the water mounting higher and higher until its crest overflowed in mother-of-pearl spray. Nearly always I would reach the Lyceum Theater seasick from watching this fountain, and I have sedulously avoided Madison Square ever since those days.

I went into Mr. Sothern's company with a distinct prejudice against me from all except Mr. Sothern, engendered no doubt by that unkind and unwarranted article in the newspaper. In consequence, I spent many lonely and miserable hours. Add to this that Mr. Sothern, irritated over some small stage matters, lost his temper on the night of my first performance, and I, thinking he was directing his fiery remarks at me, tripped on my way to my dressing-room below stage, and took a header down the whole flight of narrow stairs. The escape from being hurt otherwise than in feelings left me rather timid. My scene with *Lord Chumley* necessitated my swinging a broom so as to hit a newspaper out of his hands. In my present state, I argued, it's a thousand times better to miss the paper than to run the risk of hitting Mr. Sothern's head, so I "fanned," and an actor who stood in the wings exclaimed: "What a fool she is!" A mild remark, but I have never quite been able to forgive him.

Then the company went to Philadelphia, and Mr. Sothern put on "The Adventure of the Lady Ursula" by Anthony Hope. There was no part in it for me, and when I went to see it on the second night I felt a great pang of envy. *Lady Ursula* was just the *rôle* I most coveted. I asked the stage-manager to let me understudy it, for I felt I might just as well be doing something, inasmuch as I was on salary. But like the two children and the one apple, with the classic remark, "there ain't goin' to be no core," I was told that there was to be no understudy. For the moment I was crestfallen.

One afternoon I went to an art exhibit. I had reached that phase of girlhood when I thought I should improve myself by knowing something about art. As I went along the street I was caught in a downpour of rain and without an umbrella. So I stopped for shelter under the portico of the Hotel Walton, intent on saving myself from being utterly bedraggled. While I was standing there I saw coming out from the hotel Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, who had first introduced me to Mr. Frohman, and who had shown a great deal of warm interest in my behalf. We had quite a chat together, inasmuch as there was nothing for me to do but remain where I was, the rain was pouring in such torrents. "Suppose you have dinner with me," said Mr. Clarke. "Mr. Palmer is coming, and he is Mansfield's manager, you know."

I acted on impulse and went. Everything about that dinner is vivid—not the conversation, except Mr. Palmer's asking if I should like to be Mr. Mansfield's leading woman—but the roast beef and all the other things. Whenever some remark was addressed to me, the bread I was eating lodged in my throat, so ravenous was I—not over food, but over just the tempting morsels of stage art Mr. Palmer was holding out to me.

The upshot of it all was that the next evening Mr. Palmer sent for me and I went with him to the theater to see Mr. Mansfield. It was during his most temperamental period, made more uncertain by the fact that Mrs. Mansfield was on the eve of retirement for a while. Three times Mr. Palmer had me come to the theater and each time I was turned away. He was in the midst of rehearsals for Mr. Clarke's dramatization of Jessie Fothergill's "The First Violin." It was during my third and last call on him that we were turned back by a glimpse of Mr. Mansfield arguing with officers of the law who had come to arrest him on some foolish charge made against him by his valet. It seemed such an inauspicious moment for an introduction!

Perhaps it was as well that I did not get that engagement at that particular moment. If I had gone with him then I would never have had the standing with him I later did have. I returned to the Sothern company and we proceeded to Chicago. A few weeks after, a telegram was delivered to me one morning at seven, ordering me to come to the theater immediately. I was there before eight. I waited patiently until after eleven, but no one appeared; then the stage-manager arrived in a rage. This person had probably neglected to obey Mr. Sothern's orders and had made up his mind to take it out on me. When Mr. Sothern arrived, the matter was, as I soon came to learn, that Miss Harned was ill with the toothache. I was told to hold myself in readiness to walk through her part, reading it at the matinée. When the afternoon arrived I sat in my dressing-room, waiting for the alarm call; but Miss Harned's tooth decided against me, and so it did again at the night performance. She was sufficiently recovered to appear. So far and no farther, Fate seemed to say to me. But a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and even if I were not playing the part, I had the actual script in my possession. So I hurried home with the manuscript, studying all the way in the car, and by noon the next day I had memorized the part of *Lady Ursula*.

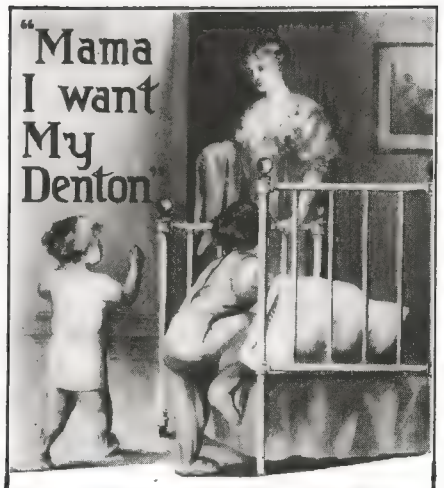
That night, on our way to Omaha, Miss Harned was not on the train with us. It was whispered around me that she was ill, and that it would be necessary for the company to give "The Lady of Lyons" and "Lord Chumley" instead of Mr. Hope's play. But evidently the Omaha manager thought differently, for soon Mr. Sothern passed through the car and sat down very solicitously beside me. "Do you think," he asked with some perturbation, "that you could read through the part of *Lady Ursula* tomorrow night?" "I know it by heart," I replied; so we went through our rehearsal, the train taking me each moment nearer my real opening and my first opprotunity.

The next day Mr. Sothern was an angel of goodness to me; I know of no actor on the stage with such warmth and such unselfishness. When I came at last to play *Lady Ursula*, the Fates were kind and I met my first pronounced success.

Here is the sequel to the false report that I was to supplant Miss Harned as Mr. Sothern's leading woman: The stranger I had met in the car that day with my Canadian friend happened to have been the daughter of a former acquaintance of my mother, and when I did not recognize her she thought it was a snub. She had probably leaped at the conclusion, when she heard me mention "The Prisoner of Zenda," that Mr. Sothern was still playing in it, although he had discarded his old *rôle* some time before. These trifles hurt when one has not gained the wisdom and judgment and humor that only life gives.

It was after my appearance as *Ursula* that the Sothern company became friendly to me; evidently I was forgiven, and inasmuch as it never rains but it pours, during the week I substituted for Miss Harned I received an urgent call from Mr. Mansfield to come and see him. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

(*In Hearst's for October Miss Anglin tells "Some Experiences with Richard Mansfield."*)

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# "JUSTICE"

(*Concluded from page 167*)

consolation to him. But after a month she came to me—I don't know her personally—and she said: "I can't earn the children's living, let alone my own—I've got no friends. I'm obliged to keep out of everybody's way, else my husband'd get to know where I was. I'm very much reduced," she said. And she has lost flesh. "I'll have to go to the poorhouse!" It's upset the young fellow dreadfully. And what I wanted to say was: He's got his three years to serve. I want things to be pleasant for him.

*The Chaplain*—(*with a touch of impatience*) The Law hardly shares your view, my friend, I'm afraid.

*Cokeson*—But I can't help thinking that to shut him in there by himself'll turn him silly. And nobody wants that, I s'pose. I don't like to see a man cry.

*The Chaplain*—It's a very rare thing for them to give way like that.

*Cokeson*—(*looking at him, in a tone of dogged hostility*) I keep dogs!

*The Chaplain*—Indeed?

*Cokeson*—Ye-es. And I say this: I wouldn't shut one of them up all by himself, month after month, not if he'd bit me all over!

Then we see *Falder* in his cell, thirteen-by-seven-by-nine, a prey to hysteria and the "jumps" owing to the maddening, oppressive silence and the longing for human companionship. All "solitary" prisoners are thus affected, and at times, as though by some preconcerted signal, every man pounds on his iron door for relief, raising a deafening din.

The whole trend of the tragedy as unfolded in Act IV is to emphasize that in such cases where abstract "Justice" has been done, it is really the woman who suffers in the end. After his release from prison on a six-months' ticket-of-leave *Falder* has a hard time. He gets work, but sooner or later his prison past finds him out and he is discharged. Homeless, destitute, and reduced to sleeping in the parks, he is all but down-and-out. Then he meets *Ruth Honeywill* again; she has long since left her husband, supporting herself and her children by sewing. They talk on a park bench; *Ruth* suggests that perhaps, since *Falder* has paid the penalty, his old firm will give him another chance. So next morning he makes his appeal for re-instatement to *Cokeson* and the *Hows*, father and son. Moved by appeals of *Falder* and *Ruth*, the partners consent, and even promise to help the latter get a divorce so that they may marry. At this juncture there is a noise in the outer office:

*Cokeson*—(*suddenly*) There's some one out there. (*to Ruth*) Go in here. You'll feel better by yourself for a minute.

*James*—(*pointing to outer office*) Get rid of him, whoever it is!

*Sweedle*—(*opening office door, scared*) Detective-Sergeant Wister. (*detective enters, closes door*)

*Wister*—Sorry to disturb you, sir. A clerk you had here, two years and a half ago: I arrested him in this room.

*James*—What about him?

*Wister*—I thought perhaps I might get his whereabouts from you. (*awkward silence*)

*Cokeson*—(*pleasantly, coming to rescue*) We're not responsible for his movements—you know that.

*James*—What do you want with him?

*Wister*—He's failed to report himself this last four weeks.

*Walter*—How do you mean?

*Wister*—Ticket-of-leave won't be up for another six months, sir.

*Walter*—Has he to keep in touch with the police till then?'

*Wister*—We're bound to know where he sleeps every night. I dare say we shouldn't interfere, sir, even though he hasn't reported himself. But we've just heard there's a serious matter of obtaining employment with a forged reference. What with the two things together—we must have him. (*again silence. Walter and Cokeson glance at James, who stands staring at detective*)

*Cokeson*—We're very busy at the moment. If you could make it convenient to call again we might be able to tell you then.

*James*—(*decisively*) I'm a servant of the Law, but I dislike peaching. In fact, I can't do such a thing. If you want him you must find him without us. (*his eye falls on Falder's cap, lying on table, and his face contracts*)

*Wister*—(*noting gesture, quietly*) Very good, sir. I ought to warn you that, having broken the terms of his license, he's still a convict, and sheltering a convict——

*James*—I shelter no one! But you mustn't come here and ask questions which it's not my business to answer.

*Wister*—(*dryly*) I won't trouble you further then, gentlemen.

*Cokeson*—I'm sorry we couldn't give you the information. You quite understand, don't you? Good-morning! (*Wister turns to go, but instead of going to door of outer office goes to door of clerks' room*)

*Cokeson*—The other door . . . the other door! (*Wister opens clerks' door. Ruth's voice is heard:* "Oh, do!" *and Falder's:* "I can't!" *There is a pause; then, with sharp fright, Ruth says:* "Who's that?" *Wister has gone in. The three men look aghast at door*)

*Wister*—(*from within*) Keep back, please! (*he comes out with his arm twisted in Falder's. The latter gives a white, staring look at the three men*)

*Walter*—Let him go this time, for God's sake!

*Wister*—I couldn't take the responsibility, sir.

*Falder*—(*with a queer, desperate laugh*) Good! (*flinging a look at Ruth, he throws up his head, and goes out, half dragging Wister after him*). *There is the sound of a heavy fall, then shuffling steps and they stop to listen. The outer door is reopened. Wister and another are carrying some burden*)

*Wister*—He jumped—neck's broken!

*Ruth*—(*in a whisper*) What is it? He's not breathing! (*she crouches over him*) My dear! My pretty! (*in outer office doorway the figures of men are standing*)

*Ruth*—(*leaping to her feet*) No, no! No, no! He's dead! (*the men shrink back*)

*Cokeson*—(*stealing forward. In a hoarse voice*) There, there, poor dear woman! (*at the sound behind her Ruth faces him*)

*Cokeson*—No one'll touch him now. Never again! He's safe with Jesus! (*Ruth stands as though turned to stone in doorway staring at Cokeson, who, bending humbly before her, holds out his hand as one would to a lost dog. Curtain.*)

# SUSAN LENOX

(*Continued from page 146*)

flattery. "I've seen you grow more and more famous. But—if there had been anything in me, would I have gone down and down?"

"How old are you?"

"About twenty-one."

"Only twenty-one—and that look in your face! Magnificent! I don't believe I'm to be disappointed this time. You ask why you've gone down. You haven't. You've gone *through*."

"Down," she insisted sadly.

"Nonsense! The soot'll rub off the steel."

She lifted her head eagerly. Her own secret thought put into words!

"You can't make steel without soot and dirt. You can't make anything without dirt. That's why the nice, prim, silly world's full of cabinets exhibiting little chips of raw material polished up neatly in one or two spots. That's why there are so few men and women—and those few have had to make themselves, or are made by accident. You're an accident, I suppose. The women who amount to anything usually are. The last actress I tried to do anything with might have become a somebody if it hadn't been for one thing. She had a hankering for the smart set—a yearning to be a society person—to be thought well of by society people. It did for her."

"I'll not sink on that rock," said Susan cheerfully.

"No secret longing for social position?"

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"None. Even if I would, I couldn't."

"That's one heavy handicap out of the way. But I'll not let myself begin to hope until I find out whether you've got incurable and unteachable vanity. If you have—then, no hope. If you haven't—there's a fighting chance."

"You forget my compact," Susan reminded him.

"Oh—your friend—Spenser."

Brent reflected, strolled to the big window, his hands deep in his pockets. Susan took advantage of his back to give way to her own feelings of utter amazement and incredulity. She certainly was not dreaming. And the man gazing out of the window was certainly flesh and blood—a great man, if voluble and eccentric. Perhaps to act and speak as one pleased was one of the signs of greatness, one of its perquisites. Was he amusing himself with her? Was he perchance taken with her beauty and employing these extraordinary methods as ways of approach? She had seen many peculiarities of wooing in men—some grotesque, many terrible, all beyond comprehension. Was this another such?

He wheeled suddenly, surprised her eyes upon him. He burst out laughing, and she felt that he had read her thoughts. However, he merely said:

"Have you anything to suggest—about Spenser?"

"I can't even tell him of your offer now. He's very ill—and sensitive about you."

"About me? How ridiculous! I'm always coming across men I don't know who are full of venom toward me. I suppose he thinks I crowded him. No matter. You're sure you're not fancying yourself in love with him?"

"No, I am not in love with him. He has changed—and so have I."

He smiled at her. "Especially in the last hour?" he suggested.

"I had changed before that. I had been changing right along. But I didn't realize it fully until you talked with me—no, until after you gave me your card this morning."

"You saw a chance—a hope—eh?"

She nodded.

"And at once became all nerves and courage. . . . As to Spenser—I'll have some playcarpenter sent to collaborate with him and set him up in the play business. You know, it's a business as well as an art. And the chromos sell better than the oil paintings—except the finest ones. It's my chromos that have earned me the means and the leisure to try oils."

"He'd never consent. He's very proud."

"Vain, you mean. Pride will consent to anything as a means to an end. It's vanity that's squeamish and haughty. He needn't know."

"But I couldn't discuss any change with him until he's much better."

"I'll send the play carpenter to him—get Fitzalan to send one of his carpenters." Brent smiled. "You don't think *he'll* hang back because of the compact, do you?"

Susan flushed painfully. "No," she admitted in a low voice.

Brent was still smiling at her, and the smile was cynical. But his tone soothed where his words would have wounded as he went on. "A man of his sort—an average, 'good-and-bad' sort of man—never considers a woman in his dealings with the world."

"I know that," said Susan.

"Do you mind it?"

"Not much. I'd not mind it at all if I felt that I was somebody."

Brent put his hand on her shoulder. "You'll do, Miss Lenox," he said with quiet heartiness. "You may not be as big a somebody as you and I would like, but you'll count as one, all right."

She looked at him with intense appeal in her eyes. "Why?" she said earnestly. "*Why* do you do this?"

He smiled gravely down at her—as gravely as Brent could smile, with the quizzical suggestion never absent from his handsome face, so full of life and intelligence. "I've been observing your uneasiness," said he. "Now, listen: It would be impossible for you to judge me, to understand me. You are young and as yet small. I am forty, and have lived twenty-five of my forty years intensely. So don't fall into the error of shallow people and size me up by your own foolish little standards. Do you see what I mean?"

Susan's candid face revealed her guilt. "Yes," said she, rather humbly.

"I see you do understand," said he. "And that's a good sign. Most people, hearing what I said, would have disregarded it as merely my vanity, would have gone on with their silly judging, would have set me down as a conceited ass who by some accident had got a reputation. But to proceed—I have not chosen you on impulse. Long and patient study has made me able to judge character by the face, as a horse-dealer can judge horses by looking at them. I don't need to read every line of a book to know whether it's wise or foolish, worth while or not. I don't need to know a human being for years or for hours or for minutes, even, before I can measure certain things. I measured you. It's like astronomy. An astronomer wants to get the orbit of a star. He takes its position twice—and from the two observations he can calculate the orbit to the inch. I've got three observations of your orbit. Enough—and to spare."

"I shan't misunderstand again," said Susan.

"One thing more," insisted Brent. "In our relations we are to be, not man and woman, but master and pupil. I shan't waste your time with any—other matters."

It was Susan's turn to laugh. "That's your polite way of warning me not to waste any of your time with—other matters."

"Precisely," conceded he. "A man in my position—a man in any sort of position, for that matter—is sometimes much annoyed by women—the kind who never forget they are women. I wished to make it clear at the outset that——"

"That I could gain nothing by neglecting the trade of actress for the trade of woman," interrupted Susan. "I understand perfectly."

He put out his hand. "I see that at least we'll get on together. I'll have Fitzalan send the carpenter to your friend at once."

"To-day!" exclaimed Susan, in surprise and delight.

"Why not?" He arranged paper and pen. "Sit here and write Spenser's address and your own. Your salary begins with to-day. I'll have my secretary mail you a cheque. And as soon as I can see you again I'll send you a telegram. Meanwhile—" He rummaged among a lot of paper-bound plays on the table— "here's 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' Read it with a view to yourself as either *Santuzza* or *Lola*. Study her first entrance—what you would do with it. Don't be frightened. I expect nothing from you—nothing whatever. I'm glad you know nothing about acting. You'll have the less to unlearn."

They had been moving toward the elevator. He shook hands again and, after adjusting the mechanism for the descent, closed the door. As it was closing she saw in his expression that his mind had already dismissed her for some one of the many other matters that crowded his life.

THE Susan Lenox who left Delancey Street at half-past two that afternoon, to call upon Robert Brent, was not the Susan Lenox who returned to Delancey Street at half-past five. A man is wandering lost in a cave, is groping this way and that in absolute darkness, with flagging hope and fainting strength—has reached the point where he wonders at his own folly in keeping on moving—is persuading himself that the sensible thing would be to lie down and give up. He sees a gleam of light. Is it a reality? Is it an illusion?—one more of the illusions that have lured him on and on? He does not know; but instantly a fire sweeps through him, warming his dying strength into vigor. So it was with Susan.

Young, inexperienced, dazed; now too despondent, now too hopeful; now too gentle and again too infuriated—Susan had been alternating between inertia and purposeless struggle. Brent had given her the thing she lacked—had given her a definite, concrete, tangible purpose. He had shown her the place where, if she should arrive, she might be free of that hideous slavery of the miserable mass; and he had inspired her with the hope that she could reach it.

And that was the Susan Lenox who came back to the little room in Delancey Street at half-past five.

When Susan reached the hospital late that afternoon she was refused admittance. Spenser, they said, had received a caller, had taxed his strength enough for the day. Not would it be worth while to return in the morning. The same caller was coming again. Spenser had said she was to come in the afternoon. She received this cheerfully, yet not without a certain sense of hurt—which however, did not last long.

When she was admitted to Spenser the following afternoon she faced him guiltily—for the thoughts Brent had set to bubbling and boiling in her. And her guilt showed in the tone of her greeting. So, had Spenser been observing, he must have seen that

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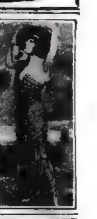



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something was wrong. But he was far too excited about his own affairs to note her.

"My luck's turned!" cried he, after kissing her with enthusiasm. "Fitzalan has sent Jack Sperry to me, and we're to collaborate on a play. I told you Fitz was the real thing."

Susan turned hastily away to hide her telltale face. "Who's Sperry?" asked she to gain time for self-control.

"Oh, he's a playsmith—and a bear at it. He has knocked together half a dozen successes. He'll supply the trade experience that I lack, and Fitzalan will be sure to put on our piece."

"You're a lot better—aren't you?"

"Better? I'm almost well."

He certainly had made a sudden stride toward health. By way of doing something progressive he had gotten a shave, and that had restored the look of youth to his face—or rather, had uncovered it. A strong, handsome face it was—much handsomer than Brent's—and with the subtle, moral weakness of optimistic vanity well concealed. Yes, much handsomer than Brent's, which wasn't really handsome at all—yet was superbly handsomer, also—the handsome that comes from being through and through a somebody. She saw again why she had cared for Rod so deeply; but she also saw why she could not care again, at least not in that same absorbed, self-effacing way. Physical attraction—yes. And a certain remnant of the feeling of comradeship, too. But never again utter belief, worshipful admiration—or any other degree of belief or admiration beyond the mild and critical. She herself had grown. Also, Brent's penetrating and just analysis of Spenser had put clearly before her precisely what he was—precisely what she herself had been vaguely thinking of him.

As he talked on and on of Sperry's visit and the new project, she listened, looking at his character in the light Brent had turned upon it—Brent who had in a few brief moments turned such floods of light upon so many things she had been seeing dimly or not at all. Moderate prosperity and moderate adversity bring out the best there is in a man; the extreme of either brings out his worst. The actual man is the best there is in him, and not the worst, but it is one of the tragedies of life that those who have once seen his worst ever afterward have sense of it chiefly, and cannot return to the feeling they had for him when his worst was undreamed of. "I'm not in love with Brent," thought Susan. "But having known him, I can't ever any more care for Rod. He seems small beside Brent—and he *is* small."

Spenser in his optimistic dreaming aloud had reached a point where it was necessary to assign Susan a *rôle* in his dazzling career. "You'll not have to go on the stage," said he. "I'll look out for you. By next week Sperry and I will have got together a scenario for the play, and when Sperry reads it to Fitzalan we'll get an advance of at least five hundred. So, we'll be happy again—happier than before."

"No, I'm going to support myself," said Susan promptly.

"Trash!" cried Spenser, smiling tenderly at her. "Do you suppose I'd allow you to mix up in stage life? You've forgotten how jealous I am of you. You don't know what I've suffered since I've been here sick, brooding over you——"

She laid her fingers on his lips. "What's the use of fretting about anything that has to be?" said she, smilingly. "I'm going to support myself. You may as well make up your mind to it."

"Plenty of time to argue that out," said he, and his tone forecast his verdict on the arguing. And he changed the subject by saying: "I see you still cling to your fad of looking fascinating about the feet. That was one of the reasons I never could trust you. A girl with as charming feet and ankles as you have, and so much pride in getting them up well, simply cannot be trustworthy." He laughed. "No, you were made to be taken care of, my dear."

She did not press the matter. She had taken her stand; that was enough for the present. After an hour with him, she went home to get herself something to eat on her gas stove; Spenser's confidence in the future did not move her even to the extent of laying out half a dollar on a restaurant dinner. Women have the habit of believing in the optimistic outpourings of egotistical men, and often hasten men along the road to ruin by proclaiming this belief and acting upon it. But not intelligent women of experience; that sort of woman, by checking optimistic husbands, fathers, sons, lovers, has even put off ruin—sometimes until death had the chance to save the optimist from the inevitable consequence of his folly. When she finished her chop and vegetable, instead of lighting a cigaret and lingering over a cup of black coffee, she quickly straightened up and began upon the play Brent had given her. She had read it the night before several times, and again and again during the day. But not until now did she feel sufficiently calmed down from her agitations of thought and emotion to attack the play understandingly.

She read "Cavalleria" through slowly, taking about an hour to it. She saw now why Brent had given it to her as the primer lesson—the simple, elemental story of a peasant girl's ruin under promise of marriage; of her lover's wearying of one who had only crude physical charm; of his being attracted by a young married woman, gay as well as pretty, offering the security in intrigue that an unmarried woman could not offer. Such a play is at once the easiest and the hardest to act—the easiest because every audience understands it perfectly and supplies unconsciously almost any defect in the acting; the hardest because any actor with the education necessary to acting well finds it next to impossible to divest himself or herself of the sophistications of education and get back to the elemental animal.

*Santuzza* or *Lola?* Susan debated. *Santuzza* was the big and the easy part; *Lola*, the smaller part, was of the kind that is usually neglected. But Susan saw possibilities in the character of the woman who won *Turiddu* away—the triumphant woman. The two women represented the two kinds of love—the love that is serious, the love that is light. And experience had taught her why it is that human nature soon tires of intensity, turns to frivolity. She felt that, if she could act, she would try to show that not *Turiddu's* fickleness nor his contempt of the woman who had yielded, but *Santuzza's* sad intensity and *Lola's* butterfly gaiety had cost *Santuzza* her lover and her lover his life. So, it was not *Santuzza's* but *Lola's* first entrance that she studied.

In the next morning's mail, under cover addressed "Miss Susan Lenox, care of Miss Lorna Sackville," as she had written it for Brent, came the promised check for forty dollars. It was signed "John P. Garvey, Secretary," and was enclosed with a note bearing the same signature:

"Dear Madam:

"Herewith I hand you a cheque for forty dollars for the first week's salary under your arrangement with Mr. Brent. No receipt is necessary. Until further notice a check for the same amount will be mailed you each Thursday. Unless you receive notice to the contrary, please call as before, at three o'clock next Wednesday."

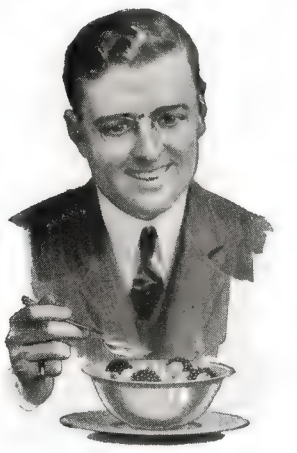
IT made her nervous to think of those five days before she should see Brent. He had assured her he would expect nothing from her; but she felt she must be able to show him that she had not been wasting her time—his time, the time for which he was paying nearly six dollars a day. She must work every waking hour, except the two hours each day at the hospital. She recalled what Brent had said about the advantage of being contented alone—and how everything worth doing must be done in aloneness. She had never thought about her own feelings as to company and solitude, as it was not her habit to think about herself. But now she realized how solitary she was, and how it had bred in her habits of thinking and reading—and how valuable these habits would be to her in her work. There was Rod, for example. He hated being alone, must have someone around even when he was writing; and he had no taste for order or system. She understood why it was so hard for him to stick at anything, to put anything through to the finish. With her fondness for aloneness, with her passion for reading and thinking about what she read, surely she ought soon to begin to accomplish something—if there was any ability in her.

She found Rod in higher spirits. Several ideas for his play had come to him; he already saw it acted, successful, drawing crowded houses, bringing him in anywhere "from five hundred to a thousand a week." She was not troubled hunting for things to talk about with him—she, who could think of but one thing and that a secret from him. He talked his play, a steady stream with not a seeing glance at her or a question about her. She watched the little clock at the side of the bed. At the end of an hour to the minute she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence. "I must go now," said she, rising.

"Sit down," he cried. "You can stay all


# Smile Makers

## At Rising Time



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**Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c**

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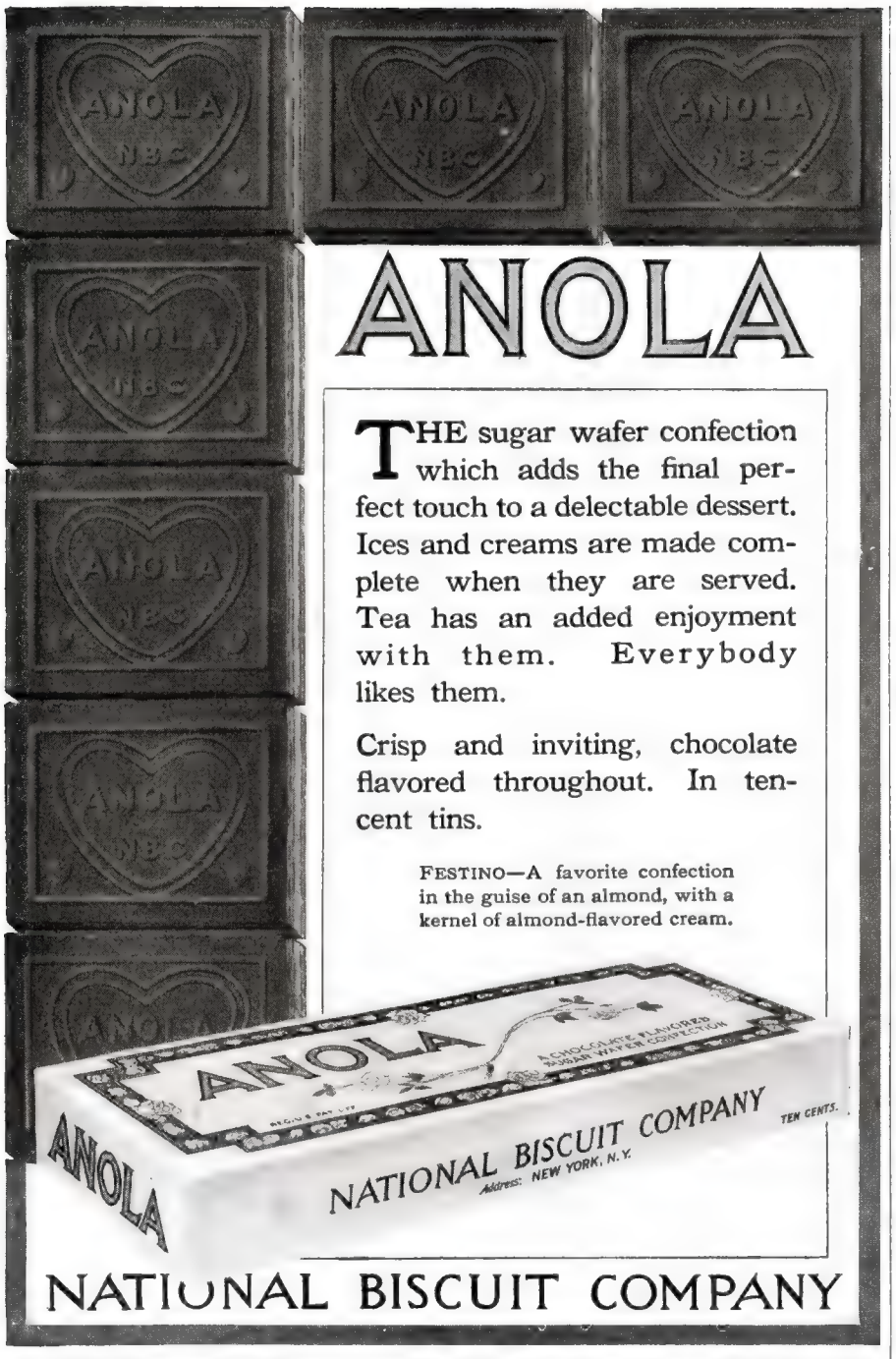
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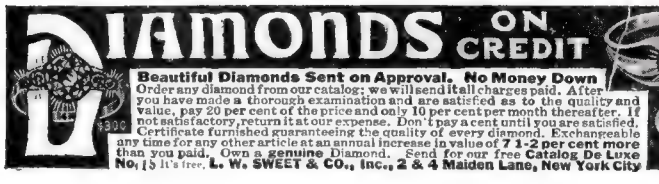
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day. The doctor says it will do me good to have you to talk with. And Sperry isn't coming until to-morrow."

"I can't do it," said she, "I must go."

He misunderstood her avoiding glance. "Now, Susie—sit down there," commanded he. "We've got plenty of money. You—needn't bother about it any more."

"We're not settled yet," said she. "Until we are, I'd not dare take the risk." She was subtly adroit by chance, not by design.

"Risk!" exclaimed he angrily. "There's no risk. I've as good as got the advance-money. Sit down."

She hesitated. "Don't be angry," pleaded she in a voice that faltered. "But I must go."

Into his eyes came the gleam of distrust and jealousy. "Look at me," he ordered.

With some difficulty she forced her eyes to meet his.

"Isn't there any self-respect anywhere in you," he flashed out, eagerly seizing the chance to forget his own shame in contemplating her greater degradation.

She looked out of the window. There was something terrible in the calmness of her profile. She finally said in an even, pensive voice:

"You have known a great many women, Rod. But you have never gotten acquainted with a single one."

He took this as evidence of her caring for him. "Tell me, Susan, did you leave me—in Forty-fourth Street—because you were jealous of me?"

"What did Drumley tell you?"

"I asked him, as you said in your note. He told me he knew no reason."

So Drumley had decided it was best Rod should not know why she left. Well, perhaps—probably—Drumley was right. But there was no reason why he shouldn't know the truth now. "I left," said she, "because I saw we were bad for each other."

This amused him. She saw that he did not believe. It wounded her, but she smiled carelessly.

"You don't pretend that *you* haven't done wrong?" cried Rod.

"I might have done worse," replied she. "I might have wronged others. No, Rod, I can't honestly say I've ever felt wicked."

"Why, what brought you here?"

She reflected a moment, then smiled. "Two things brought me down," said she. "In the first place, I wasn't raised right. I was raised as a lady instead of as a human being. So I didn't know how to meet the conditions of life. In the second place—" her smile returned, broadened, "I was too—too what's called good."

"Pity about you!" mocked he.

"Being what's called good is all very well if you're independent or if you've got a husband or a father to do life's dirty work for you—or, perhaps, if you happen to be in some profession like preaching or teaching—though I don't believe the so-called goodness would let you get very far even as a preacher. In most lines, to practise what we're taught as children would be to go to the bottom like a stone. You know this is a hard world, Rod. It's full of men and women fighting desperately for food and clothes and a roof to cover them—fighting each other. And to get on you've got to have the courage and the indifference to your fellow beings that'll enable you to do it."

"There's a lot of truth in that," admitted Spenser. "If I'd not been such a 'good fellow' as they call it—a fellow everybody liked—if I'd been like Brent, for instance—Brent who never would have any friends, who never would do anything for anybody but himself, who hadn't a thought except for his career—why, I'd be where he is."

It was at the tip of Susan's tongue to say, "Yes—strong—able to help others—able to do things worth while." But she did not speak.

Rod went on: "I'm not going to be a fool any longer. I'm going to be too busy to have friends or to help people or to do anything but push my own interests."

Susan, indifferent to being thus wholly misunderstood, was again moving toward the door. "I'll be back this evening, as usual," said she.

Spenser's face became hard and lowering. "You're going to stay here now, or you're not coming back," said he. "You can take your choice. Why do you fret me?" exclaimed he. "Do you want me to be sick again?"

"Suppose you didn't get the advance right away," urged she.

"I tell you I shall get it! If you go, you go for keeps."

She seated herself. "Do you want me to read or take dictation?"

His face expressed the satisfaction small people find in small successes at asserting authority. "Don't be angry," said he. "I'm acting for your good. I'm saving you from yourself."

"I'm not angry," replied she, her strange eyes resting upon him.

He shifted uncomfortably. "Now what does that look mean?" he demanded with an uneasy laugh.

She smiled, shrugged her shoulders.

SPERRY—small and thin, a weather-beaten, wooden face suggesting *Mr. Punch*, sly keen eyes, theater in every tone and gesture—Sperry pushed the scenario hastily to completion and was so successful with Fitzalan that on Sunday afternoon he brought two hundred and fifty dollars, Spenser's half of the advance-money.

"Didn't I tell you!" said Spenser to Susan, in triumph. "We'll move at once. Go pack your traps and put them in a carriage, and by the time you're back here Sperry and the nurses will have me ready."

It was about three when Susan got to her room. Clara heard her come in and soon appeared, bare feet in mules, hair hanging every which way.

"Hello, Lorna," she cried. "Why, you're packing up!"

"Yes. My friend's well enough to be moved. I'm going to live up-town."

"Right away?"

"This afternoon."

Clara dropped into a chair and began to weep. "I'll miss you something fierce!" sobbed she. "You're the only friend in the world I care for, or that cares for me. I wish I was like you. You don't need anybody."

"Oh, yes, I do, dear," cried Susan.

"But I mean, you don't lean on anybody. I don't mean you're hard-hearted—for you ain't. You've pulled me and a dozen other girls out of the hole lots of times. But you're independent. Can't you take me along?"

"I can't take you along, but I'm going to come for you as soon as I'm on my feet," said Susan. "I've got to get up myself first. I've learned at least that much."

"Oh, you'll forget all about *me*."

"No," said Susan.

And Clara knew that she would not, although she moaned: "I'm not fit to go. You belong up there. You're going back to your own. But I belong here. I wish I was like most of the people down here, and didn't have any sense. I used to be contented. But somehow, being with you so much has made me dissatisfied."

"That means you're on your way up," said Susan, busy with her packing.

"It would, if I had sense enough. Oh, it's torment to have sense enough to see, and not sense enough to do!"

"I'll come for you soon," said Susan. "You're going up with me."

Clara watched her for some time in silence. "You're sure you're going to win?" said she, at last.

"Sure," replied Susan.

"Oh, you can't be as sure as that."

"Yes, but I can," laughed she. "I'm done with foolishness. I've made up my mind to get up in the world—*with* my self-respect if possible; if not, then without it. I'm going to have everything—money, comfort, luxury, pleasure. Everything!" And she dropped a folded skirt emphatically upon the pile she had been making, and gave a short, sharp nod. "I was taught a lot of things when I was little—things about being sweet and unselfish and all that. They'd be fine, if the world was heaven. But it isn't."

"Not exactly," said Clara.

"Maybe they're fine, if you want to get to heaven," continued Susan. "But I'm not trying to get to heaven. I'm trying to live on earth. I don't like the game, and I don't like its rules. But—it's the only game, and I can't change the rules. So, I'm going to follow them—at least until I get what I want."

"Do you mean to say you've got any respect for yourself?" said Clara. "*I* haven't. And I don't see how any girl like us can have."

"I thought I hadn't," was Susan's reply, "until I talked with—with someone I met the other day. If you slipped and fell in the mud—or were thrown into it—you wouldn't say, 'I'm dirty through and through. I can never get clean again'—would you?"

"But that's different," objected Clara.

"Not a bit," declared Susan. "If you look around this world, you'll see that everybody who ever moved about at all has

slipped and fallen in the mud—or has been pushed in."

"Mostly pushed in."

"Mostly pushed in," assented Susan. "And those that have good sense get up as soon as they can, and wash as much of the mud off as'll come off—maybe all—and go on. The fools—they worry about the mud. But not I—not any more! . . . And not you, my dear—when I get you up-town."

Clara was now looking on Susan's departure as a dawn of good luck for herself. She telephoned for a carriage and helped carry down the two big packages that contained all Susan's possessions worth moving. And they kissed each other good-by with smiling faces. Susan did not give Clara, the loose-tongued, her new address; nor did Clara, conscious of her own weakness, ask for it.

"Don't put yourself out about me," cried Clara in farewell. "Get a good tight grip yourself first."

"That's advice I need," answered Susan. "Good-by. Soon—*soon!*"

The carriage had to move slowly through those narrow, tenement streets, so thronged with the people swarming from hot little rooms into the open to try to get a little air that did not threaten to burn and choke as it entered the lungs. As they reached wider Second Avenue the horses broke into a trot. Susan drew a long breath of the purer air—then—shuddered.

"I *must* be strong! I *must!*" Susan said to herself, and there was desperation in the gleam of her eyes, in the set of her chin. "This time I will fight! And I feel at last that I can."

But her spirits soared no more that day.

SPERRY had chosen for them the second-floor rear of a house on the south side of West Forty-fifth Street a few doors off Sixth Avenue. It was furnished elegantly in red plush, with oil paintings on the walls, a fringed red-silk plush lambrequin fastened to the mantelpiece with bright brass-headed tacks, and elaborate imitation lace throws on the sofa and chairs.

"What's left of the two hundred and fifty will not last long," said Spenser to Susan when they were established. "But we'll have another five hundred as soon as the play's done, and that'll be in less than a month. We're to begin to-morrow. In less than two months the play'll be on and the royalties will be coming in. I wonder how much I owe the doctor and the hospital."

"That's settled," said Susan.

He glanced at her with a frown. "How much was it? You had no right to pay!"

"You couldn't have got either doctor or room without payment in advance." She spoke tranquilly, with a quiet assurance of manner that was new in her, usually so nervous and sensitive about causing displeasure in others. She added: "Don't be cross, Rod. You know it's only pretense."

"Don't you believe anybody has any decency?" demanded he.

"It depends on what you mean by decency," replied she. "But why talk of the past? Let's forget it."

"I would that I could!" exclaimed he.

She laughed at his heroics. "Put that in your play," said she. "But this isn't the melodrama of the stage. It's the farce-comedy of life."

"How you have changed! Has all the sweetness, all the womanliness, gone out of your character?"

She showed how little she was impressed. "I've learned to take terrible things—really terrible things—without making a fuss—or feeling like making a fuss. You can't expect me to get excited over mere—stagi-ness. They're fond of fake emotions up in this part of town. But down where I've been so long the real horrors come too thick and fast for there to be any time to fake."

He continued to frown, presently came out of a deep study to say: "Susie, I see I've got to have a serious talk with you."

"Wait till you're well, my dear," said she. "I'm afraid I'll not be very sympathetic with your seriousness."

"No—to-day. I'm not an invalid. And our relations worry me, whenever I think of them."

He observed her as she sat with hands loosely clasped in her lap; there was an inscrutable look upon her delicate face, upon the clear-cut features so attractively framed by her thick, dark hair, brown in some lights, black in others.

"Well?" said she.

"To begin, I want you to stop rouging your lips. I'd a little rather you didn't smoke. But, as respectable women smoke nowadays, why I don't seriously object. And when you get more clothes get quieter ones. Not that you dress loudly or in bad taste——"

"Thank you," murmured Susan.

"What did you say?"

"I didn't mean to interrupt. Go on."

"I admire the way you dress, but it makes me jealous. I want you to have nice clothes for the house. But I don't want you attracting people's eyes in the street. . . . And I don't want you to look so alluring about the feet. That's your best trick—and your worst. Why are you smiling—in that fashion?"

"You talk to me as if I were your wife."

He gazed at her with an expression that was as affectionate as it was generous—and it was most generous. "Well, you may be some day—if you keep straight. And I think you will."

The artificial red of her lips greatly helped to make her sweetly smiling face the perfection of gentle irony. "And you?" said she.

"You know perfectly well it's different about a man."

"I know nothing of the sort," replied she. "Among certain kinds of people that is the rule. But I'm not of those kinds. I'm trying to make my way in the world, exactly like a man. So I've got to be free from the rules that may be all very well for ladies. A woman can't fight with her hands tied, any more than a man can—and you know what happens to the men who allow themselves to be tied; they're poor down-trodden creatures working hard at small pay for the men who fight with their hands free."

"I've taken you out of the unprotected-woman class, my dear," he reminded her. "You're mine now, and you're going back where you belong."

"Back to the cage it's taken me so long to learn to do without?" She shook her head. "No, Rod—I couldn't possibly do it—not if I wanted to. . . . You've got several false ideas about me. You'll have to get rid of them if we're to get along."

"For instance?"

"In the first place, don't delude yourself with the notion that I'd marry you. I don't know whether the man I was forced to marry is dead or whether he's got a divorce. I don't care. No matter how free I was I shouldn't marry you."

He smiled complacently. She noted it without irritation. Truly, small indeed is the heat of any kind that can be got from the warmed-up ashes of a burnt-out passion. She went easily on:

"You have nothing to offer me—neither love nor money. And a woman—unless she's a poor excuse—insists on one or the other. You and I fancied we loved each other for a while. We don't fool ourselves in that way now. At least I don't; though I believe you do imagine I'm in love with you."

"I know you are."

"Put that out of your head, Rod. It'll only breed trouble. I don't like to say these things to you, but you compel me to. I learned long ago how foolish it is to put off unpleasant things that will have to be faced in the end. The longer they're put off the worse the final reckoning is. I learned that several years ago. Most of my troubles have come through my being too weak or good-natured—or whatever it was—to act as my good sense told me. I'm not going to make that mistake any more. And I'm going to start the new deal with absolute frankness with you. I am not in love with you."

"I know you better than you know yourself," said he.

"For a little while after I found you again I did have a return of the old feeling—or something like it. But it soon passed. I couldn't love you. I know you too well."

He struggled hard with his temper as his vanity lashed at it. She saw, struggled with her old sensitiveness about inflicting even necessary pain upon others, went on:

"I simply like you, Rod—and that's all."

"Really!" said he, in an intensely sarcastic tone. "Really!"

"Now—keep your temper," she warned. "Didn't I keep mine when you were handing me that impertinent talk about how I should dress and the rest of it? No—let me finish. In the second place and in conclusion, my dear Rod, I'm not going to live off you. I'll pay my way. I'll pay for my own clothes—and rouge for the lips. I believe that's all."

"Are you quite sure?" inquired he with much satire.

"Yes, I think so. Except—if you


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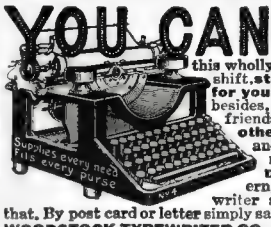


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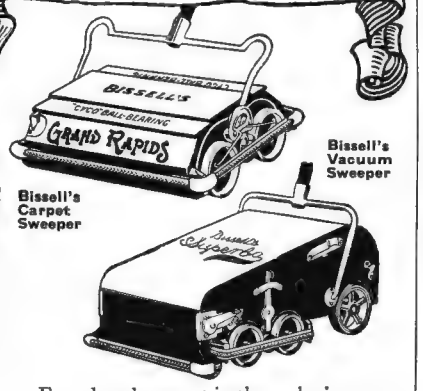


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don't like my terms, I'm ready to leave at once. So long as I've got my youth and my health, I'll do precisely as I please." Then she went on: "I'd prefer your friendship to your ill-will—much prefer it, as you're the only person I can look to for what a man can do for a woman, and as I like you. But if I have to take tyranny along with the friendship—" She looked at him quietly and her tones were almost tender, almost appealing—"then it's good-by, Rod."

She had silenced him, for he saw in her eyes, much more gray than violet, though the suggestion of violet was there, that she meant precisely what she said. He was astonished, almost dazed, by the change in her. This woman grown was not the Susie who had left him. No—and yet——

She had left him, hadn't she? That showed a character completely hidden from him, perhaps the character he was now seeing. He asked—and there was no sarcasm and a great deal of uneasiness in his tone:

"How do you expect to make a living?"

"I've got a place at forty dollars a week."

"Forty dollars a week! You!" He scowled savagely at her.

"It is amazing," rejoined she. "But it seems to be true. My luck may not last, but while it lasts I'll have forty a week."

"I don't believe you," said he, with the angry bluntness of jealousy.

"Then you want me to go?" inquired she, with a certain melancholy, but without any weakness.

He ignored her question. He demanded: "Who's giving it to you?"

"Brent."

Spenser leaned from the bed toward her in his excitement. "*Robert* Brent?" he cried.

"Yes. I'm to have a part in one of his plays."

Spenser laughed harshly. "What rot! It's simply absurd."

"He is to train me himself."

"You never told me you knew him."

"I don't."

"Who got you the job?"

"He saw me in Fitzalan's office the day you sent me there. He asked me to call, and when I went he made me the offer."

"Absolute rot! What reason did he give?"

"He said I looked as if I had the temperament he was in search of."

"You must take me for a fool."

"Why should I lie to you?"

"Heaven knows. Why do women lie to men all the time? For the pleasure of fooling them."

"Oh, no. To get money, Rod—the best reason in the world, it being rather hard for a woman to make money by working for it."

"The man's in love with you!"

"I wish he were," said Susan laughing. "I'd not be here, my dear—you may be sure of that. And I'd not content myself with forty a week. Oh, you don't know what tastes I've got! Wait till I turn myself loose."

"Well—you can—in a few months," said Spenser. Even as he had been protesting his disbelief in her story, his manner toward her had been growing more respectful—a change that at once hurt and amused her with its cynical suggestions, and also pleased her, giving her a confidence-breeding sense of a new value in herself. Rod went on, with a kind of shamefaced mingling of jest and earnest:

"You stick by me, Susie old girl, and the time'll come when I'll be able to give you more than Brent."

"I hope so," said Susan.

He eyed her sharply. "I feel like a fool believing such a fairy story as you've been telling me. Yet I do."

"That's good," laughed she. "Now I can stay. If you hadn't believed me I'd have had to go. And I don't want to do that—not yet."

His eyes flinched. "Not yet? What does that mean?"

"It means I'm content to stay, at present. Who can answer for to-morrow?" Her eyes lit up mockingly. "For instance—you. To-day you think you're going to be true to me—don't you? Yet to-morrow—or as soon as you get strength and street clothes, I may catch you in some restaurant telling some girl she's the one you've been getting ready for."

He laughed, but not heartily. Sperry came, and Susan went to make some necessary purchases at a department store. When she got back home, two hours and a half later, bringing her purchases in a cab, Sperry had gone and Rod was asleep. She sat in her room, with the gas lighted, and worked at "Cavalleria" until she heard him calling. He had awakened in high good humor.

"That was an awful raking you gave me before Sperry came," began he. "But it did me good. A man gets so in the habit of ordering women about that it becomes second nature to him. You've made it clear to me that I've even less control over you than you have over me. So, dear, I'm going to be humble and try to give satisfaction, as servants say."

"You'd better," laughed Susan. "At least, until you get on your feet again."

"You say we don't love each other," Rod went on, a becoming brightness in his strong face. "Well—maybe so. But—we suit each other—don't we?"

"That's why I want to stay," said Susan, "I could stand it to go, for I've been trained to stand anything—everything. But I'd hate it."

After a while she got a small dinner for their two selves on the gas-stove she had brought with her. As they ate, they beamed contentedly at each other. "Do you remember the dinner we had at the St. Nicholas in Cincinnati?" asked she.

"It wasn't as good as this," declared he. "Not nearly so well cooked. You could make a fortune as a cook. But then you do everything well."

"Even to rouging my lips?"

"Oh, forget it!" laughed he. "I'm an ass. There's a wonderful fascination in the contrast between the dash of scarlet and the pallor of that clear, lovely skin of yours."

Her eyes danced. "You *are* getting well!" she exclaimed.

The conversation then turned to Brent. "Well, it's lucky your friend Brent's old enough to be your father," said Rod. "I am not afraid of him."

"Is he?" cried Susan. "Do you know, I never thought of his age."

"Yes, he's forty at least—more. Are you sure he isn't in love with you, Susie?"

"He warned me, if I annoyed him in that way, he'd discharge me."

"Do you like him?"

"I—don't—know," was Susan's slow, reflective answer. "I'm—afraid of him—a little."

Wednesday afternoon, on the way to Brent's house, Susan glanced up at the clock in the Grand Central station. It lacked five minutes of three. She walked slowly, timing herself so accurately that, as the butler opened the door, a cathedral chime hidden somewhere in the upper interior boomed the hour musically. The man took her direct to the elevator, and when it stopped at the top floor Brent himself opened the door, as before. He was dismissing a short fat man, whom Susan placed as a manager, and a tall, slim and most fashionably dressed woman with a beautiful, insincere face—any one would have at once declared her an actress, probably a star. The woman gave Susan a searching, feminine look which changed swiftly to superciliousness. Both the man and the woman were loath to go, evidently had not finished what they had come to say. But Brent, in his abrupt but courteous way, said:

"To-morrow at four, then. As you see, my next appointment has begun." And he had them in the elevator with the door closed. He turned upon Susan the gaze that seemed to take in everything. "You are in better spirits, I see," said he.

"I'm sorry to have interrupted," said she. "I could have waited."

"But *I* couldn't," replied he. "Some day you'll discover that your time is valuable, and that to waste it is far sillier than if you were to walk along throwing your money into the gutter. Time ought to be used like money—spent generously but intelligently." He talked rapidly on, with his manner as full of unexpressed and inexpressible intensity as the voice of the violin, with his frank egotism that had no suggestion of vanity or conceit. "Because I systematize my time, I'm never in a hurry, never at a loss for time to give to whatever I wish. I didn't refuse to keep you waiting for your sake, but for my own. Now, the next hour belongs to you and me—and we'll forget about time—as, if we were dining in a restaurant, we'd not think of the bill till it was presented. What did you do with the play?"

Susan could only look at him helplessly.

He laughed, handed her a cigaret, rose to light a match for her. "Settle yourself comfortably," said he, "and say what's in your head."

With hands deep in the trousers of his house-suit, he paced up and down the long room, a cigaret loose between his lips.


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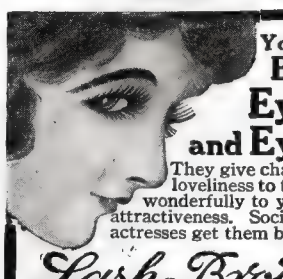

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"Which part did you like—*Santuzza* or *Lola?*"

"*Lola,*" replied she.

He paused, looked at her quickly. "Why?"

"Oh, I don't sympathize with the woman—or the man—who's deserted. I pity, but I can't help seeing it's her or his own fault. *Lola* explains why. Wouldn't you rather laugh than cry? *Santuzza* may have been attractive in the moments of passion, but how she must have bored *Turiddu* the rest of the time! She was so intense, so serious—so vain and selfish."

"Vain and selfish? That's interesting." He walked up and down several times, then turned on her abruptly. "Well—go on," he said. "I'm waiting to hear why she was vain and selfish."

"Isn't it vain for a woman to think a man ought to be crazy about her all the time because he once has been? Isn't it selfish for her to want him to be true to her because it gives *her* pleasure, and even though she knows it doesn't give *him* pleasure?"

"Men and women are all vain and selfish in love," said he.

"But the women are meaner than the men," replied she, "because they're more ignorant and narrow-minded."

He was regarding her with an expression that made her uneasy. "But that isn't in the play—none of it," said he.

"Well, it ought to be," replied she. "*Santuzza* is the old-fashioned conventional heroine. I used to like them—until I had lived a little, myself. She isn't true to life. But in *Lola*——"

"Yes—what about *Lola?*" he demanded.

"Oh, she wasn't a heroine, either. She was just human—taking happiness when it offered. And her gaiety—and her capriciousness— A man will always break away from a solemn, intense woman to get that sort of sunshine."

"Yes—yes—go on," said Brent.

"And her sour, serious, solemn husband explains why wives are untrue to their husbands. At least, it seems so to me."

He was walking up and down again. Every trace of indolence, of relaxation, was gone from his gait and from his features. His mind was evidently working like an engine at full speed. Suddenly he halted. "You've given me a big idea," said he. "I'll throw away the play I was working on. I'll do your play."

Susan laughed—pleased, yet a little afraid he was kinder than she deserved. "What I said was only common sense—what my experience has taught me."

"That's all that genius is, my dear," replied he. "As soon as we're born, our eyes are operated on, so that we shall never see anything as it is. The geniuses are those who either escape the operation or are re-endowed with true sight by experience." He nodded approvingly at her. "You're going to be a person—or, rather, you're going to show you're a person. But that comes later. You thought of *Lola* as your part?"

"I tried to. But I don't know anything about acting—except what I've seen and the talk I've heard."

"As I said the other day, that means you've little to unlearn. Now—as to *Lola's* entrance."

"Oh, I thought of a lot of things to do—to show that she too loved *Turiddu* and that she had as much right to love—and to be loved—as *Santuzza* had. *Santuzza* had had her chance, and had failed."

Brent was highly amused. "You seem to forget that *Lola* was a married woman—and that if *Santuzza* didn't get a husband she'd be the mother of a fatherless child."

Never had he seen in her face such a charm of sweet melancholy as at that moment. "I suppose the way I was born and the life I've led make me think less of those things than most people do," replied she. "I was talking about natural hearts—what people think inside—the way they act when they have courage."

"When they have courage," Brent repeated reflectively. "But who has courage?"

"A great many people are compelled to have it," said she.

"I never had it until I got enough money to be independent."

"I never had it," said Susan, "until I had no money."

He leaned against the big table, folded his arms on his chest, looked at her with eyes that made her feel absolutely at ease with him. Said he:

"You have known what it was to have no money—none?"

Susan nodded. "And no friends—no place to sleep—worse off than Robinson Crusoe when the waves threw him on the island. I had to—to suck my own blood to keep alive."

"You smile as you say that," said he.

"If I hadn't learned to smile over such things," she answered, "I'd have been dead long ago."

He seated himself opposite to her. He asked:

"Why didn't you kill yourself?"

"I was afraid."

"Of the hereafter?"

"Oh, no! Of missing the coming true of my dreams about life."

"Love?"

"That—and more. Just love wouldn't satisfy me. I want to see the world—to know the world—and to be somebody. I want to try *everything!*"

She laughed gaily—a sudden fascinating vanishing of the melancholy of eyes and mouth, a sudden flashing out of young beauty. "I've been down about as deep as one can go. I want to explore in the other direction."

"Yes—yes," said Brent, absently. "You must see it all."

He remained for some time in a profound reverie, she as unconscious of the passing of time as he—for, if he had his thoughts, she had his face to study. Try as she would, she could not associate the idea of age with him—any age. He seemed simply a grown man. And the more closely she studied him the greater her awe became. He knew so much; he understood so well. She could not imagine him swept away by any of the petty emotions—the vanities, the jealousies, the small rages, the small passions and loves that make up the petty days of the little creatures who inhabit the world and call it theirs. Could he fall in love? Had he been in love? Yes—he must have been in love—many times—for many women must have taken trouble to please a man so well worth while, and he must have passed from one woman to another as his whims or his tastes changed. Could he ever care about her—as a woman? Could she love him? Could she ever feel equal and at ease, through and through, with a man so superior?

"You'd better study the part of *Lola*—learn the lines," said he, when he had finished his reflecting. "Then—this day week at the same hour—we will begin. We will dine together—go to some theater where I can illustrate what I mean. Beginning with next Wednesday that will be the program every week until further notice."

"Until you see whether you can do anything with me or not?"

"Just so. You haven't given up Spenser?"

"No." Susan could have wished his tone less matter-of-fact.

"How is he getting on?"

"He and Sperry are doing a play for Fitzalan."

"Really? That's good. He has talent. If he'll learn of Sperry and talk less and work more and steadily, he'll make a lot of money. You are not tied to him in any way?"

"No—not now that he's prospering. Except, of course, that I'm fond of him."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, everybody must have somebody. You've not seen this house? I'll show it to you, as we've still fifteen minutes."

A luxurious house it was filled with things curious and, some of them, beautiful—things gathered in excursions through Europe, Susan assumed. The only absolutely simple room was his bedroom, big and bare and so arranged that he could sleep practically out of doors. She saw servants—two men beside the butler, several women. But the house was a bachelor's house, with not a trace of feminine influence. With her instinct for recognizing the best at first sight, Susan at once understood.

When he bade her good-by at the front door and it closed behind her she was all at once so tired that it seemed to her she would then and there sink down through sheer fatigue and fall asleep. For no physical exercise so quickly and utterly exhausts as real brain exercise—thinking, studying, learning with all the concentrated intensity of a thoroughbred in the last quarter of the mile race.

(*To be continued*)


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# FIFTY-FIFTY

(*Continued from page 151*)

I looked up into his altered face—a sallow, earnest face, fiercely intent. Every atom of the man's intelligence was alert, concentrated on me, on my expression, on my slightest movement.

"Doc," he said, "let's talk business. We're men, we are, you an' me. I've fought you plenty times. I *know*. An' I guess you are on to me, too. I ain't no squealer; you know that anyway. Perhaps I'm everything else you claim I am when you make parlor speeches to Gussie an' Reggie, an' when you stand on a bar'l in Avenoo A an' say 'my friends' to Billy an' Izzy an' Pete the Wop.

"All right. Go to it! I'm it. I got mine. That's what I'm there for. But—when I get mine, the guys that back me get theirs, too. Gee-whiz, Doc, let's talk business! What's a little graft between friends?"

"Duck," I said, "you own the Fiftieth Ward. You are no fool. Why is it not possible for you to understand that some men don't graft?"

"Aw, can it!" he retorted fiercely. "What else is there to chase except graft? What else is there, I ask you? Graft! Ain't there graft into everything God ever made? An don't the smart guy get it an' take his an' divide the rest same as you an' me?"

"You can't comprehend that I don't graft, can you, Duck?"

"What do you call it what you get, then? The wages of Reeform? And what do you hand out to your lootenants an' your friends?"

"Service."

"Hey? Well, all right. But what's in it for you? Where do you get yours, Doc?"

"There's nothing in it for me except to give honest service to the people who trust me."

"Listen," he persisted with a sort of ferocious patience; "you ain't on no bar'l now; an' you ain't callin' no ginneys and no kikes your friends. You're just talkin' to me like there wasn't nobody else onto this here planet excep' us two guys. Get that?"

"I do."

"An' I'm tellin' you that I get mine same as any one who ain't a loonatic. Get that?"

"Certainly."

"All right. Now I know you ain't no nut. Which means that you get yours, whatever you call it. And *now* will you talk business?"

"What business do you want to talk, Duck?" I added: "I should say that you already have your hands rather full of business and Lebel rifles——"

"Aw, gee! *This?* This ain't business. I was a blame' fool and I'm doin' time like any souse what the bulls pinch. Only I get more than thirty days, I do. That's what's killin' me, Doc! Duck Werner in a tin lid, suckin' soup an' shootin' Dutchmen when I oughter be in Noo York with me fren's lookin' after business. Can you beat it?" he ended fiercely.

He chewed hard on his quid for a few moments, staring blankly into space with the detached ferocity of a caged tiger.

"What are they a-doin' over there in the Fiftieth?" he demanded. "How do I know whose knifin' me with the boys? I don't mean your party. You're here same as I am. I mean Mike the Kike, and the regular Republican nomination, I do. . . . And how do I know when *you* are going back?"

I was silent.

"*Are* you?"

"Perhaps."

"Doc, will you talk business, man to man?"

"Duck, to tell you the truth, the hell that is in full blast over here—this gigantic, world-wide battle of nations—leaves me, for the time, uninterested in ward politics."

"Stop your kiddin'."

"Can't you comprehend it?"

"Aw, what do you care about what kink wins? If we was kinks, you an' me, all right. But we ain't, Doc. We're little fellows. Our graft ain't big like the Dutch Emperor's, but maybe it comes just as regular on pay day. Ish ka bibble."

"Duck," I said, "you explain your presence here by telling me that you enlisted while drunk. How do you explain my being here?"

"You're a doc. I guess there must be big money into it," he returned with a wink.

"I draw no pay."

"I believe you," he remarked, leering. "Say, don't you do that to me, Doc. I may be unfortunit; I'm a poor tomfool an' I know it. But don't tell me you're here for your health."

"I won't repeat it, Duck," I said, smiling.

"Much obliged. Now for love of Moses let's talk business. You think you've got me cinched. You think you can go home an' raise Cain in the Fiftieth while I'm doin' time into these here trenches. You sez to yourself, 'Oh, there ain't nothin' to it!' An' then you tickles yourself under the ribs, Doc. You better make a deal with me, do you hear? Gimme mine, and you can have yours, too; and between us, if we work together, we can hand one to'Mike the Kike that'll start every ambulance in the city after him. Get me?"

"There's no use discussing such things."

"All right. I won't ask you to make it fifty-fifty. Gimme half what I oughter have. You can fix it with Curley Tim Brady——"

"Duck, this is no time——"

"Gee, it's all the time I've got! What do you expec' out here, a caffy dansong? I don't see no corner gin-mills around neither. Listen, Doc, quit up-stagin'! You an' me can kick the block off'n this here Kike Wop if we get together. All I ask of you is to talk business——"

I MOVED aside, and backward a little way, disgusted with the ratty soul of the man, and stood looking at the soldiers who were digging out bomb-proof burrows all along the trench and shoring up the holes with heavy, green planks.

Everybody was methodically busy in one way or another behind the long rank of Legionaries who stood at the loops, the butts of the Lebel rifles against their shoulders.

Some sawed planks to shore up dug-outs; some were constructing short ladders out of the trunks of slender green saplings; some filled sacks with earth to fill the gaps on the parapet above; others sharpened pegs and drove them into the dirt façade of the trench, one above the other, as footholds for the men when a charge was ordered.

Behind me, above my head, wild flowers and long wild grasses drooped over the raw edge of the parados, and a few stalks of ripening wheat trailed there or stood out against the sky—an opaque, uncertain sky which had been so calmly blue, but which was now sickening with that whitish pallor which presages a storm.

Once or twice there came the smashing tinkle of glass as a periscope was struck and a vexed officer, still holding it, passed it to a rifleman to be laid aside.

Only one man was hit. He had been fitting a shutter to the tiny embrasure between sand-bags where a machine gun was to be mounted; and the bullet came through and entered his head in the center of the triangle between nose and eyebrows.

A little later when I was returning from that job, walking slowly along the trench, Pick-'em-Up Joe hailed me cheerfully and I glanced up to where he and Heinie stood with their rifles thrust between the sandbags and their grimy fists clutching barrel and butt.

"Hello, Heinie!" I said pleasantly. "How are you, Joe?"

"Commong ça va?" inquired Heinie, evidently mortified at his situation and condition, but putting on the careless front of a gunman in a strange ward.

Pick-'em-Up Joe added jauntily: "Well, Doc, what's the good word?"

"France," I replied, smiling. "Do you know a better word?"

"Yes," he said, "Noo York. Say, what's your little graft over here, Doc?"

"You and I reverse rôles, Pick-'em-Up; you *stop* bullets; *I* pick 'em up after you're through with 'em."

"The hell you say!" he retorted, grinning. "Well, grab it from me, if it wasn't for the Jack Johnsons and the gas, a gun-fight in the old Fiftieth would make this war look like Luna Park! It listens like it too, only this here show is all fi-*nally*, with Bingle's Band playin' circus tunes an' the supes hollerin' like they seen real money."

He was a merry ruffian, and he controlled the "coke" graft in the Fiftieth, while Heinie was perpetual bondsman for local Magdalenes.

"Well, ain't we in Dutch—us three guys!" he remarked with forced carelessness. "We sure done it that time."

"Did you do business with Duck?" inquired Pick-'em-Up, curiously.

"Not so he noticed it. Joe, can't you

and Heinie rise to your opportunities? This is the first time in your lives you've ever been decent, ever done a respectable thing. Can't you start in and live straight—think straight? You're wearing the uniform of God's own soldiers; you're standing shoulder to shoulder with men who are fighting God's own battle. The fate of every woman, every child, every unborn baby in Europe—and in America too—depends on your bravery. If you don't win out it will be our turn next. If you don't stop the Teutons—if you don't come back at them and wipe them out, the world will not be worth inhabiting."

I stepped nearer: "Heinie," I said, "you know what your trade has been, and what it is called. Here's your chance to clean yourself. Joe—you've dealt out misery, insanity, death, to women and children. You're called the Coke King of the East Side. Joe, we'll get you sooner or later. Don't take the trouble to doubt it. Why not order a new pack and a fresh deal? Why not resolve to live straight from this moment—here where you have taken your place in the ranks among real men—here where this army stands for liberty, for the right to live! You've got your chance to become a real man; so has Heinie. And when you come back, we'll stand by you——"

"An' gimme a job choppin' tickets in the Subway!" snarled Heinie. "Expec' me to squeal f'r that? Reeform, hey? Show me a livin' in it an' I carry a banner. But there ain't nothing into it. How's a guy to live if there ain't no graft into nothin'?"

Joe touched his gas-mask with a sneer: "He's pushin' the yellow stuff at us, Heinie," he said, and to me, "You get *yours* all right. I don't know what it is, but you get it, same as me an' Heinie an' Duck. *I* don't know what it is," he repeated impatiently, "maybe it's dough; maybe it's them suffragettes with their silk feet an' white gloves what clap their hands at you. *I* ain't sayin' nothin' to *you*, am I? Then lemme alone an' go an' talk business with Duck over there——"

Officers passed rapidly between the speaker and me and continued east and west along the ranks of riflemen, repeating in calm, steady voices:

"Fix bayonets, *mes enfants;* make as little noise as possible. Everybody ready in ten minutes. Ladders will be distributed. Take them with you. The bomb-throwers will leave the trench first. Put on goggles and respirators. Fix bayonets and set one foot on the pegs and ladders. . . . all ready in seven minutes. Three mines will be exploded. Take and hold the craters. . . . Five minutes. . . . When the mines explode that is your signal. Bombers lead. Give them a leg up and follow. . . . Three minutes. . . ."

From a communication trench a long file of masked bomb-throwers appeared, loaded sacks slung under their left arms, bombs clutched in their right hands; and took stations at every ladder and row of freshly driven pegs.

"One minute!" repeated the officers, selecting their own ladders and drawing their long knives and automatics.

As I finished adjusting my respirator and goggles a muffled voice at my elbow began: "Be a sport, Doc! Gimme a chanst! Make it fifty-fifty——"

"*Allez!*" shouted an officer through his respirator

Against the sky all along the parapet's edge, hundreds of bayonets wavered for a second; then dark figures leaped up, scrambled, crawled forward, rose, ran out into the sinless, pallid light.

Like surf bursting along a coast a curtain of exploding shells stretched straight across the débris of what had been a meadow—a long line of livid obscurity split with flame and storms of driving sand and gravel. Shrapnel leisurely unfolded its cottony coils overhead and the iron helmets rang under the hail.

Men fell forward, backward, sideways, remaining motionless, or rolling about, or rising to limp on again. There was smoke now, and mire, and the unbroken rattle of machine-guns.

Ahead, men were fishing in their sacks and throwing bombs like a pack of boys stoning a snake; I caught glimpses of them furiously at work from where I knelt beside one fallen man after another, desperately busy with my own business.

Bearers ran out where I was at work; not my own company, but some French ambulance sections who served me as well as their own surgeons where, in a shell crater partly full of water, we found some shelter for the wounded.

Over us black smoke from the Jack Johnsons rolled as it rolls out of the stacks of soft-coal burning locomotives; the outrageous din never slackened, but our deafened ears had become insensible under the repeated blows of sound, yet not paralyzed. For I remember, squatting there in that shell-crater, hearing a cricket tranquilly tuning up between the thunder-claps which shook earth and sods down on us and wrinkled the pool of water at our feet.

The Legion had taken the trench; but the place was a rabbit warren where hundreds of holes and burrows and ditches and communicating runways made a bewildering maze.

And everywhere in the dull, flame-shot obscurity, the Legionaries ran about like ghouls in their hoods and round, hollow eye-holes; masked faces, indistinct in the smoke, loomed grotesque and horrible as Ku-Klux where the bayonets were at work digging out the enemy from blind burrows, turning them up from their bloody forms

Rifles blazed down into bomb-proofs, cracked steadily over the heads of comrades who piled up sand-bags to block communication trenches; grenade-bombs rained down through the smoke into trenches, blowing bloody gaps in huddling masses of struggling Teutons until they flattened back against the parados and lifted arms and gun-butts, stammering out, "Comrades! Comrades!" in the ghastly irony of surrender.

A man whose entire helmet, gas-mask and face had been blown off, and who was still alive and trying to speak, stiffened, relaxed and died in my arms. As I rolled him aside and turned to the next man whom the bearers were lowering into the crater, his respirator and goggles fell apart, and I found myself looking into the ashy face of Duck Werner.

As we laid him out and stripped away iron helmet and tunic, he said in a natural and distinct voice:

"Through the belly, Doc. Gimme a drink."

There was no more water or stimulant at the moment and the puddle in the crater was bloody. He said, patiently: "All right; I can wait. . . . It's in the belly. . . . It ain't nothin', is it?"

I said something reassuring, something about the percentage of recovery, I believe, for I was exceedingly busy with Duck's anatomy.

"Pull me through, Doc?" he inquired calmly.

"Sure."

"Aw, listen, Doc. Don't hand me no cones of hokey-pokey. Gimme a deck of the stuff. Dope out the coke. Do I get mine this trip?"

I looked at him, hesitating.

"Listen, Doc, am I hurted bad? Gimme a hones' deal. Do I croak?"

"Don't talk, Duck——"

"Dope it straight. *Do* I?"

"Yes."

"I thought you'd say that," he returned serenely. "Now I'm goin' to fool you, same as I fooled them guys at Bellevue the night that Mike the Kike shot me up in the Subway."

A pallid sneer stretched his thin and burning lips, in his ratty eyes triumph gleamed.

"I've went through worse than this. I ain't hurted bad. I ain't got mine just yet, old scout! Would I leave meself croak—an' that bum Mike the Kike handin' me fren's the ha-ha! Gee!" he muttered hazily as though his mind was beginning to cloud, "just f'r that I'll get up an'—an' go—home——" His voice flattened out and he lay silent.

Working over the next man beyond him and glancing around now and then to discover a *brancardier* who might take Duck to the rear, I presently caught his eyes fixed on me.

"Say, Doc, will you talk—business?" he asked in a dull voice.

"Be quiet, Duck; the bearers will be here in a minute or two——"

"T'blazes wit' them guys! I'm askin' you will you make it fifty-fifty—'r somethin'—" Again his voice trailed away, but his bright, ratty eyes were indomitable.

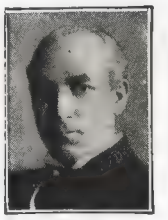
I was bloodily occupied with another patient when something struck me on the shoulder—a human hand, clutching it. Duck was sitting upright, eyes a-glitter, the other hand pressed heavily over his abdomen.

"Fifty-fifty!" he cried in a shrill voice. "F'r heaven's sake, Doc, talk business——" And life went out inside him—like the flame of a suddenly snuffed candle—while he still sat there. . . .

I heard the air escaping from his lungs before he toppled over. . . . I swear to you it sounded like a whispered word—"business."


# The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

## By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is traceable to the digestive tract.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people without drugs or medicines of any kind, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food.

One case that interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds over-weight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons including special summer menus which enable you to withstand the heat and retain winter's vigor.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 79, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

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# THE INTERRUPTED REVUE

(*Continued from page 161*)

and make-up of his face, he was suddenly haggard.

"Is it worth it, Henri?" she faltered. "Why not America at once, and safety? We could get a great engagement there."

He stood biting his nails, agitated.

"There is this last affair to be carried through," he reminded her. "And the money—think of it! How can one live without money?"

"Our salaries," she murmured.

"Pooh! What man with my tastes could live on any salary?"

"Is it worth while to trifle with life and death?" she asked him bluntly. "It is a warning, this, Henri."

The call-boy's voice was suddenly heard.

"Monsieur Anders! Monsieur Anders!"

The Frenchman turned mechanically toward the door.

"You have destroyed my nerve," he muttered. "You have perhaps ruined my performance. Afterward we will see."

IT was "French Night" at Luigi's restaurant, a gala night even in those strenuous war days. Every table in the place was taken, and others had been wheeled in. The waiters made their way about with difficulty. Bohemia and the sycophantic scions of fashion sat arm in arm. The grimmer duties of patriotism were for a moment forgotten. Its other claims met with ample recognition. Félanie sang the "Marseillaise" twice amidst a scene of wild applause. A great French actress from the legitimate stage had recited a patriotic ode. The flags on the tables had been sold for absurd sums by a sympathetic duke who should clearly have been an auctioneer.

A hundred messages of sympathy, of love, of faith, were sent across the wine-glasses to the country whom it was designed to honor. Back in their corner, Lavendale and Suzanne looked on curiously. Once Lavendale drank a little toast with his companion.

"This," he murmured, "is to our fuller alliance."

She drank with him, although she seemed a little puzzled.

"Listen, dear," he went on, "there is just one little thing I'd like to say to you to-night. You and I have helped one another at times, but there has always been a certain reserve. I told you months ago that I was for America above all things, and America only. To-day I feel differently. I have been a witness—you and I together—of foul and brutal murder. I have seen women drowned, have heard their shrieks. Moreton's great invention lies at the bottom of the Atlantic and the war still goes on. America may keep the peace with Germany. It may be in the interests of the highest diplomacy that she should. As for me, I am at war with the Teuton. I am your ally."

Her fingers rested upon his.

"Then there is some good," she whispered, "which has come out of that great and abominable evil."

"A very small good," he said, "but it may count. Tell me, do you know who that fair, almost sandy, young man is, sitting at the table with Félanie and her friends?"

"Of course," she answered. "That is Lenwade, the great flying man."

She dropped her voice suddenly. The young man had risen from his chair, and, in the act of passing down the room to speak to some acquaintances, paused before their table. He bowed to Suzanne and held out his hand to Lavendale. They were old acquaintances and spoke for some time on indifferent subjects.

"What have you been doing with yourself lately?" Lavendale inquired.

"Not much flying," the other confessed. "I have been down giving lessons and breaking in a lot of the youngsters, but I can't stick it myself as I used to. Plays the devil with your nerves."

"Rubbish!" Lavendale laughed. "You haven't a nerve in your body."

"Haven't I?" the other replied. "I remember the time when I could say that. I'd give anything in the world to be at the front now if I felt equal to it, or if my doctor would let me."

Lavendale smiled, and glanced around to be sure that his immediate neighbors were not listening.

"What were you doing at Ypres the week before last, then?" he asked, dropping his voice a little.

Lenwade for a moment was silent, then he shrugged his shoulders.

"You must have mistaken me for some one else," he declared. "Good night!"

He took his leave a little abruptly. Lavendale watched him disappear. Then he glanced toward his companion. His face had become graver.

"Let me put a case to you, my fellow conspirator," he begged.

"I will put one to you instead," she replied. "I know for a fact that Philip Lenwade has been in France for two months, flying every day, engaged upon some special task. He denies it to us—quite properly, perhaps—but should he come to places like this, should he drink champagne so that he is compelled to hold the table while he stands? It is true that all the world knows of his infatuation for Félanie.

"She is safe, perhaps—a Frenchwoman and a patriot—yet there is something about it which I do not like. She and Lenwade have been whispering together half the evening, and more than once I have seen Lenwade shake his head and push her away."

"Supposing Félanie," he whispered, "were not a Frenchwoman at all?"

Suzanne said nothing. She waited, watching her companion with wide-open eyes. Lavendale looked down upon the tablecloth.

"From you," he continued simply, "I have no secrets. Nine years ago I knew Félanie in Paris. She went then by the name of Adèle Goetz. She was a German."

"Go on."

"I watched her from the box to-night. At first I was oppressed, as I have been before, by some vague sense of familiarity in her gestures. Suddenly—I think it was the way she shrugged her shoulders, one higher than the other—anyhow, something brought it all back to me. That was why I left you, Suzanne. I went to her room. Her flaxen hair was become blue-black, she has altered in many ways, but I discovered that I was right."

"She is a German, posing as a French woman, in London to-day?" Suzanne exclaimed. "Why does she run this risk?"

"That is what I have asked myself," he whispered, "that and another question—what is her interest in Lenwade? Hush! We are talking too earnestly. That fellow Anders—they say he is really her husband—watches us. Here comes Luigi. Talk to him for a moment."

THE manager paused at their table and received their compliments on the success of the evening. When he passed on, Félanie had risen as though to go, and Lenwade was arranging her cloak around her shoulders. Anders was still talking to some other members of the company, and friends seated at the great round table in front of the orchestra. Félanie and Lenwade were half-way down the room before the others began to follow. Lavendale rose quickly to his feet.

"Listen," he said, "I am going upstairs and shall come down again just far enough, in case I can hear anything. You go through alone and wait for me in the divan. Tell me if those two go away together, and if so, what is their destination."

They separated at once. A few minutes later Lavendale descended from the balcony and stood just out of sight upon the stairs which led into the entrance hall. The little place was full of the hubbub of cheerful laughter. On one side, however, Félanie and Lenwade were talking earnestly. Félanie had turned suddenly round to Anders, who had just arrived.

"Mr. Lenwade is going to drive me home," she announced. "*Au revoir*, all you good people!" There was much handshaking.

"Vive la France, madame," a young Englishman exclaimed fervently, as he bent over Félanie's fingers, "and may you, too, live for ever!"

"If one would paint France, madame," a painter murmured, "I would choose you for the emblematic figure."

There were more compliments, another little burst of patriotic fervor. Some one even struck up a few bars of the "Marseillaise" as Félanie and her escort disappeared. Lavendale descended the last few stairs and elbowed his way good-humoredly through the group. He took Suzanne by the arm.

"Well?" he whispered, as he led her toward the doorway.

"I am not sure," she answered under her

breath, "but I think they went to his rooms—Number 25 Half-Moon Street."

Lavendale's car was a few minutes delayed. He gave the man the address almost in a whisper. Behind, pushing his way out on to the pavement, was Anders. He watched Lavendale drive off with a slightly disturbed air.

"What are you going to do?" Suzanne asked.

"Make a fool of myself, very likely," Lavendale replied. "I am just working out a theory, that's all. She is going back to his rooms. Anders remains behind, content, and all the world knows that Anders, whether he is her husband or not, is in love with her and furiously jealous. You see, there must be a reason for her little expedition. She is hoping to fetch something."

"Where are we going?"

"To his rooms," Lavendale explained. "Oh! don't look startled, dear. I shall have a very good explanation to offer Lenwade, even if I break in upon the most ordinary amour."

THEY were in Half-Moon Street within a few minutes. Just as Lavendale's car slackened speed, Félanie issued from the door of Number 25, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, sprang into a waiting taxicab and drove off. Lavendale leaped out on to the pavement.

"Follow her, Suzanne," he directed. "I hope you find she's going straight home! If not, you must find out where she does go. I'll come in a taxi. I must see Lenwade first."

He whispered a direction to the chauffeur, passed through the door of Number 25, rang for an automatic lift and ascended to the second story. Leaning over the banisters, as the lift stopped, was Lenwade. He gazed at his visitor in amazement.

"What the mischief are you doing here, old fellow?" he asked thickly.

"Whom are you looking for?" Lavendale retorted.

"Madame Félanie," the other confessed. "She has gone down to fetch her vanity case from the cab. Can't think why she doesn't come back."

Lavendale pushed him suddenly back into his room and closed the door. "You idiot!" he thundered. "She isn't coming back! Now pull yourself together, do you hear? Listen to me. You're half drunk, but I am going to tell you something that ought to sober you. That woman Félanie is a born German, and a spy. What have you given her?"

Even through the bluster of his stormy denial, Lenwade was obviously shaken with surprise.

"What bally rot!" he exclaimed. "She's a Frenchwoman to her finger-tips. They all love her. Didn't you hear her sing—'Marseillaise'? Frenchwoman to her finger——"

"Shut up!" Lavendale interrupted fiercely. "I tell you I knew her nine years ago under another name. She is a German, and it's my belief she's a spy, she and Anders. What have they worked on you? Out with it, man!"

Lenwade swayed on his feet. He looked back across his shoulder to a roll-top writing desk which stood open. Then he snatched up a tumbler from the table by his side, filled it with soda-water and drank it off.

"Lavendale, you're not in earnest!"

"In God's own earnest, man! Quick, if you want to repair the mischief you've done, tell me what you gave her?"

"I've lent her my plans," Lenwade faltered. "I've been two months making them, up above the clouds. I'm the only real draughtsman among those who can keep high enough—plans of the German fortifications and the railways behind, from the coast beyond where our lines touch the French. I say, Lavendale——!"

There was no Lavendale. He sprang down the stairs three at a time, out into the street and at the double into Piccadilly, where he sprang into a passing taxicab.

"Milan! Look sharp!" he ordered.

The man drove swiftly through the half-empty streets. With a little gasp of relief Lavendale recognized his own car waiting in the courtyard. Without a pause, however, he pushed open the swing doors of the Court and leaned over the counter toward the night porter.

"What is Madame Félanie's number?" he asked.

"Sixty-four, sir," the man replied, glancing dubiously at Lavendale. "Monsieur Anders is up there now, however."

Lavendale stepped into the lift, ascended to the third floor, hurried down the dimly-lit corridor and paused outside the door of Number Sixty-four. He listened for a moment.

From inside he could hear voices. Then he pressed the bell. There was a moment's hesitation, then Anders's voice speaking in French.

"Lenwade, perhaps."

He heard Félanie's scornful little laugh, the flutter of her garments as she crossed the room.

Then the door was suddenly opened and she stood there, looking out at him. She gazed at this unexpected visitor and the color slowly faded from her cheeks and the light from her eyes. Lavendale made his way firmly across the threshold and closed the door. Félanie caught at her throat.

"What do you want here, sir?" Anders demanded.

Lavendale pushed them both back into the sitting-room. There was an ugly look in the man's face, but Félanie's courage seemed to have deserted her. She clutched at the air for a moment and sank into an easy chair, hiding her face among the cushions. Lavendale's hand fell firmly upon the loose sheets of paper strewn over the table.

"These are what I have come for," he announced, collecting them and thrusting them into his pocket. "I presume you have had no time to make a copy?"

He glanced searchingly around the apartment.

But it was obvious that nothing of the sort had been attempted. Anders stole slowly back toward the writing-table, his hand was upon the knob of one of the drawers, but Lavendale suddenly gripped him by the coat-collar and swung him almost off his feet.

"Listen," he said coldly: "I know nothing of you, Anders, except that it is my belief that you are one of the vermin of the war, a spy selling his own country. The woman there was once my friend. For that reason, if you leave England on Saturday for America, this matter is finished. If either of you remain in London, or make any attempt to cross to Holland, France or any other country between now and then, something very ugly will happen. You understand?"

Anders's courage had failed him pitifully. Félanie, on the contrary, had recovered herself.

"I have been a fool, perhaps," she confessed. "You were just one of the few chances against me. Very well, we go to America on Saturday."

"But our contract?" Anders faltered. "The *revue?* Félanie's success? They have doubled our salaries. Why, London is at her feet."

"After Saturday," Lavendale reminded him calmly, "the best that can happen to you, Anders, is a bandaged forehead and twelve bullets in the courtyard of the Tower. I will not offend your taste by so much as suggesting——"

Félanie angrily stamped her foot and turned her shoulder contemptuously upon Anders.

"It is finished, Monsieur Lavendale," she pronounced. "If there were any bribe in the world I could offer you——"

It was her one rather faint-hearted effort and he laughed at the evident seduction in her eyes.

"You will be watched from this moment until the steamer leaves Liverpool," he concluded, leaving the room and closing the door behind him.

In the hall he met Lenwade, waiting for the lift, incoherent still, but sober. Lavendale drew him out into the courtyard, where Suzanne was still seated in the car.

"Lenwade," he announced, "I have your plans. They are safe with me. I shall keep them until to-morrow morning. You can come to me at 17 Sackville Street at ten o'clock. Until then they will be safe. You understand?"

"Thank God!" the other murmured. "How did you manage it?"

Lavendale shook him off a little contemptuously and took his place by Suzanne's side.

"They leave on Saturday for Liverpool," he told her. "I hand the care of them, from now until then, over to your branch."

She pressed his hand and drew a little closer to him.

"My dear ally!" she murmured.

*(There will be another and intensely exciting Lavendale story in October Hearst's entitled "The Sentence of the Court,"—the last of the series.)*


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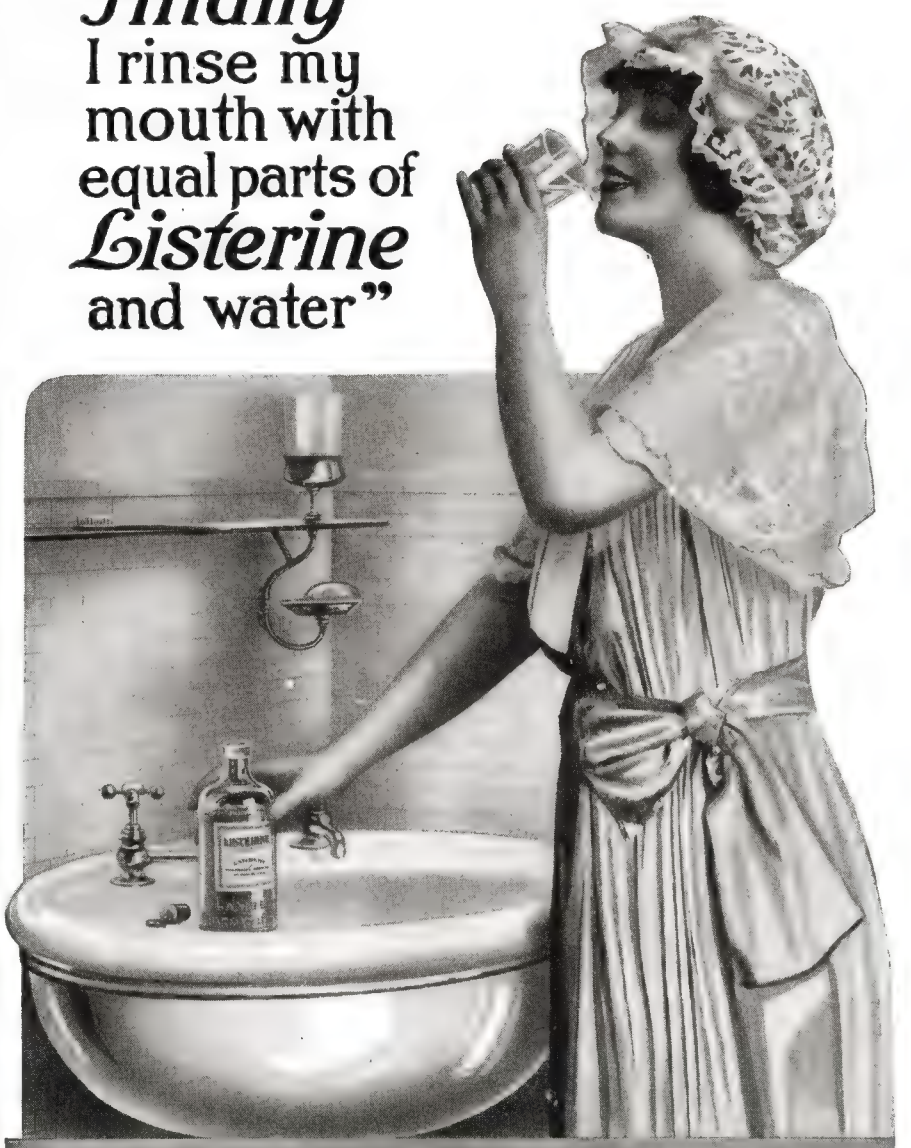

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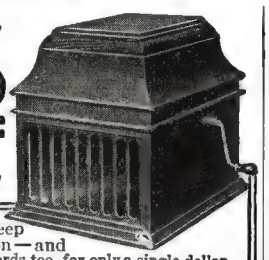

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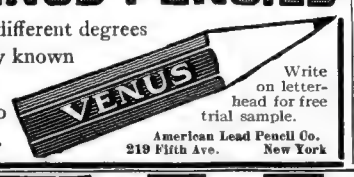


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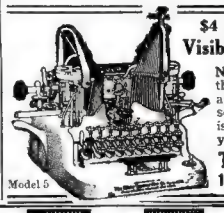


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# MARION

(Continued from page 157)

columns of advertisements. I was determined to look for some other kind of work, yet I realized that I was a "Jack-of-all-trades and master of none," unless it be that of the model. I found one advertisement that seemed to be pretty good:

"Wanted: A smart, pretty young lady for light, easy work. Experience not necessary."

I started down to answer that advertisement at once. The address was in the old building on Washington Street and there seemed to be all kinds of businesses carried on there. On the door of the place I was to apply was some name, and the word "Massage." I had a dim idea what massage meant. I associated it in some way in my mind with illness. I pushed the bell, and the door was quickly opened. A stout, matronly woman stood smiling at me.

"Come in, dearie," she said, as though she were expecting me.

I found myself in a room that looked like the average boarding-house parlor. It was stuffy and dark. The woman sat herself down in a rocker, and she was still smiling at me.

"I came in answer to the advertisement. What do you require me to do?"

Patting me on the arm, she said:

"Easy, easy, dear. Don't talk so loud. It is massage work, dearie."

"I can't do it," I said, "but I might be able to learn."

She kept on grinning and winking at me, and I don't know why, I suddenly felt terribly afraid of her. I said tremulously:

"Will I have to wear aprons?"

She got out of the rocking-chair and poked me in the side.

"Now, dearie, if you are really a good girl, I don't want you to come at all. I'd rather have a young married lady. I had a sweet little married lady before, but her husband got on to us and——"

I had begun to back toward the door, and with my hand behind me I found the knob. I ran out into the hall, and down those stairs as quickly as I could get. Oh, how good the air did seem when I found myself at last on the street.

When I got to my room, I found a note on my table. It was from Miss Darling, and was as follows:

"Dear Miss Marion:

"I don't want to press you, but could you let me have the rent? I would not bother you, but I have expenses to meet, and even if you could let me have a part if you cannot let me have it all, I would be obliged.

"C. Darling."

There was a letter, too, from Reggie. I opened it with my hatpin and oh! I think if I could have pierced Reggie instead of that letter, just then, I would have liked to do it.

"Darling Girlie:

"I met your sister Ada on the street, and she tells me you are doing awfully well in Boston with your painting. I hope, however, you are not forgetting your old sweetheart. Ada tells me you are coming home this summer. Darling, I shall try to arrange to go to Boston, and we will come back to Montreal together. I am longing for the moment when I can hold my own little Marion in my arms again, and tell her how much I love her.

"Everything's going my way lately, and you'll see me a Q. C. before many years have passed. Your own, Reggie."

Somehow I blamed Reggie for all I had suffered, and as I stared out at the darkening night descending upon the streets, I muttered to myself:

"Now it is your fault that I am compelled to pose in the way I hate!"

It had come to this at last. There was nothing else for me to do, and Miss Darling must be paid. She had been so good to me.

As I went out, I knocked at Miss Darling's door. She put out her head and I said:

"Dear Miss Darling, it's all right. I'm going to pay you in a few days."

She said: "All right, dear, I know you will keep your word."

Yes, I would keep my word! I was on my way to Miss St. Denis to tell her what I was now willing to do. I found her in, but she was not feeling well. She had been posing at a class the previous night, she told me, and also three hours in the afternoon.

"See my feet," she said, thrusting them out, "Mon Dieu! they are so sick. All ze night I have put me some vaseline and it is no good. They are all grown beeg again."

Her poor bare feet were badly swollen. I begged her to let me bathe them in hot water. Mama always bathed our feet in hot water when we had colds or our feet hurt.

"Bien!" she said. "Do so, enfant, if you wish, but it is so hard to get hot water in zese boarding-house. Ah! very soon I will have dat little house of all my own, and den, you will see, enfant, what it is to be *tres* happy!"

She sighed, as if she were inexpressibly tired, and lay there with her dark eyes closed, and her beautiful soft dark hair all about her lovely face, and I thought to myself again: "She looks like a picture of the Virgin," and I felt sure that although she was just a poor model, she was pure and good like the Virgin. She opened her eyes after a moment and smiled at me, and she said:

"When I have my little house, enfant, then always ze water will be hot. There will be ze gas on ze stove, and it will give beeg flame, and me? I will have plenty for heat my water. Here, me, I stand and hold for eternity ze little pot to make some water hot on ze little gas-jet. It is all stuff up full!" and she closed her eyes again.

"Wait a minute," I said: "I'll go and ask your landlady for hot water."

I found my way down to the basement, and very politely I said to the landlady:

"Miss St. Denis has a very bad foot. Will you be so kind as to let me have a pitcher of hot water?" She snapped back at me: "I guess I give my roomers more hot water than they pay for. Does she think she is paying hotel prices?"

In a begrudging manner she poured me out half a pitcher full from the kettle on the range. Thanking her, I started to carry it up, but a loose piece of carpet at the foot of the stairs caught my feet. I slipped and all my precious hot water was lost. The landlady had picked up the pitcher, which fortunately was not broken, and when she saw me crying she began to laugh uproariously, and seemed to be suddenly good-natured, for she refilled the pitcher.

I bathed Rose St. Denis' feet, and made her comfortable, and she thanked me sweetly and seemed to be grateful. I sat beside her bed for awhile, smoothing her forehead. She was not really ill, just tired out. Presently I said:

"Now the time has come for me to pose as you do, or as you say, starve or go to the devil."

She opened her eyes with a start, and she said: "*Merci!* But you do say things so suddenly, enfant. You are funniest girl. You say some time ze ting I would not dare to speak, or if I did I would have to confess to my priest; and den you are afraid to do some tings zat is nutting wrong, and you mek one beeg fuss for dat."

She sat up in the bed, with her knees drawn up, and regarded me with the benignant, tolerant glance of a young wise mother. She could understand my viewpoint in regard to posing undraped, but she believed I was simply wrong and my stubbornness in the matter had always puzzled her. She did not waste any time on pitying me now. On the contrary she urged me to do the work.

"Now you have come," she said, "at a very good time for me. I am not able to go to dat night class, and I have made engagement for all dis week. You will take my place, *voilá!* First you will go to ze master of ze school, and you will tell him you have pose bi-fore, dat you have ze belle figure—yes, you must say dat. If necessaire you will show him." As I shook my head, she nodded at me and said: "Yes, yes, you will do dat, if *necessaire*. Mebbe he will not require. You must not tell him that you have not pose bi-fore in dat altogedder. He will tink you 'greenhorn,' as you say, den. Tell him you are one professional model, and dat you are fren' to Rose St. Denis, and dat you will tek my place. I tink he will be satisfy. You look liddle bit like me. Like you are liddle sister to me. Yes, dat is so."

She patted my hand, smiling comfortingly at me. Then she went on with her instruc-

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tions. It was only Tuesday, and I would have five evenings' work and earn seven dollars and fifty cents. I would probably also be engaged for the following week, and for the day classes of the summer school. A model as much in demand as was Rose St. Denis sometimes got steady work of nine hours a day. Three in the morning, three in the afternoon, and three at night. She assured me that I would be soon in demand as she was, perhaps more so, since I was younger than she.

The seven dollars and fifty cents I felt would be a godsend at this time. I would be able to pay the boarding-house woman. She had stopped me on the street only that morning and said:

"If you don't pay me, Miss Ascough, you will have no good luck."

Then there was Miss Darling. I must keep my word to her. Moreover, Ada had been writing me urgent letters insisting that I should send something home, for Wallace, Ellen's husband, was very ill, and of course, no help was coming from them now. As I looked at Miss St. Denis, I thought to myself that after all it could not be such dreadful work or she would not do it. She seemed to me the embodiment of sweetness and refinement, and I could not imagine her doing anything that was gross or impure. I remembered the time I saw her posing before the class, I had not felt revolted in the way I had that time when Lil Markey had skipped about the Count's studio. The amateur model, Lil, had been brazen. The professional one was seriously doing her honest duty.

Miss St. Denis was lying back among her pillows with her white hands—the hands Mr. Sands had said were the most beautiful in America—clasped at the back of her head. She was watching me, and I suppose she knew I was turning the matter over in my mind, and I do not doubt but what she realized somewhat of the struggle that was wrestling in my heart. After a while she said:

"Enfant, pass me dat bottle on ze dresser."

I did so, and she pressed it back into my hand.

"See," she said, "it is ze spirit that will give you courage. I will give it to you. The moment that you deesrobe, tek one good long drink, and den, enfant, you will forget dat you have no clothes on, and dat *tout le monde*, he is look' at you. It will be joost like little dream. Dat firs' time, also, I am feel ze shame—but soon it pass—and it is all forget. Courage, enfant!"

"No, no, Miss St. Denis. Oh, I can't do it! I can't!" I began to cry, and then she seized hold of my hands fiercely and pulled herself up in bed.

"Ah, you are ze coward—renegade. You will not help me."

"Oh, Miss St. Denis, I might just as well go to the dogs completely. Oh, I can never, never do it! Oh, if my people found out, I would be eternally disgraced and Reggie—he would never speak to me again. Then, surely, he would *never*, never marry me, and there would go my last hope."

"You are hysterique," she said gently. "I tink you have not eat so much—yes?"

I told her I had had my dinner, which was not true, and after awhile, when I had dried my tears and was feeling more composed, she resumed, just as if I had not said I would not do it.

"It is not so hard as you tink. You will yourself undress behind ze screen that they provide, wiz one chair for you to rest upon. Nobody look at you when you take off dose clothes. Dere also is one wrapper for you to slip on, and when the monitor he call: 'Pose!' you will walk wiz ze wrapper on to ze model stage, and only den you will drop ze wrapper. Listen, enfant! If you have take dat dreenk I am tell you 'bout, you will forget dat it is you. You will say to yourself: 'Dis is not me. Dis is jus' some statue—so many lines for dem to draw and paint, to make some peecture. Ze real me, I am lef' in my clothes dat are behind dat screen. *Voilá, enfant?*"

I was beginning to get her spirit, and I said:

"Why, yes, I do see. It's like acting, isn't it? I *will* forget it is I." I tried to laugh and added: "I will say: 'O Lord, have mercy on me, this is none of me!' That's an old Mother Goose rime, Miss St. Denis." Because I could see she had fatigued herself on my account, and it was my turn now to comfort and reassure her. I put my arms about her and hugged and kissed her. Tears came into her eyes, and she murmured:

"Pauvre petite enfant. You look like ma petite sœur!"

I went directly from Miss St. Denis to the school. I asked to speak to Mr. Lawton, the master, and he came out to the little ante-room and looked at me sharply while I spoke. I knew my voice was trembling, but I said as bravely as I could:

"I have come from Miss St. Denis. She is ill; but I will take her place."

"You have posed before?" he asked, his eye seeming to scan me from head to foot.

"I am a professional model," I answered.

"Hm! Yes, I think you will do."

I was behind the screen. I had disrobed and I was wrapped up in the wrapper which I found to be very dirty. I wondered how many girls had wrapped it about them.

I could hear the students entering the class-room. I peeped out, and already there were about fifteen men of various ages, and there were about thirty easels and stools. More students were coming in. There was one elderly man with white hair, and two young boys, one only about thirteen. He looked like my little brother Randie. I began to redress. I could never go out before those men and the little boy! Merciful heavens, no!

Then I remembered my promise to Miss Darling. I thought of my father, who was ill, of Ada's insistent demands. Of my empty pocketbook, and then I thought of the bottle that Miss St. Denis had given me. I undressed again. I heard a voice saying:

"Where's the model?"

Then the voice of the monitor called sharply: "Pose! Pose, please!"

I drained that bottle dry. I stepped from behind that screen. I walked up to the platform, and I flung off the wrapper. I heard a voice saying, as from a distance:

"Take some poses," said the voice. I obeyed.

I stood there immovable. I felt like a slave who was to be burned as an offering by some savages. It seemed as if I were turning to stone. There was a vague ringing in my ears, and then, as Miss St. Denis had foretold, I forgot that class. I did not see it. I was back in Hochelaga, and Charles was dragging me along on a sleigh. The snow was thick on our clothes. Mama was brushing it off. Charles was pulling off his mittens and I heard him say to mama: "Mama, I'll never take that Marion with me again. When we pass the Catholic store with all those images of saints she makes me so ashamed. She will stop to look at the naked Jesuses. I couldn't make her come away."

"Rest! Rest!"

The voice of the monitor! I awoke. Mechanically I pulled the wrapper over me. Somebody said:

"The model is crying."

I walked behind the screen. My head still swam, and I still saw dim visions of my home. I seemed to have been there only five seconds—it was five minutes—when again came the command:

"Pose!"

Now I felt angry. I stepped on that stage again, and once more I threw off the wrapper. Somebody said:

"Put the left foot further back."

My anger was mounting. The dream had all vanished and I was conscious only of a vague fury. I know not why, but I hated all of those men. They were looking at me, I thought, like cruel tormentors. I wanted to hurt them all, as they were hurting me. Their intent looks, some with their eyes narrowed to see better, others measuring me with a plumb string, seemed to be mocking at my pain. Somebody said:

"She looks cross."

I seized the wrapper, and savagely I wrapped it about me. I ran for the screen, shouting:

"Oh, you fiends! You beasts! You shall not torment me any more!"

Again I was behind the screen, and with mad, hurrying, fumbling hands I was dressing myself. There was the scraping of boots and stools, and several whistles from the class-room, after the first silence.

Then the master came behind the screen: "What does this mean, Miss Ascough?" he demanded. I was crying bitterly. "Did anyone say or do anything to offend you? If so, I'll put him out of the class."

I said: "Oh, yes, they are not gentlemen. They all stared at me and talked about me."

There was an indignant murmur of denials from the students. Mr. Lawton put his head over the screen and I saw him wink to the students. Then he turned to me and said in a coaxing voice:

"Now, now, be a good girl. We want you to finish the pose. If anybody dares to be rude to you, you just tell me about it, and I'll put him out."

"No, no," I said. "I'll not do it again."

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"Now, please, won't you for my sake? It's instruction night, and I am here to give criticisms. Please resume the pose, like a good girl. Yours is just the kind of figure we need. Come, now."

"No—no—I am through forever!"

I was all dressed. Oh, my beloved clothes! The teacher was now thoroughly provoked.

"What do you mean by taking an engagement and wasting our time like this?"

"I don't know," I answered, and I ran out of the room.

I owe an apology to that class.

WE were all sitting around the big hall stove, and papa said:

"Put your feet on the fender, Marion, and get them warm."

Mama was feeding me with a big spoon of ice-cream, which Reggie tried to snatch away, and then he would throw red-hot coals in my face. Screaming:

"Reggie! Reggie! Stop! Stop!" I woke up.

A man was sitting by the bed in my little room, and he was holding my wrist. I recognized him as a young doctor who had attended Miss Darling when she had the grippe. He had straight blond hair and a gentle expression. Standing by him was the girl who had taken the big room on the first floor a few days before. I had noticed her, because she dressed so well and had so many visitors. Now she was holding some ice on my head, and I heard her say to the doctor that she had just put a hot-water bag on my feet. She was not beautiful, like Rose St. Denis, for she was short and stout, but she had a large, generous mouth, and when she laughed she showed the most beautiful teeth, and she laughed a great deal, so that one could not help liking her. "How is she, doctor?" she asked, and he replied:

"She ought to stay in bed some time. Her temperature is a hundred and five. I'm afraid of her being left alone. Has she no one to take care of her?"

"No, no," I moaned weakly. "I have nobody. They are all dead."

"Who was that 'Reggie' you were calling for?" asked the girl, and I said:

"He's dead, too."

My eyes felt very heavy, and I could not keep them open, I heard their voices as if in a dream.

"My! but she gave us a scare," said the girl. "We were just going out of the front door last night, to get a bite of supper over at the Plaza, and as we opened the door she was coming up the front steps, and she suddenly threw out her hands as if she were drowning, and would have fallen down the stairs, had not Al caught her."

There was a long silence, and then I heard her voice again—she was stroking my hand.

"Poor girl! What a *pretty* little thing she is."

I put my cheek against her hand. Somehow it seemed to me natural that she should be good and kind to me. Then the doctor said:

"I will have her moved to the hospital. This room is too small, and she will need the best of care."

"Why can't I care for her?" asked the girl suddenly. "I can do it! Oh, you don't believe me, eh?" I heard them both laugh, and she said:

"It'll be lots of fun. To begin with, you carry her down to my room."

"Do you really mean that?" I heard him ask, and her reply: "Why, of course I do."

I did not say a word. I did not care much what they did to me, and there seemed to me no reason why I should not be cared for by this stranger. I suppose it was my weakness, but perhaps it was the consciousness that I would have done the same in her place. Poor girls instinctively depend upon each other in crises like these. And then this girl—Lois Barret was her name—had a jolly way that made even the most trying service seem like a game to her. She acted as if she really enjoyed doing something that another person would have considered a trial. She kept saying:

"It'll be all kinds of fun. Come along, doctor, let's get her right down now. Can you do it?"

"Easily," declared the doctor.

"Ah!" said she, "It's fine to have big broad shoulders. I wish I were a man—like you." She added the last two words softly, and the doctor chuckled. They wrapped the blankets around me, and the doctor lifted me up in his arms and carried me down the stairs. I was so weak that even this slight movement affected me, and I fainted.

I must have been even worse than the doctor thought, for I did not know anything more for a long time; then, one day, I opened my heavy eyes, to find myself in a big sunny room, and dreamily I watched Lois Barret hovering over me like a ministering angel. Then, in the evening, I have a dim remembrance of the doctor standing in the window, and putting his arm around Lois, and it seemed to me he was kissing her. I called:

"Oh, I am not asleep. I can see you."

They both laughed, and Lois came over and gave me something to swallow, and as I dropped asleep they seemed to grow into one person.

"Lois, are you in love with Doctor Squires?"

She burst out laughing.

"I'm in love with everybody and everything. Here, lie back there."

I was to sit up in bed that afternoon, and the following day in a chair. I had been ill two weeks.

"Now," said Lois, "I have to go down-town on some business, and I'll be gone two hours. If you want anything just knock on the wall with this," giving me a brush, "and Billy Boyd in the next room will come in, and if it's something he can't do himself he'll call Miss Darling."

She kissed me, and looking fresh and radiant she went on out.

Billy Boyd roomed with a friend in the next room to Lois. His room-mate was a clerk in a department-store, and Billy was a cable operator. He worked at night. Reggie would have called these boys "common Yankees." I knew how much better and in every way superior they were to Reggie, whose grandfather was a duke or something like that. These boys would run errands for Lois if she knocked on their wall for help, and when I was most sick and helpless Billy even came in and helped Lois when it was necessary to lift me. Lois treated them as if they were girls, and they treated her as if she was a boy. It was a revelation to me, as in Canada and in Europe the simple friendship between men and women is not known as in the United States.

Then there was big Tim O'Leary. He was bartender in a nearby hotel. He had a room in the basement of what had once been the dining-room. He used to knock at the door and ask in his big voice, which sounded for all the world like a foghorn:

"How's the little Canadian girl?"

He would send over the waiters from the hotel where he worked with all sorts of stuff that a sick person was not allowed to eat, big platters of lobster salads, chicken salads, club sandwiches, wine and beer. Lois told him I could only have a little broth, and then Tim sent over a big pitcher of rich soup. Lois tasted it, and then fed a spoonful of it to the doctor, and they both laughed. Then she went to the boys' room and knocked, and they were glad to get the good stuff.

Tim was a man of immense stature, and he would tell us all kinds of stories of his experiences when he was a coalheaver in New York and the fights he got into, and the times he was arrested, and always got off with a light fine. Dr. Squires called him a "rough diamond," and, much-sought-after society man as Doctor Squires was, he liked to go off with Tim O'Leary, and have a drink and "chin" together. I did admire the doctor for that, and I remembered how Reggie had been ashamed and angry with me because I had spoken to the conductor on the train.

There was a knock at the door, and when I called "Come in," the door was cautiously and softly opened, and Tim thrust in an inquiring face.

"How's yoursilf?" he inquired, in a big whisper.

"I'm very well, thank you, Mr. O'Leary."

"And Miss Barret, how's hersilf?"

"Oh, she's well too. She had to go out for a couple of hours."

"Sure, then, I'll stay and take care of you mesilf," said Tim. "I'm dead tired. Standing behind a bar is hard on the feet; so if you don't mind, I'll be taking off my shoes and stretch mesilf out for a rest."

I assured him I would be very glad to have him do it. The big man worked sometimes ten and twelve hours at a stretch, and it was so quiet and peaceful in this room I felt the rest would do him good, just as it was doing me.

So Tim stretched himself out on the couch, with his shoes off, and fell asleep.

*(New York is the Mecca of many an artist, and thence Marion flits from Boston, with better luck, as related in the October issue of Hearst's.)*

# THE NEW HUGHES

(*Continued from page 149*)

Similarly those who now meet him for the first time would hardly regard him and the gas and insurance investigator as the same man.

So far as giving a fair impression of his personality was concerned, Mr. Hughes's introduction to the public, eleven years ago, was unfortunate. Until the Stevens Gas investigation, New York, except for its lawyers, had hardly heard his name. Until the Armstrong insurance inquiry, the people of the country had heard nothing of him. Suddenly his fame burst upon a startled country. The impression created was, in the main, austere, almost terrible. Under his relentless pressure many of the greatest reputations in American finance tumbled to the ground over night. As a result of his ten weeks' work men who, a few months before, had walked almost as gods among their fellows, fled to Europe, went insane or retired broken-hearted to country homes. The days which John A. McCall spent on the witness-stand before this remorseless grueller resulted in his death. The resistless force with which Mr. Hughes pursued his subject, his refusal to spare friend or foe, his cold disdain for the interests of the party—his own party, which has just nominated him for the Presidency—these traits seemed to indicate that he was hardly an every-day man, with nerves and emotions and weaknesses like the rest of us, but a kind of ambulating Divine Conscience. Certain details of his life, finding their way into the papers, accentuated this impression. He was a Baptist, and his father, a Baptist clergyman, had brought him up in the strictest sectarian fashion. He had been that exceedingly unpleasant thing, an infant phenomenon; had found the ordinary public-school too slow and tiresome and had proceeded, before hardly out of kilts, to teach himself Latin, Greek and the higher mathematics. Another legend disclosed that he had solemnly promised his father never to read a novel until voting age; another revealed the fact—the putative fact—that he had never called upon his fiancée until after they had become engaged! As a mature man—and this particular anecdote was true—he had organized the Bible Class in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church which the younger Mr. Rockefeller afterward made familiar to the readers of the Monday morning newspapers.

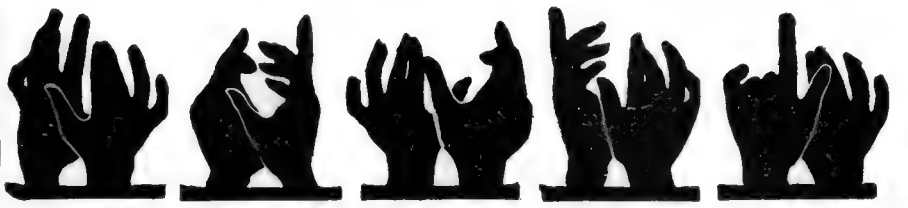
After the public mind has once created an image of this kind, it is a pretty thankless task to attempt to dispel it. Another great mistake we all make is in thinking that the mathematical mind cannot exist alongside the imaginative. There are plenty of illustrious examples to the contrary. Pascal, for example, was not only one of the greatest mathematicians who ever lived, but was one of the most beautiful and poetical of religious mystics. Goethe was not only a great poet, but a pioneer in modern science. Shakespeare and Byron had a knack for writing poetry and were also the sanest of business men. Charles E. Hughes does not belong to this class; I mention them merely to show that the mere fact that he was able to understand deferred dividends and tables of mortality, to say nothing of kilowatts, did not necessarily imply that he was a kind of H. G. Wells automaton. In spite of this Hughes legend, the insurance investigator really did belong to this planet. "If an autopsy is ever performed upon me," Mr. Hughes once said, "I hope they will find something besides sawdust and useful information." But let us frankly understand this matter. Such a post-mortem would undoubtedly reveal a large amount of useful information. So far the Hughes tradition was not unfounded. He did have an amazing facility for figures and facts. He did have a conscience of Gargantuan proportions. As a child he was precocious—exceedingly fond of study. He did, under parental pressure—his father marked him early for the ministry—write amateur sermons and acquire a minute acquaintance with the Bible which has since lent picturesqueness to his English, spoken and written. As a young man he did mark out a straight and narrow course of duty. When he was graduated from the Columbia Law School he did receive the highest mark ever attained by a student up to that time. He had been a prodigious worker. Let those who uphold the ice-cream-freezer conception of Mr. Hughes make the most of these facts, for they are all true. Many of the popular anecdotes of his childhood are also true; I know, because his own father told me them himself. Many of them—but not all. I can still hear the old gentleman's laugh when he referred to that hoary yarn that his son had read no fiction until his twentieth year. He himself, he told me, had put into the boy's hands the works of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, "George Eliot" and other mundane writers—all of which the youngster had devoured. The elder Mr. Hughes's library also contained other volumes that one would hardly expect in this Baptist atmosphere. It comprised, for example, a complete set of Tobias Smollett; and these books the boy found a valuable relaxation from his studies of the life of St. Paul.

All this reminds us of the stories that used to emanate from Albany during the governorship. Mr. Hughes, it was said, was seasoning his struggle with Boss Barnes and Tom Grady with dips into Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius and Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." In fact, his favorite author during this exacting period was Dumas. "I have gone through nearly all his stories," he told his secretary one night. "If the fight keeps up much longer I shall have to take on Gaboriau."

A man is well shown by the authors whose company he keeps. It is true that Hughes does like Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius; he probably has read Kant; but his literary diversions are not one-sided. At Brown—Dr. Faunce, now President, who was in college with Hughes, informs us—he had the reputation of being the best-read man in his class. He had a particular liking for French literature, which he went through in the original. Dr. Faunce furnishes another nugget of information strangely at variance with the accepted tradition; that is, that Hughes was regarded as the wittiest man in his class and was always selected as toastmaster at class functions. Another friend gives a list of writers especially popular with the present Hughes. It includes: "Dooley," Ibsen, Henry James, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley and Tyndal. It is also pleasant to learn that Mr. Hughes, in his easy-going moments, has his "stunt." This is reading, with the richest of Irish brogues, the writings of one of his favorite authors, "Mr. Dooley." Probably this will surprise many people as much as the fact that he immensely enjoys a good cigar and has even been known to indulge in a cocktail.

But, although Mr. Hughes clearly does not lack emotions, his conscience is, after all, his predominant trait. Life with him is a very serious process; his sense of responsibility he carries into all the details of existence. Ask the newspaper reporters who "covered" the life-insurance inquiry; they will tell you plenty of stories that illustrate this point. The world saw in Hughes only a man who was laying bare long-hidden secrets, a just judge who took a grim delight sending white sepulchers to their appointed place. Those on the "inside" saw a man who was morbidly sensitive lest he should do these same gentlemen even a slight injustice.

A final scene comes to mind in any attempt properly to place Mr. Hughes in the present campaign. It has a particular appropriateness in view of his support by Progressives and others interested in "social justice." It was a day or two before Mr. Hughes retired from the governorship of New York. Practically all the leaders in social work in New York—those engaged in the struggle against evil tenements, against tuberculosis, overworking of men, women and children, and the like—called at the governor's room to express their great satisfaction over his coöperation. They called him the "master social worker." New York, they said, had never had a governor who showed such great interest in the campaign against tuberculosis and congestion of population; who had done so much for employers' liability and the public health. Clean streets, clean sewers, factory legislation, decent tenements, pure water, plenty of light and air for the poor; these had figured among his enthusiasms as governor. His tuberculosis law, as Dr. William H. Welch had said, placed New York in the front rank in the fight against that disease. These workers hailed Mr. Hughes's appointment to the Supreme Court bench as indicating that we were to have "a social worker on the Supreme Court." I think anyone who cares to go over his decisions will find that this prophecy was not mistaken.

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# THE CURVE AT KLOKEPUK

(*Continued from page 148*)

be room in the frying-pan for us. Have an orange."

I opened my grip and fished him out a navel orange I brought along from the store.

"I own a store, so it's all right. Some day when it's handy drop in and I'll try and find you some string for your kite."

When she saw that, the gen'ral up and moved her baggage and Zettie and herself to the other side of the room, as far off as she could get, clucking and sputtering like a wet setting-hen.

I couldn't help it, then. I looked at the girl and laughed, and she laughed herself a little, for all she was still flushed and sorry for Zettie.

I SPENT the next two days in my tourist sleeper, trying to think up some way of tracing that girl and Benjamin back in the Union Station in St. Paul. But there wa'n't any way. If I had known her name, or where she was going, or where she came from, I might have wired a detective agency or something. But I'd been too slow getting started. As Bella said, I hadn't yet got waked up. Five dollars to the gate-keeper that morning, the minute I came back from the river, and he could have learned all I needed to know from her ticket.

I like to follow the train on the map when I'm trav'ling. The time was toward evening of the third day out, and we were climbing a narrow valley that ran back from the Columbia into the Cascades, not many hours out of Seattle. The trees had come all of a sudden, like crossing a line. Not little fence-post trees, either. These fellows were a couple of hundred feet high, and as big as a silo. They were set so close together they looked like a wall.

And then it came over me: What if these were some of my trees? It gave me a funny feeling to think that they were hundreds and mebbe thousands of years old, and mebbe I owned them, and I hadn't waked up enough to get acquainted.

"Some of our trees were big trees when Columbus landed, and even when Hengist landed," my father told me once. "I think we could even find a few that were alive when Christ was born."

The curves began coming along faster, but not so as to make any diff'rence to our engines. We had on two big mountain engines; up-grade, and we were a little late, mebbe ten minutes. If you've never felt mountain engines pull you won't understand. When they're ready they jest start, and when they want to go fast they jest go fast. The train doesn't make any diff'rence.

As I sat there at the window I heard a station-whistle and felt the train round into a tangent. I looked at my watch, then at the time-table. It was five-seven. The station must be Klokepuk. Only five minutes late now; less, for Klokepuk was a flag-station and we were singing right through along the side of the mountain. Ahead I could see a good curve coming, with right in the middle of it a high wooden trestle spanning a kind of gorge. Beyond the trestle lay a cliff or headland, behind which the track disappeared.

I hoped the engineers wouldn't cut down speed before reaching that curve. It would be a fine sight to see the two engines shoot out ahead and cross that trestle under full steam. But the pilot engineer robbed me, for jest then he shut off steam and set the brakes.

The second engine was now out in plain view, showing that the curve was a bit sharper than most of those below. The trestle was running straight at us. In another car-length, mebbe four-fifths of a second, the pilot engine would be at the edge of the gorge. The train was still driving ahead a-plenty, although the checking action of the brakes was beginning to hold it back.

And then I saw something that was bigger to me than rivers and trees and mountains; and yet it was so small I wouldn't have seen it at all if I hadn't been looking straight at it.

Jest at this moment, something less than three seconds after that pilot engine came into sight upon the curve and before it had reached the trestle, I saw a brake-beam under the tender begin jumping. In the winking of an eye it had torn loose and dropped to the track and the wheels next behind had struck it and hopped over onto the ties. At the same time there was a throwing out of dirt and splinters, and a splashing of water from the tank above, and the whole train began shaking as if it had a chill, with those tender-wheels chewing flange-deep through the tops of the ties at the rate of twenty a second. In another eye-wink I could feel the underfoot grinding and thrust backward of the brakes.

Curious, but I wa'n't excited yet enough to wake me up—only int'rested.

I saw the pilot engine run out upon the trestle with that tender thrashing along behind it. I saw the engineers jump clear.

And then suddenly there wa'n't any trestle there. At the same instant there rose from the gorge a huge volume of water, either from the boilers or water-tanks, which fell like a cloudburst over the trestle and nearer cars.

Up to this time the women in the car hadn't caught on to what was happening. The stuttering of the derailed tender didn't mean anything to them. But the roar as both engines dropped into the gorge was language that even women could understand. I somehow saw and heard them without looking or listening—nine screaming women, their hands over their ears to shut out the crashes, running down the aisle toward the rear door.

Meanwhile, the mail-car followed the engines, end-on; then the baggage-car, but headed up-stream so that I could not see what became of it; then the day-coach. And then with a great shock like that of a collision the train stopped, with the forward end of my own car out over the edge of the canyon.

"That's all," I said.

A minute later I was outside with the conductor and brakeman. It was a pretty bad wreck, but the steel train stood up to it. In the bed of the gorge the two big mountain engines lay on their backs, wheels to the sky, one up-stream and the other down. The long steel mail-car was standing on end near the lower engine, all there except for wheels. The baggage-car had plunged down diagonally, and was intact. The day-coach following had not been so lucky, for it had been driven by the train behind it against a giant stump half way down the side of the gorge and had a corner crushed in. The up-tilted rear vestibule of this car had in turn driven back against the forward vestibule of my own car. Otherwise this car also was intact.

Windows in the day-coach now began to go up.

"Fetch some crowbars, somebody!"

"Anyone hurt in there?" asked the conductor.

"A woman," the man replied. "Sat in the first seat from the front with a little boy."

"Let these women out!"

"Fetch your stepladder!" I yelled to my porter.

There were four other women in the car. We helped these out through the window, except one, who stayed behind to help, while the brakeman went for crowbars and jacks. Then they passed out the kid.

I knew him the minute I saw him, and he knew me. It was the kid I'd given an orange to, back in St. Paul, and then lost. We'd been traveling on the same train going on three days, and I'd jest been too slow to find it out.

But I was awake now. The way I climbed into that car was something to see.

"She's unconscious," said one of the men. "Seems caught under that iron piece somehow."

"Let me look."

I got down into that wreckage without paying much attention to scratches. I wanted to find out jest what it was that held her, so that we could ease up on it without hurting her worse. One piece of iron, it was. Her foot was caught somehow. She was hurt on the head, too, mebbe pretty badly, but the iron was all that held her.

"I believe I can lift it," I said. "Can you pull her away, not too hard, when I raise on it?"

I doubled up some handkerchiefs under my hands and got myself where I could bring most of my strength to bear and lifted until I thought I'd pull apart; then I lifted some more and felt the thing give.

"Now!"

We got her out all right, I don't know how and a doctor on the train washed and dressed the cut on her head and cut away her shoe and dressed her crushed foot the best he could and made a hospital bed for her in one

of the sleepers. He couldn't tell yet, he said, how badly she was hurt. She might live and she might not.

"Someone had better notify her friends," he added.

I took him aside the first chance I had.

"I'm John Selden," I explained. "Robert Cramer of Seattle is my brother-in-law. I'd like to have you stay with that girl until we get her into the hospital, and send the bill to me. She needn't know I asked you. Call it a whim of mine—jest a whim."

He looked at me a little funny.

"I'll pay you a hundred dollars now, on account, because you don't know me. More, if you say so."

"Are you related to her?"

"I intend to be."

He hes'tated a minute; then he took the money and agreed.

"But it's possible she may not live," he said.

"That's what you're for! Make her live!"

A LITTLE later I got Benjamin from one of the car-porters.

"Come, son. We're going for a walk. The conductor says you're to stay with me to-night. Your sister's hurt. We'll come back pretty soon and move into another car and another engine will come for us after a while and take us into Seattle over another road."

A little later still I filed two telegrams with the op'rator at Klokepuk station.

The first I sent in the name of the train conductor. Directions in the girl's pocket-book said that in case of accident to Dora Heredia, her brother Benjamin was to be sent to his cousins in Seattle, upon whom he had family claims, and that proofs would be found in the family Bible in her trunk. A Seattle man's name was added in lead pencil.

"Benjamin Heredia, Heredia National Bank, Seattle. Dora Heredia, cousin, dangerously injured train wreck Klokepuk. Brother unharmed. Will arrive seven-thirty to-morrow morning. Roberts, Conductor."

The second telegram was to my sister.

"Mrs. Robert Cramer, Seattle. Train wrecked. Safe but now wide awake. Will arrive morning seven-thirty. Can you favor arrange quietly your name for room hospital Miss Dora Heredia, badly hurt, girl I'm going to marry, doesn't know it yet? Also ambulance and nurse at train. John."

I wired like that for safety. If the girl objected, or her relatives had other plans for her, no harm was done. From the wording of the directions I thought it better not to count too much on those Seattle Heredias.

Bella and Bob were waiting for me on the platform. Bella gave a little cry when she saw me and ran forward and threw her arms around me and kissed me, and then dabbed her eyes and kissed me again. Bob nearly shook my hand off. I was glad to see them, too.

"Where is she, John?"

Trust a woman to be int'rested in a new sister-in-law who didn't know it yet!

"In the first car. She was conscious this morning, but the doctor can't tell how she'll stand the shock."

I didn't have to introduce my doctor to Bella—she knew him already, and took him over with the rest as if she owned him, too. After she had told him what she wanted done she turned the nurse and ambulance van and the other arrangements over to him and came back to me and Bob.

I'd been too much bothered to speak of the kid, but he was right there beside me, obeying orders.

"This is her brother," I now explained. "I forgot to wire you. Benjamin bunked with me last night."

"He's to go to the house with us, of course. I know about Benjamin."

"You do?"

"Yes, and about you, too. It's all in the P.-I."

She laughed when she saw my look. If somebody had told me the C. W. was in the C. R. N., I'd have understood. But the P.-I.! I'd have had to run ev'rything I ever knew through a sand-sieve to find the sense to that.

"The P.-I. is a morning paper," she explained.

Ever since the train got in I'd been looking for those Seattle Heredias I'd telegraphed to.

"I wired her cousins at the same time I wired you. I wonder why they weren't here."

Bella exchanged a quick glance with Bob. "And you said you were wide awake!"

She knew I hadn't seen the morning paper; so we walked out past the news-stand and bought one. Then they stood off and watched me while I looked through it.

The wreck was first page; a good many Seattle people were on the train. I skipped the stories of how it happened, and the interviews with prominent citizens who escaped, and the guff about myself jest because I happened to be where I could lift on that iron. What Bella and Bob had referred to and what int'rested me was an interview with Benjamin Heredia, pres'dent of the Heredia National Bank—the man I had telegraphed to. Mr. Heredia was greatly surprised and mystified that his name should have been found in a young woman's pocket-book. He had never seen Miss Heredia and was not related to her in any way. Neither was he related to the brother. Not even distantly. Not even fifteenth cousins. No more related than a tomcat is to a catfish.

I know now how it feels to see red.

"Don't you remember? I told you you could learn something about meanness from Benjamin Heredia. He's our meanest man. Even the men hate him. Now you know what I meant."

"I'm getting int'rested," I said.

"Let's not think about him any more. You three men"—she was looking at the kid—"you three men are hungry. Breakfast is ready. We'll drive out to the house and have something to eat. Just forget the other."

"He's a—a toad!" I said. "A blamed toad! Turning down a girl hurt like her, his own flesh and blood! Mebbe he will and mebbe he won't! I'm going to see, by jake!"

"What can you do?"

True; what could I do? Jest exactly flat nothing. Except mebbe think. So I went with them to the machine, and we all rode out to the house—Bob in front beside the what-you-may-call-him, and Bella and I in the back seat, with Bejamin seated between. What's the use of feeling waked up when all you can do is think? But this is what I was thinking about. I was thinking why Benjamin Heredia of Seattle was so cock-pos'tive he wa'n't even distantly related to the Heredias of everywhere else.

I telephoned Mr. Benjamin Heredia to make sure; and when I hung up I didn't forget his name. Instead I laid in a supply of check-books. Two weeks later I had Bob Cramer arrange for a little conf'rence between him and us in the Pukluytie Lumber Comp'ny's offices. By then I'd used up most of my checks.

BOB arranged the conf'rence with Heredia, after I was all ready.

I reached the office before eleven o'clock, but Dora and my sister were already there waiting in the outer room. Mr. Heredia had arrived, Bella said. Early. I guessed he was trying to get a line on what I was after, and let it go at that. I had another man with me. Not a friend—jest a hired man.

"Why all this mystery?" Bella wanted to know.

And Dora: "Has it something to do with me?"

She was thinking of Cousin Benjamin inside, and of course the fact that Bob and I had insisted on her being present.

"All you have to do is listen," I told her, "and not grab the lines. It has and it hasn't."

Bob opened the door of his private office. "Come in, all of you," he said, meaning the three of us. My man wa'n't ready jest then.

So we went in, and the bank pres'dent and his lawyer got up, and we were all introduced, and they bowed back very cold. Heredia looked at me out of the corner of his eye as int'rested as a chained bull-dog. He looked ugly at Dora, too. But he wa'n't for making any breaks until he knew his reach.

"We may as well get down to cases," began Bob. "I asked this conference for Mr. Selden, who as attorney and guardian wishes to present the claims of Miss Heredia and her brother on Mr. Heredia's interest."

"Neither has any claim on my interest. If that's all you're here for you're wasting your time and mine."

"Nevertheless I think I'd listen," said Bob quietly.

So he did. He pushed his hands down into his trousers pockets insolent like, and leaned back in his chair and waited. He didn't know me from Adam's nephew—Bob hadn't told him—but he knew Bob was pres'dent of the Pukluytie Lumber Comp'ny. Then I leaned back in my chair too and commenced talking.

I began by explaining how I first saw Dora and Benjamin back in the St. Paul Union


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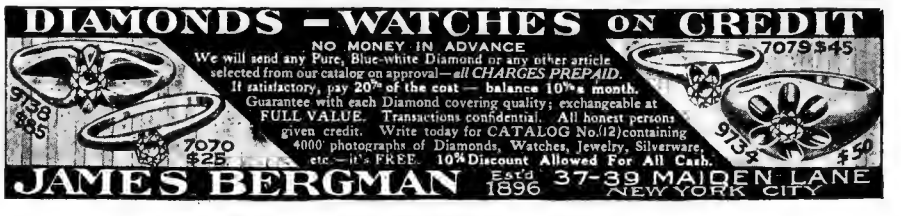

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Station, and then didn't see them again until they were nearly killed because they didn't have $4.80 for an upper-berth tourist and had to ride in the day-coach.

"Miss Heredia seemed to think she had rel'tives in Seattle. Funny where she got that idea. Anyhow, she was wrong. I telegraphed, but Mr. Heredia here wa'n't int'rested. So I had to go ahead myself and protect her int'rests."

I went on and explained how she gave me a power of attorney, and how I settled with the railroad comp'ny for $1000 cash, and how I took out guardianship papers for the boy, all legal, and how then, having nothing bigger on hand, I began getting ready for this conf'rence. It cost Miss Heredia and her brother twenty thousand, but I got what I wanted.

Dora sat up straight when I mentioned that amount, but Bella caught her eye. Bella didn't know what I was driving at, but she knew I could afford to blow in two weeks' wages if I wanted to.

As for Heredia, the geezer seemed so sure of himself he jest wouldn't wonder what I meant. All he could see was me annoying him through Bob by keeping him in that chair. Prob'bly he didn't know anything human could touch him. Thought he was Queen Anne Hill, or mebbe Mount Rainier. My talk jest blew right past him, all except the mention of money. That seemed to tickle his nose.

"Twenty thousand what—dollars?" he sneered, very sarcastic.

"Dollars," I said.

"Where'd they get twenty thousand dollars?"

"I lent it to them."

"Oh, he spent it!" said Bob.

"Never mind the twenty thousand. It was good fun, and they've got more, and so've I. But mebbe you'd like to know what I bought with that twenty thousand? I can tell you that in two words. Just knowledge."

I told him then about the Heredia fam'ly. Benjamin Heredia, who was the founder of the Seattle branch of the fam'ly, had two sons, but the older one married a pretty servant-girl against the old man's wishes, and was disinherited. He went East and became Dora's grandfather. The younger son, Charles, stayed in Seattle, but had no children.

"Pardon me," he interrupted. "He left a son. Charles Heredia was my father."

"Very well. If you are Charles's son, as you say, you and Dora Heredia's father were first cousins. Yet you told me and told the newspapers that you were not related—not even fifteenth cousins."

Heredia colored up like a sunset, only quicker, and jumped to his feet.

"That's all I am willing to listen to!" he said. "But what I told you was true!" And he started for the door.

"Better stay, Heredia." Bob put it polite and soft, but he meant it hard as nails. "John has something else to say to you."

Heredia turned and walked over to a window and began looking out.

"Do you want money?"

"I'm coming to that, too. But first about these two brothers. Benjamin gave the older brother the family Bible, and made a new will, and then before he could blow his thumbs cool he died. Charles got ev'rything but the Bible. And he kept ev'rything, too. He let his only brother die in want, and his brother's son. And now this girl and boy, his brother's grandchildren, except for that Bible."

Heredia whirled, his face white, his hands clenched. He looked almost like a man, by jake, for a minute!

"Name your price!" he said. "How much do you want? What is your proposal?"

I looked at Bob, and then at Dora, as if consid'ring. I wa'n't consid'ring, but jest pretending. Then I turned again to Heredia.

"You want me to make you a proposal on the children's account? You mean as their legal representative? Proposal of what?"

"How much do you ask to take them away from here and never bother me with them again?"

Up to this time Heredia's lawyer had sat without speaking. His name was Smithers. There wa'n't much for him to say, mebbe.

"I want ev'rything that belongs to them," I said.

"That's nothing!"

"I've found out exactly what's theirs, and where it is, and who has it, and what it's worth. My lawyers have filed suit for a complete accounting and restoration. They jest filed it this morning. At the same time I had you enjoined from concealing or selling or giving away or otherwise disposing of any of their property."

Heredia didn't believe me, but his lawyer did.

"What John says is true," attested Bob. "The suit's filed and all. The man outside is a bailiff waiting to serve the papers."

"Charles Heredia died without issue," I explained. "Therefore his property goes to his next of kin."

"He left a will!"

I suppose he wanted to see how much I knew; or mebbe he had forgotten jest how it was.

"A will in favor of his wife, whose death preceded his own by two days. No other will."

"I am his adopted son!"

"He never adopted you. You were abandoned on his doorstep at a time when he and his wife were still young and hoped to have children of their own."

Heredia didn't get the idea even now. But his lawyer did.

"I was always recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Heredia as their son—everywhere and always! No one in Seattle but knows it! Publicly recognized!"

Funny how some people have that belief about adoption! Property, yes. A wife, yes. But not a child. Jest treating a child as if it were your own doesn't make it so. The common law doesn't recognize adoption. Adoption is provided for by statute. If you do certain things in a certain way there is a legal adoption; if you don't, there isn't. The Heredias hadn't done them.

"I know," I went on, "because I've had the best lawyers in Seattle looking up the records."

"Mr. Heredia in law is a mere usurper," said Bob. "He has no more right to inherit Charles Heredia's property than I have. He is still the child of his real parents. Charles Heredia left no will. He left no children of his blood. He adopted no one. As a consequence his property passes to his next of kin, his brother's grandchildren."

Heredia flared up, like a bonfire when you poke it.

"It takes a fortune-hunter to tell a fortune backward, doesn't it?"

Dora and I hadn't been making any secret of our int'rest in each other, but when he said that she flushed up red as fire.

"That crack will cost you jest $10,000," I said.

Bella spoke up then. "Fortune-hunter, indeed! John is my brother and owns forty-two per cent. of the Pukluytie stock, just as I do, besides other property!"

"Selden is making twelve hundred dollars a day more than he can spend, that I know of," added Bob. "Besides a good deal I don't know of. You're a banker, and didn't look him up?"

The lawyer spoke then: "I presume you asked us here for a purpose. What's your proposal?"

I told him, then. I'd made up my mind beforehand to offer Heredia $50,000 in cash, advanced out of my own pocket, for him to throw up his hands. That offer was now $40,000. I had it with me, too. Spot cash, money down.

"Forty thousand is big money for a foundling," I continued. "It's forty thousand more than he ever offered his cousin's family. I don't offer it because he's more deserving. It's jest that it will save us about that much trouble."

"Don't bother about saving yourself trouble!"

"Better talk it over with your lawyer," I said. "Come, folks! Let's clear out!"

So then we all went out into the other room. I wanted to give old Heredia a word alone with Smithers. I knew I had him, and I knew his lawyer knew it, too.

When we returned, Mr. Benjamin Heredia of Seattle was looking gray and sick. I guess Smithers had been feeding him up on the truth of God. Smithers began fencing for better terms.

"You really ought to allow Mr. Heredia more than a few paltry thousands. The estate runs up into the millions."

"Forty thousand or the fam'ly Bible. He can have his choice."

"Good heavens, man!"

"Charles Heredia's brother wa'n't even given his choice. He took the Bible."

"If we had more time——" began Heredia.

"To look up the law?"

"The facts——"

"You know the facts. Take it or leave it. And I don't mind adding I'd jest as soon you'd leave it."

Lawyer Smithers shrugged his shoulders.

"As an attorney I have informed Mr. Heredia that he has no case, and strongly advise him to accept your offer."

"What do you say? It's Miss Heredia's lunch-time. Take it or leave it."

"I accept," said Heredia.

BELLA was talking to me. "I know it's rude of us to leave you, but Bob forgot and promised the Grebles to take lunch with them. They're only in town for the day. You and Dora won't mind driving back without us, will you?"

Those were her words; but what she meant was a little diff'rent:

"Now that you are awake you'd better keep on and straighten out your own troubles. I'm giving you your chance. See that you take it."

I was so grateful I almost answered the words she meant instead of the words she used.

"We'll try and manage somehow," I said.

Dora didn't say much the first few blocks. She seemed stunned like, and didn't smile. I remember how she'd run away in the Union Station. There was only one thing to do, and that was, have it out with her before she got inside the house.

"Dora," I said, "you're a rich woman now, and you've found out that I'm a rich man. I'm glad you're rich, because if you weren't you wouldn't go driving with me any more. And I'm glad I'm rich, because you won't be afraid, mebbe, I'm a fortune-hunter in love with your money. But I'd be jest as glad if we were both poor."

She answered me soft like, and far away: "You helped me with my bundles when I was a stranger, and after that you were kind to Benjamin. It was you who got me free in the wreck. I saw the papers and know. And it was you who looked out for me afterward."

She had me frightened there. I remembered that doctor, and my telegram to Bella about the girl I was going to marry. If she ever got hold of that telegram——

"I liked the kid is why."

"My cousin denied us while I was helpless. If it hadn't been for you—I don't dare think what we should have done!"

There wa'n't much to say, so I said it.

"Then you settled with the railroad company so as to give me some money of my own. How did you know I was worried?"

She looked at me very odd and thoughtful. Not searching; int'rested, mebbe. Then she went on, but a little strained, as if she was keeping tight hold of herself.

"You and Bella have been kinder to me than anyone ever was in all my life before! You've treated me like a sister! Bella took me into her home here, and Benjamin too—strangers, both of us! And you—I didn't know there were such people!" She stopped a minute because her voice broke a little.

"Bella is jest that way."

"All of you! During this whole time you two men have been fighting my pretended cousins without saying a word! But especially you! You're the kindest man I ever knew!"

"I'm the meanest."

She didn't answer, but jest looked at me in that funny way.

"You even spent your own money for us! The first thing we do must be to repay you that money."

We were getting 'way off the subject, which was Dora Heredia and not John Selden. So I started in again trying to say what I wanted to.

"Dora!" I said. "You're not going to let what you found out make any diff'rence?"

"Why should I do that?"

"I was afraid you might, if you couldn't care." She didn't answer.

"I wouldn't want you to stop jest for that." She didn't answer.

"You see, I've been trying to make you care ever since back in St. Paul, and ev'ry day I've been trying harder. Mebbe by next week or in a year or two——"

She didn't say anything, and I looked at her again. She still had the tears in her eyes, but around the mouth she was almost laughing.

"What are you trying to tell me, John?"

"You could go driving with me even if you didn't care. But I was hoping mebbe—But shucks! What's the use? I was jest hoping mebbe——"

"I do care! I care a great deal!"

"You wouldn't have to live in Ell'nsville or anywhere you didn't like. The only trouble is me myself. I was hoping if I cared enough for you and you cared a little for me, mebbe you could overlook what you don't like and marry me."

"Is that all? Of course I'll marry you, John!"

So we told Bella the minute she came in, and she telephoned right down to Bob, and there were happy times.

"I knew it! I knew you'd stay awake long enough for this when I saw how you handled Dora's cousin!"

Then it was my turn to laugh. "This is what woke me up!" I said.

# THE GREAT WEST

(*Continued from page 159*)

We made the first hundred and fifty miles easily. I was glad to be a plainsman once more, and took a lively interest in everything that went forward. We were really making speed, too, which added to the excitement. The ordinary bull team could do about fifteen miles a day. Under Simpson's command his specially selected bulls were doing twenty-five, and doing it right along.

But one day, while we were nooning about one hundred and fifty miles on the way, one of the boys shouted: "Here come the mules!'

Presently Stewart's train came shambling up, and a joyful lot the "mule skinners" were at what they believed their victory.

But it was a short-lived victory. At the end of the next three hundred miles we found them, trying to cross the Platte, and making heavy work of it. The grass fodder had told on the mules. Supplies from other sources were now exhausted. There were no farms, no traders, no grain to be had. The race had become a race of endurance, and the strongest stomachs were destined to be the winners.

Stewart made a bad job of the crossing. The river was high, and his mules quickly mired down in the quicksand. The more they pawed the deeper they went.

Simpson picked a place for crossing below the ford Stewart had chosen. He put enough bulls on a wagon to insure its easy progress, and the bulls wallowed through the sand on their round bellies, using their legs as paddles.

Stewart pulled ahead again after he had crossed the river, but soon his mules grew too feeble to make anything like their normal speed. We passed them for good and all a few days farther on, and were far ahead when we reached the North Platte.

Thus ended a race that I shall never forget. Since that time the stage-coach has outdistanced the bull team, the pony express has swept past the stage-coach, the locomotive has done in an hour what the prairie schooner did in three or four days. Soon the aeroplane will be racing with the automobile for the cross-country record.

But the bull team and the mule team were the Continental carriers of that day, and I am very glad that I took part—on the winning side—in a race between them.

We soon began meeting parties of soldiers, and lightening our loads by issuing supplies to them. When at last we reached Fort Laramie the outfit was ordered to Fort Walback, located in Cheyenne Pass, twenty-five miles from where Cheyenne stands today, and ninety miles from Fort Laramie.

This was in the very heart of the Indian country. Our animals were to haul in plows, tools and whatever was necessary in the constructing of the new fort then building. The wagon-beds were taken from the wagons to enable the hauling of greater loads. The beds were piled up at Fort Laramie, and I was assigned to watch them. It was here that I had abundant time and opportunity to study the West at first hand. Heretofore I had been on the march. Now I was on fixed post, with plenty of time for observation.

Fort Laramie was an old frontier post, such as has not existed for many years. Nearby, three or four thousand Sioux, Northern Cheyennes and Northern Arapahoes were encamped, most of them spending much of the time at the post. Laramie had been established by a fur-trading company in 1834. In 1840 or thereabouts the Government bought it and made it a military post. It had become the most famous meeting-place of the Plains. Here the greatest Indian councils were held, and here also came the most celebrated of the Indian fighters, men whose names had long been known to me, but whom I never dared hope to see.

Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Baker, Richards, and other of the celebrated hunters, trappers and Indian fighters were as familiar about the post as are bankers in Wall Street. All these men fascinated me, especially Carson, a small, dapper, quiet man whom everybody held in profound respect.

I used to sit for hours and watch him and the others talk to the Indians in the sign language. Without a sound they would carry on long and interesting conversations, tell stories, inquire about game and trails, and discuss pretty much everything that men find worth discussing.

I was naturally desirious of mastering this mysterious medium of speech, and began my education in it with far more interest than I had given to the "three R's" back at Salt Creek. My wagon-beds became splendid playhouses for the Indian children from the villages, who are very much like other children, despite their red skins.

I joined them in their games, and from them picked up a fair working knowledge of the Sioux language. The acquaintance I formed here was to save my scalp and life later, but I little suspected it then.

I spent the summer of '58 in and about Laramie. I was getting to be a big, husky boy now, and felt that I had entered on what was to be my career—as indeed I had.

In January, '59, Simpson was ordered back to Missouri as brigade train-master of three wagon trains, traveling a day apart. Because of much travel the grass along the regular trail was eaten so close that the feed for the bulls was scanty.

Instead of following the trail down the South Platte, therefore, Simpson picked a new route along the North Platte. There was no road, but the grass was still long, and forage for the cattle was necessary.

We had accomplished about half our journey with no sign of hostile Indians. Then one day, as Simpson, George Woods and I were riding ahead to overtake the lead train, a party of Sioux bore down on us, plainly intent on mischief. There was little time to act. No cover of any kind was to be had. For us three, even with our rifles, to have stood up against the Sioux in the open would have been suicide. Simpson had been trained to think quickly. Swinging the three mules so that they formed a triangle, he drew his six-shooter and dropped them where they stood.

"Now there's a little cover, boys," he said, and we all made ready for the attack.

Our plan of defense was now made for us. First rifles, then, at closer quarters, revolvers. If it came to a hand-to-hand conflict we had our knives as a last resort.

The Sioux drew up when they saw how quickly Simpson's wit had built a barricade for us. Then the arrows began to fly and among them spattered a few bullets. We were as sparing as possible with our shots. Most of them told. I had already learned how to use a rifle, and was glad indeed that I had. If ever a boy stood in need of that kind of preparedness I did.

Down came the Indians, with the blood-curdling yell which is always a feature of their military strategy. We waited till they got well within range. Then at Simpson's order we fired. Three ponies galloped riderless over the prairie, and our besiegers hesitated, then wheeled, and rode out of range. But our rest was short. Back they came. Again we fired, and had the good fortune to stop three more of them.

Simpson patted me encouragingly on the shoulder. "You're all right, Billy!" he said, and his praise was music to my ears.

By this time our poor dead mules, who had given their lives for ours, were stuck full of arrows. Woods had been winged in the shoulder. Simpson, carefully examining the wound, expressed his belief that the arrow which inflicted it had not been poisoned.

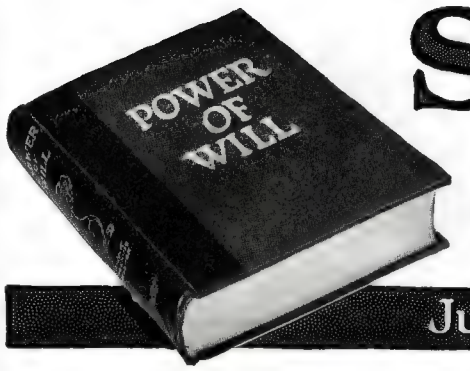
But we had little time to worry about that or anything else. Our enemies were still circling, just out of range. Here and there when they grew incautious we dropped a man or a pony. But we were still heavily outnumbered. They knew it and we knew it. Unless help came it was only a question of time till it was all over.

Daylight came and they still held off. Eagerly we looked to the westward, but no wagon-train appeared. We began to fear that something had happened to our friends, when suddenly one of the Indians jumped up, and with every evidence of excitement signaled to the others. In an instant they were all mounted.

"They hear the crack of the bull-whip," said Woods.

He was right. Without another glance in our direction the Sioux galloped away toward the foothills, and as they disappeared we heard the welcome snap of the long bull-whip, and saw the first of our wagons coming up the trail. In that day, however, the plainsman was delivered out of one peril only to be plunged into another. His days seldom dragged for want of excitement.

When we got to Leavenworth, Simpson sent three of us ahead with the train-book record of the men's time, so that their money would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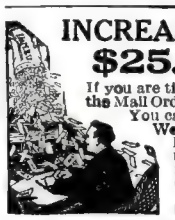

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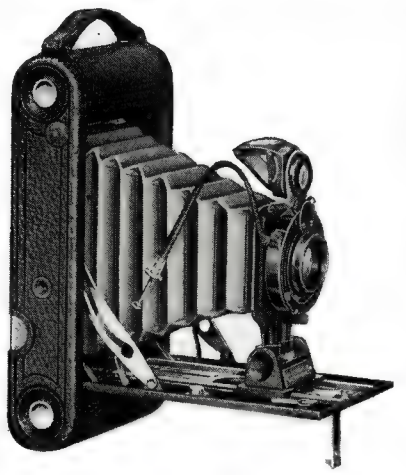

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be ready for them when they arrived at Leavenworth.

Our boss's admonition to ride only at night and to lie under cover in daytime was hardly needed. We cared for no more Indian adventures just then.

We made fairly good progress till we got to the Little Blue, in Colorado. It was an uncomfortable journey, finding our way by the stars at night and lying all day in such shelters as were to be found. But the inconvenience of it was far preferable to being made targets for Indian arrows.

We were sheltered one night from one of the fearful prairie blizzards that make fall and winter terrible. We had found a gulley washed out by an autumn storm, and it afforded a little protection against the wind. Looking down the ravine I saw ponies moving. I knew there were Indians near, and we looked about for a hiding-place.

At the head of the ravine I had noticed a cave-like hollow. I signaled to the two men to follow me, and soon we were snug in a safe hiding-place. As we were settling down to rest one of the men lit his pipe. As the cave was illuminated by the glow of the match there was a wild yell. I thought all the Indians in the world had jumped us. But the yell had come from my companions.

We were in the exact center of the most grewsome collection of human skulls and bones I have ever seen. Bones were strewn on the floor of the cave like driftwood. Skulls were grinning at us from every corner of the darkness. We had stumbled into a big grave where some of the Indians had hidden their dead away from the wolves after a battle. It may be that none of us were superstitious, but we got out of there in a hurry, and braved the peril of the storm and the Indians as best we could.

I was a rich boy when I got to Leavenworth. I had nearly a thousand dollars to turn over to my mother as soon as I should draw my pay. After a joyful reunion with the family I hitched up a pair of ponies, and drove her over so that she could witness this pleasing ceremony. As we were driving home, I heard her sobbing, and was deeply concerned, for this seemed to me no occasion for tears. I was quick to ask the reason, and her answer made me serious.

"You couldn't even write your name, Willie," she said. "You couldn't sign the payroll. To think my boy cannot so much as write his name!"

I thought that over all the way home, and determined it should never happen again.

In "Uncle" Aleck Major's book, "Seventy Years On the Frontier," he relates how on every wagon-sheet and wagon-bed, on every tree and barn door, he used to find the name "William F. Cody" in a large, uncertain scrawl. Those were my writing lessons, and I took them daily until I had my signature plastered pretty well over the whole of Salt Creek Valley.

I went to school for a time after that, and at last began really to take an interest in education. But the Pike's Peak gold rush took me with it. I could never resist the call of the trail. With another boy who knew as little of gold mining as I did we hired out with a bull-train for Denver, then called Aurora.

We each had fifty dollars when we got to the gold country, and with it we bought an elaborate outfit. But there was no mining to be done save by expensive machinery, and we had our labor for our pains. At last, both of us strapped, we got work as timber cutters, which lasted only until we found it would take us a week to fell a tree. At last we hired out once more as bull-whackers. That job we understood, and at it we earned enough money to take us home.

We hired a carpenter to build us a boat, loaded it with grub and supplies, and started gaily down the Platte for home. But the bad luck of that trip held steadily. The boat was overturned in swift and shallow water, and we were stranded, wet and helpless on the bank, many miles from home or anywhere else.

Then a miracle happened. Along the trail we heard the familiar crack of a bull-whip, and when the train came up we found it was the same with which we had enlisted for the outward journey, returning to Denver with mining machinery. Among this machinery was a big steam-boiler, the first to be taken into Colorado. On the way out the outfit had been jumped by Indians. The wagon boss, knowing the red man's fear of cannon, had swung the great boiler around so that it had appeared to point at them. Never was so big a cannon. Even the 42 centimeter howitzers of Europe to-day could not compare with it. The Indians took one look at it, then departed that part of the country as fast as their ponies could travel.

We stuck with the train into Denver and back home again, and glad we were to retire from gold-mining.

Soon after my return to Salt Creek Valley I decided on another and, I thought, a better way to make a fortune for myself and my family.

During my stay in and about Fort Laramie I had seen much of the Indian traders, and accompanied them on a number of expeditions. Their business was to sell to the Indians various things they needed, chiefly guns and ammunition, and to take in return the current Indian coin, which consisted of furs.

With the supplies bought by the money I had earned on the trip with Simpson, mother and my sisters were fairly comfortable. I felt that I should be able to embark in the fur business on my own account—not as a trader but as a trapper.

With my friend Dave Harrington as a companion I set out. Harrington was older than I, and had trapped before in the Rockies. I was sure that with my knowledge of the Plains and his of the ways of the fur-bearing animals, we should form an excellent partnership, as in truth we did.

We bought a yoke of oxen, a wagon-sheet, wagon, traps of all sorts, and strychnine with which to poison wolves. Also we laid in a supply of grub—no luxuries, but coffee, flour, bacon, and everything that we actually needed to sustain life.

We headed west, and about two hundred miles from home we struck Prairie Creek, where we found abundant signs of beaver, mink, otter and other fur-bearing animals. No Indians had troubled us, and we felt safe in establishing headquarters here and beginning work. The first task was to build a dug-out in a hillside, which we roofed with brush, long grass, and finally dirt, making everything snug and cozy. A little fireplace in the wall served as both furnace and kitchen. Outside we built a corral for the oxen, which completed our camp.

Our trapping was successful from the start, and we were sure that prosperity was at last in sight.

We set our steel traps along the "runs" used by the animals, taking great care to hide our tracks, and give the game no indication of the presence of an enemy. The pelts began to pile up in our shack. Most of the day we were busy at the traps, or skinning and salting the hides, and at night we would sit by our little fire and swap experiences till we fell asleep. Always there was the wail of the coyotes and the cries of other animals without, but as long as we saw no Indians we were not worried.

One night, just as we were dozing off, we heard a tremendous commotion in the corral. Harrington grabbed his gun and hurried out. He was just in time to see a big bear throw one of our oxen and proceed with the work of butchering him.

He fired, and the bear, slightly wounded, left the ox and turned his attention to his assailant. He was leaping at my partner, growling savagely, when I, gun in hand, rounded the corner of the shack. I took the best aim I could get in the dark, and the bear, which was within a few feet of my friend, rolled over dead.

Making sure that he was past harming us we turned our attention to the poor bull, but he was too far gone to recover, and another bullet put him out of his misery.

We were now left without a team, and two hundred miles from home. But wealth in the shape of pelts was accumulating about us, and we determined to stick it out till spring. Then one of us could go to the nearest settlement for a team-mate for our remaining steer, while the other stayed in charge of the camp.

This plan had to be carried out far sooner than we expected. A few days later we espied a herd of elk, which meant plentiful and excellent meat. We at once started in pursuit. Creeping stealthily along toward them, keeping out of sight, and awaiting an opportunity to get a good shot, I slipped on a stone in the creek bed.

"Snap!" went something, and looking down I saw my foot hanging useless. I had broken my leg just above the ankle and my present career as a fur-trapper had ended.

I was entirely miserable when Harrington came up. I urged him to shoot me as he had the ox, but he laughingly replied that that would hardly do.

"I'll bring you out all right!" he said. "I owe you a life anyway for saving me from that bear. I learned a little something about surgery when I was in Illinois, and I guess I can fix you up."

He got me back to camp after a long and painful hour, and with a wagon-bow, which he made into a splint, set the fracture. But our enterprise was at an end. Help would have to be found now, and before spring. One man and a cripple could never get through the winter.

It was determined that Harrington must go for this needful assistance just as soon as possible. He placed me on our little bunk, with plenty of blankets to cover me. All our provisions he put within my reach. A cup was lashed to a long sapling, and Harrington made a hole in the side of the dugout so that I could reach this cup out to a snow-bank for my water supply.

Lastly he cut a great pile of wood and heaped it near the fire. Without leaving the bunk I could thus do a little cooking, keep the fire up and eat and sleep. It was not a situation that I would have chosen, but there was nothing else to do.

The nearest settlement was a hundred and twenty-five miles distant. Harrington figured that he could make the round trip in twenty days. My supplies were ample to last that long. I urged him to start as soon as possible, that he might the sooner return with a new yoke of oxen. Then I could be hauled out to where medical attendance was to be had.

I watched him start off afoot, and my heart was heavy. But soon I stopped thinking of my pain and began to find ways and means to cure my loneliness. We had brought with us a number of books, and these I read through most of my waking hours. But the days grew longer and longer, for all that. Every morning when I woke I cut a notch in a long stick to mark its coming. I had cut twelve of these notches when one morning I was awakened from a sound sleep by the touch of a hand on my shoulder.

Instantly concluding that Harrington had returned, I was about to cry out in delight when I caught a glimpse of a war-bonnet, surmounting the ugly, painted face of a Sioux brave.

The brilliant colors that had been smeared on his visage told me more forcibly than words could have done that his tribe was on the warpath. It was a decidedly unpleasant discovery for me.

While he was asking me in the Sioux language what I was doing there, and how many more were in the party, other braves began crowding through the door, till the little dugout was packed as full of Sioux warriors as it could hold.

Outside I could hear the stamping of horses and the voices of more warriors. I made up my mind it was all over but the scalping.

And then a stately old brave worked his way through the crowd and came toward my bunk. It was plain from the deference accorded him by the others that he was a chief. And as soon as I set eyes on him I recognized him as old Rain-in-the-Face, whom I had often seen and talked with at Fort Laramie, and whose children taught me the Sioux language as we played about the wagon-beds together. Among these children was the son who succeeded to the name of Rain-in-the-Face, and who years later, it is asserted, killed General George A. Custer in the massacre of the Little Big Horn.

I showed the chief my broken leg, and asked him if he did not remember me. He replied that he did. I asked him if he intended to kill the boy who had been his children's playmate. He consulted with his warriors, who had begun busily to loot the cabin. After a long parley the old man told me that my life would be spared, but my gun and pistol and all my provisions would be regarded as the spoils of war.

Vainly I pointed out that he might as well kill me as leave me without food or the means to defend myself against wolves. He said that his young men had granted a great deal in consenting to spare my life. As for food, he pointed to the carcass of a deer that hung from the wall.

The next morning they mounted their ponies and galloped away. I was glad enough to see them go. I knew that my life had hung by a thread while I had been their involuntary host. Only my friendship with the children of old Rain-in-the-Face had saved me.

But, even with the Indians gone, I was in a desperate situation. As they had taken all my matches I had to keep the fire going continuously. This meant that I could not sleep long at a time, and the lack of rest soon began to tell on me. I would cut slices from the deer carcass with my knife, and holding it over the fire with a long stick, cook it, eating it without salt. Coffee I must do without altogether.

The second day after the departure of the

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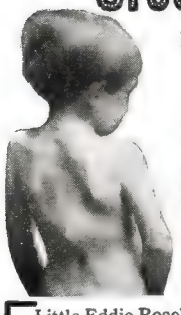

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Indians a great snow fell. The drifts blocked the doorway and covered the windows. It lay to a depth of several feet on the roof over my head. My woodpile was covered by the snow that drifted in and it was with great difficulty that I could get enough wood to keep my little fire going. And on that fire depended my life. Worse than all these troubles was the knowledge that the heavy snow would be sure to delay Harrington.

I would lay there, day after day, a prey to all sorts of dark imaginings. I fancied him killed by Indians on the trail, or snowbound and starving on the Plains. Each morning my notches on my calendar stick were made. Gradually their number grew till at last the twentieth was duly cut. But no Harrington came.

The wolves, smelling meat within, had now begun to gather round in increasing numbers. They made the night hideous with their howlings, and pawed and scratched and dug at the snow by the doorway, determined to come in and make a meal of everything the dugout contained, myself included.

How I endured it I do not know. But the Plains teach men and boys fortitude. Many and many a time as I lay there I resolved that if I should ever be spared to go back to my home and friends, the frontier should know me no more.

It was on the twenty-ninth day, as marked on my stick, when I had about given up hope, that I heard a cheerful voice shouting "Whoa!" and joyfully recognized it as the voice of Harrington. A criminal on the scaffold with the noose about his neck and the trap sagging underneath his feet could not have welcomed a pardon more eagerly than I welcomed my deliverance out of this torture-chamber.

I could make no effort to open the door for him. But I found voice to answer him when he cried "Hello, Billy!" and in response to his question assured him that I was all right. He soon cleared a passageway through the snow, and stood beside me.

"I never expected to see you alive again," he said; "I had a terrible trip. I didn't think I should ever get through—caught in the snowstorm and laid up for three days. The cattle wandered away and I came within an ace of losing them altogether. When I got started again the snow was so deep I couldn't make much headway."

"Well, you're here," I said, giving him a hug.

Harrington had made a trip few men could have made. He had risked his life to save mine. All alone he had brought a yoke of oxen over a country where the trails were all obscured and the blinding snow made every added mile more perilous.

I was still unable to walk, and he had to do all the work of packing up for the trip home. In a few days he had loaded the pelts on board the wagon, covered it with the wagon-sheet we had used in the dugout, and made me a comfortable bed inside. We had three hundred beaver and one hundred otter skins to show for our work. That meant a lot of money when we should get them to the settlements.

On the eighth day of the journey home we reached a ranch on the Republican River, where we rested for a couple of days. Then we went on to the ranch where Harrington had obtained his cattle and paid for the yoke with twenty-five beaver skins, the equivalent of a hundred dollars in money.

At the end of twenty days' travel we reached Salt Creek Valley, where I was welcomed by my mother and sisters as one returned from the dead.

So grateful was my mother to Harrington for what he had done for me that she insisted on his making his home with us. This he decided to do, and took charge of our farm. The next spring, this man, who had safely weathered the most perilous of journeys over the Plains, caught cold while setting out some trees and fell ill. We brought a doctor from Lawrence, and did everything in our power to save him, but in a week he died. The loss of a member of our own family could not have affected us more.

I was now in my fifteenth year and possessed of a growing appetite for adventure. A very few months had so dulled the memory of my sufferings in the dugout that I had forgotten all about my resolve to forsake the frontier forever. I looked about me for something new and still more exciting.

I was not long in finding it. In April, 1860, the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell organized the wonderful "Pony Express," the most picturesque messenger-service that this country has ever seen. The route was from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, a distance of two thousand miles, across the Plains, over a dreary stretch of sagebrush and alkali desert, and through two great mountain ranges.

The system was really a relay race against time. Stations were built at intervals averaging fifteen miles apart. A rider's route covered three stations, with an exchange of horses at each, so that he was expected at the beginning to cover close to forty-five miles—a good ride when one must average fifteen miles an hour.

The firm undertaking the enterprise had been busy for some time picking the best ponies to be had for money, and the lightest, most wiry and most experienced riders. This was a life that appealed to me, and I struck for a job. I was pretty young in years, but I had already earned a reputation for coming safe out of perilous adventures, and I was hired.

Naturally our equipment was the very lightest. The messages which we carried were written on the thinnest paper to be found. These we carried in a waterproof pouch, slung under our arms. We wore only such clothing as was absolutely necessary.

The first trip of the Pony Express was made in ten days—an average of two hundred miles a day. But we soon began stretching our riders and making better time. Soon we shortened the time to eight days. President Buchanan's last Presidential message in December, 1860, was carried in eight days. President Lincoln's inaugural, the following March, took only seven days and seventeen hours for the journey between St. Joseph and Sacramento.

We soon got used to the work. When it became apparent to the men in charge that the boys could do better than forty-five miles a day the stretches were lengthened. The pay of the rider was from $100 to $125 a month. It was announced that the further a man rode the better would be his pay. That put speed and endurance into all of us.

Stern necessity often compelled us to lengthen our day's work even beyond our desires. In the Indian country, riders were frequently shot by hostile red men. In such an event the man whose relief had been killed had to ride on to the next station, doing two men's ride. Road-agents were another menace, and often they proved as deadly as the Indians.

In stretching my own route I found myself getting further and further West. Finally I was riding well into the foothills of the Rockies. Still further West my route was pushed. Soon I rode from Red Buttes on the North Platte to Three Crossings on the Sweetwater, a distance of seventy-six miles. Road-agents and Indians infested this country. I never was quite sure when I started out when I should reach my destination, or whether I should reach it at all.

One day I galloped into the station at Three Crossings to find that my relief had been killed in a drunken row the night before. There was no one to take his place. His route was eighty-five miles across country to the west. I had no time to think it over. Selecting a good pony out of the stables I was soon on my way.

I arrived at Rocky Ridge, the end of the new route, on schedule time, and turning back came on to Red Buttes, my starting-place. The round trip was 320 miles, and I made it in twenty-one hours and forty minutes.

Excitement was plentiful during my two years' service as a Pony-Express rider. One day as I was leaving Horse Creek, a party of fifteen Indians jammed me in a sand ravine eight miles west of the station. They fired at me repeatedly, but my luck held, and I went unscathed. My mount was a California roan pony, the fastest in the stables. I dug the spurs into his sides, and lying flat on his back I kept straight on for Sweetwater Bridge, eleven miles distant. A turn back to Horse Creek might have brought me more speedily to shelter, but I did not dare risk it.

The Indians came on behind, riding with all the speed they could put into their horses, but my pony drew rapidly ahead. I had a lead of two miles when I reached the station. There I found I could get no new pony. The stock-tender had been killed by Indians during the night. All his ponies had been stolen and driven off. I kept on, therefore, to Plonts Station twelve miles further along, riding the same pony—a ride of twenty-four miles on one mount. At Plonts I told the people what had happened at Sweetwater Bridge. Then, with a fresh horse, I finished my route without further adventure.

*(Col. Cody's further exploits as a Pony-Express rider and as a Scout in the Civil War enliven the October Hearst's.)*

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# THE CASTAWAYS

(*Continued from page 174*)

on the deck, passed in a bound. Maloney, who was following up behind, put his head in at the door and glared at them.

"Is it a mothers' meeting or what?" he inquired, indignantly. "How do you think my patient is to preserve his equilibrium when he is exposed to this sort of thing?"

"Perhaps he didn't see us," suggested Peplow.

"He did," said the doctor, heatedly. "He has now disappeared below, and I would not like to repeat the language he is using. How is a medical man to do himself justice when he is interfered with like this?"

"Do you think that this ship is reserved for you and your precious patient?" demanded Miss Seacombe, with some heat.

"That we are to stay in bed until you tell us to get up?" added Miss Blake.

"Perhaps you'd like to lock us in our cabins?" suggested Mr. Peplow.

"Not you," said the doctor, significantly. "I should like to give you the same treatment that I'm giving Pope. Do you a lot of good."

"Same treatment as Pope? What for?" demanded the startled Mr. Peplow.

"Anybody'll tell you," said the doctor, darkly, as he withdrew.

"What does he mean?" inquired Mr. Peplow, looking around. "I'm perfectly healthy. I take all the exercise I can get. I've been up at six every morning for the last six——"

"Six?" prompted Lady Penrose, gently.

"Hours," continued Mr. Peplow, a trifle confused by the ferocity of Mr. Knight's glance.

"I'm sure you have done all you can do," said Lady Penrose, in a sympathetic voice. "I had no idea you were so energetic. You make me thoroughly ashamed of my laziness. I must try and follow your example."

"If it's to see my patient—my late patient—you want to get up early," said Maloney, appearing again, "you can give up the idea."

"Late patient!" repeated Carstairs, with a start.

The doctor nodded. "He is in the steward's pantry," he said, gloomily. "Markham has taken the case out of my hands, and is treating it with slices of ham."

"SO far so good," said Lady Penrose, with a half-sigh. "It really seems that we are going to sail round the world without meeting a single adventure."

"Do you want one?" inquired Carstairs.

"A little one, perhaps," was the reply. "Just a little thrill of some sort; something a little out of the common of everyday life. A shipwrecked crew to rescue, or something of that sort. Fancy being out in a little boat in this darkness alone with the stars and the water!"

"Deprived of food and drink, and Pope's version of the 'Bay of Biscay,'" said Carstairs, as heroic bellowings and the tinkle of a piano sounded from the drawing-room.

"He is quite himself again now," said Lady Penrose. "He says that he dismissed his doctor just in time."

"Awkward if he has to call him in again," said Carstairs, with a smile. "Maloney warns him that purgatory would be easy compared with his next course of treatment. I'm afraid he has an idea that some of us are too self-indulgent. Yesterday he accused Knight of being too soft, and they had a turn with the gloves before breakfast this morning to settle it."

"I heard of it," said Lady Penrose, dryly. "Mr. Knight does most useless things well."

"Maloney would agree with you about the boxing, at any rate," replied Carstairs. "He is still sore about it, but what hurt him more than anything was that, after giving him a thorough dusting, Knight admitted the charge of softness and asked for a tonic."

His companion gave a faint laugh. "It might have done Mr. Knight a little good to be defeated," she remarked.

Carstairs nodded. "One or two other altruists took the same view," he said, slowly. "They brought up one of the firemen, who rather fancies himself in that line and the result is that they are a man short in the stokehold to-day. The skipper complained to me about it. He seemed most annoyed because he hadn't been called up to see it. 'Stop it,' he said, but I knew what he meant."

"You men are all alike," said Lady Penrose, shrugging her shoulders. "It is horrible."

"Shocking," said Carstairs; "but I agree with you that it might do Knight good to meet his master at the game. Whom could we find?"

Lady Penrose leaned back, considering. "Captain Tollhurst," she suggested, at last.

"Tollhurst!" exclaimed Carstairs, with surprise. "Do you really think he could stand up to Knight?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well, then——"

"Might do Captain Tollhurst good," said Lady Penrose, maintaining her gravity by an effort.

Carstairs's eyes twinkled safely in the darkness. "You want to do good to so many people," he murmured. "The saintly side of your character is uppermost to-night."

"How dull for you!" said Lady Penrose. "I'm so sorry. Is Mr. Pope really going to sing 'Tom Bowling'?" she added, as the opening chords of the piano and a modest cough were heard.

"I'm afraid so," said Carstairs.

They sat almost in silence until the song was finished, two remarks of his being first suspended and then entirely lost owing to the interest occasioned by the efforts of the vocalist to reach his top-note.

"Pity he never married," said Lady Penrose as the song ended amid general applause; "a good wife would burn the piano if she couldn't stop him any other way. I believe men remain single to avoid criticism."

"There are other reasons," said Carstairs, musingly. "You haven't considered man's shyness and his general sense of unworthiness. If it's a genuine case he often puts his idol on a pedestal; she can't climb down for fear of making a false step, and he is afraid to reach up to help her."

"But if they do happen to marry," inquired Lady Penrose, "what becomes of the pedestal?"

"They put the first-born on it," replied Carstairs. "He generally wears it out."

"You must have devoted a lot of time to the subject," remarked Lady Penrose. "I believe you are the sort of man that would build an Eiffel Tower for the lady. You would end by making her giddy."

"How easy it is to be misunderstood," sighed Carstairs. "As a matter of fact, the methods of certain savage races I have read about appeal to me much more strongly. They give the adored one a tap over the head with a club and the thing is done."

"Other men, other manners," said Lady Penrose, "but it comes to much the same thing in the end. I have no doubt that the maidens of the tribe make the clubs. You ought to go out there, Mr. Carstairs. I am sure the output would go up."

Carstairs hesitated. "If you really think that," he said at last, "I will remain here."

A dark figure stepped out of the lighted doorway and came toward them.

"Coming out of the light, I can hardly see where I am," said Tollhurst, dropping into a chair next to Lady Penrose. "What a peaceful night!"

"It doesn't suit Lady Penrose," said Carstairs; "she has been sighing for adventures."

The captain laughed gently. "Better without them," he returned. "What could be better than this? And, after all, things are always possible at sea. There is always a chance of running into a submerged wreck. I have had that experience once, and I can assure you I don't want it again. Or fire; think of a fire at sea, and putting off in small boats hundreds of miles from the nearest land!"

"Have you had that experience too?" inquired Lady Penrose.

The captain wrestled fiercely with the temptation. "No," he said at last; and, in view of his questioner's comments, felt sure that he had chosen the better part.

"I had an alarm of fire once," he said, breaking a somewhat prolonged silence. "Ten years ago in an old barque bound for Archangel. Nasty while it lasted, but we got it under in three or four hours."

"Interesting life," murmured Lady Penrose. "You ought to write a book, Captain Tollhurst."

The captain laughed his gentle laugh again. "No good," he said, shaking his head. "I couldn't write a line. Fellows who write the best books are the fellows who have never seen anything."

"I think you could write a splendid book declared Lady Penrose, with warmth.

"Awfully good of you," said the unconscious captain. "Wish I could. Should ask permission to dedicate it to you."

Lady Penrose murmured her acknowledgments.

"Happenings in books are well enough," said Carstairs; "that is where I prefer to enjoy mine."

"Every man to his trade," said the captain, indulgently. "It is just a matter of use. I have been knocking about since my boyhood. Soon after I left the Army I was big-game hunting in Africa, and I didn't speak to a white man for nine months."

"Poor things!" said Lady Penrose. "I mean the animals you killed in that time," she added, as the captain moved uneasily. "You must have accounted for a lot."

"I didn't miss many," said the captain, lighting a cigaret. He leaned back in his chair and, becoming reminiscent, related a few of the more exciting episodes. Lightly and easily he skipped from peril to peril, until at last Lady Penrose, with a sharp intake of breath that might have been misunderstood for sympathy, rose suddenly and bade her companions "good night."

"I'm afraid perhaps I was a little bit too realistic," said Tollhurst, as she disappeared below. "Well, I'm off too. Good night."

Carstairs nodded and, lighting another cigaret, sat for some time in thought. His guests came out of the drawing-room in twos and threes and, after loitering in little groups, dispersed to bed. Knight and Peplow, after leaning against the side opposite him for some time, crossed over and took the two empty chairs.

"Nothing on his conscience," remarked Knight, presently; "quite unperturbed."

"Quite," said Peplow, dutifully.

"He seems to be asleep," said Knight, after waiting for some time. "He inveigles us on to this beastly little ship of his and then shuts his eyes to things."

"Perhaps he *is* asleep," remarked the useful Mr. Peplow.

"Sleepy," said Carstairs, with a yawn, "but don't mind me; just go on with your little chat. I am going to turn in soon."

"Not till we've done with you," said Knight. "We consider that we were lured on to this plutocratic craft under false pretenses, and we want to know what you are going to do about it. When we accepted your invitation we thought that there would be a certain amount of 'sitting-out,' so to speak, and instead of that it's like living in the midst of a public meeting."

"We could leave you behind at Melbourne," suggested Carstairs.

"You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick," said Knight; "*we* don't want to be left behind, but if you could arrange to leave some of the others it would be just the thing. It only wants a little thinking out."

"I'll go and think it over now," said Carstairs, rising. "I can think better in bed. Good night."

"We haven't finished yet," said Knight. "Freddie has got a lot to say. Go on, Freddie; tell him how we agreed to do all in our power to help *him*."

"Help me!" repeated Carstairs, with a slight laugh. "What are you talking about?"

"You know," said Knight, significantly. "He knows, doesn't he, Freddie?"

Mr. Peplow swallowed. "Yes," he replied. "So—so——"

"Yes?" said Carstairs, after a pause.

"So does everybody else," finished Mr. Peplow, with an effort.

"And you have our full consent and blessing," added Knight. "In fact, we think it might be a good thing for both of us; anyway, things couldn't be much worse."

"I haven't the least idea what you are talking about," said Carstairs, somewhat stiffly.

"That's all right, then," said Knight; "but if you really want to know, ask Miss Flack, or Mrs. Jardine, or Talwyn, or—— Not now," he added, as Carstairs walked away; "they're all in bed."

"Stuffy!" said Peplow, sagely, as Carstairs vanished.

"So am I," said his friend. "Come along. Let's have a walk up and down; for once we are alone. Why, halloa, Biggs!"

"Good evening, sir," said Biggs. "I just came for'ard for a blow before turning in."

"And I am just going to have a whisky and

soda before doing the same. It's you that ought to have it, really—after that hot engine-room."

"Thank you, sir," said the chauffeur. "If there isn't enough to go round, I shall watch you drink it with pleasure."

They entered the smoke-room just as Markham was having a final look round. At a word from Knight he busied himself with the whisky and a siphon.

"Turned a bit pale, hasn't it?" murmured Mr. Biggs, as he took the glass from his old foe; "but perhaps it's the motion of the ship."

"Color it yourself," said Knight. "I suppose it's in order to give you a drink," he added, as the chauffeur complied. "I mean, the skipper wouldn't object?"

"Just what I was wondering, sir," said Mr. Biggs, cheerfully. "I expect he would; it seems to me it's what skippers are for—to object to things. But even an admiral couldn't help himself now. It's gone."

He said good night, and with a wink at the butler, which elicited only an icy stare in response, went off to his quarters.

Mr. Peplow's gloom, never of a very lasting nature, passed with the night. Any lingering trace was dispelled by the fresh morning air, with its appetizing blend of grilled bacon and coffee, and the news that Mrs. Jardine was confined to her cabin with one of her traditional headaches—a headache that had been in the family for generations, and was rumored to have been a source of considerable trouble to the Plantagenets.

He sat in the smoke-room after lunch with a cigaret and a book, until the former expired from lack of attention and the latter sustained injuries to its back from a sudden fall. He opened his eyes at last to see the laughing face of Miss Blake framed in the doorway.

"I was just going to fetch Miss Flack," she remarked; "the poor thing wants gloves badly. She was talking about it yesterday."

"I wasn't asleep," said Mr. Peplow. "Where is she?"

"Playing bridge," was the reply. "Isabel is sitting with aunt, and as nearly everybody else is playing cards, I thought I'd come and talk to you. Still, if you'd rather sleep——"

"Sleep!" exclaimed the other, in a deep voice. "Have you realized that I've not had a word alone with you for weeks?"

"Really?" said the girl, carelessly. "I hadn't noticed it."

"When it isn't Mrs. Jardine it's Miss Flack," continued Mr. Peplow, "and when they snatch a few brief moments from duty Talwyn mounts guard."

"What are you talking about?" inquired Miss Blake.

"Never mind," said Mr. Peplow. "It's no good wasting time grousing. Let us improve the shining hours."

"How?"

"Let us talk," said Peplow, tenderly.

"That *will* be improving," said the girl.

"That's right," said Peplow, gloomily, "make fun of me. When you smiled so nicely at me just now——"

"I?" said Miss Blake. "Smiled? I was laughing at you. You've no idea how funny you looked. Your mouth was open, and you were snoring like a baby with the croup."

Mr. Peplow stiffened in his chair. "I'm sorry I woke up, as I was affording you so much amusement," he said, with dignity.

"So am I," said Miss Blake, with a sudden change of manner. "However, I won't disturb you," and she went off with her head at an angle.

"She's gone," murmured the amazed Peplow. "She's actually gone. Well!"

He went outside and, finding the deck deserted, threw himself into a lounge-chair and sat scowling at the universe. The skipper, passing on his way to the chart-room, pulled up and smiled affably.

"Couldn't improve on the weather," he remarked, crumpling his fringe of gray beard in his fist. Mr. Peplow assented without enthusiasm. "Where are we for next?" he inquired.

"Australian ports," replied Captain Vobster; "New Zealand, call in at some of the South Sea Islands, and then home."

Mr. Peplow sighed. "The islands ought to be interesting," he remarked. "Pick out a nice little one, cap'n, with nobody else on it, and leave me there. I'm going to turn beachcomber. I retire from the world."

"Very nice life too," said the accommodating skipper, "for a single man; married ones, too, sometimes. I knew one man that did it. Ran away from his wife to punish her and after twenty years of it found that she had come in for a fortune soon after he disappeared and married again. Time he got back found they'd run through it all. Spoilt his life for him, poor chap."

Mr. Peplow said "Oh," and turned with a beaming and forgiving smile to Miss Blake as she came quietly up to them.

"Though I've known some people take to the beach and get tired of it in a week," continued the skipper.

Mr. Peplow, who was gazing ardently at Miss Blake, said "Ah!"

"Some of 'em get melancholy," explained the skipper.

"Really," said Miss Blake, as she took a chair next to Peplow.

"Suicidal almost."

There was a somewhat constrained silence as his audience, with their hands folded, sat staring straight in front of them.

"It's the loneliness," said the skipper, who felt that he was making an impression.

"*H'm!*" said both.

"A man has time to sit and think."

"*H'm!*"

Captain Vobster paused. There was a feeling in the atmosphere for which he was utterly unable to account, and he stood scratching the side of his nose, possessed with a horrible idea that he had said something wrong. He glanced at them in perplexity, and then, suddenly clapping his hand over his mouth, went off with his eyes dancing. Slight sounds escaped him on his way to the chart-room.

"What an ill-bred man!" exclaimed Miss Blake, gazing after him.

"Shocking," agreed the other.

"I—I am not going to remain here to be laughed at," continued the girl. "The idea!"

"He wasn't laughing at you," said Peplow, hastily, "and he has gone now. How wonderfully well you are looking! What was old Talwyn talking to you about at lunch?"

"Different things," replied the girl. "Don't stare like that; it's rude."

"I'm not staring," said Mr. Peplow, ardently. "I'm worshiping."

"Well, it's not nice," said Miss Blake, who had an uneasy feeling that she had come back too easily. "It's just the way you eyed the beef at lunch."

"Eyed the beef?" repeated the choking Mr. Peplow. "Do you think I care what I eat?"

"Of course you do," said Miss Blake. "Everybody notices it. You have got an excellent appetite, and I am only talking to you for your good. If you are not careful you'll get quite chubby."

"That'll do," said Mr. Peplow, thickly.

"Do!" exclaimed the incensed Miss Blake, springing to her feet. "*Do!* How dare you talk to me like that? What do you mean by it?"

She stood looking at him as one might look at a worm that had tried to bite a blackbird. Then, with an indignant exclamation, she went off.

Mr. Peplow made no effort to detain her. A picture of indignant misery, he sat lumpishly in his chair, scowling darkly at the deck.

"Halloa!" said Carstairs, coming out of the drawing-room. "All alone?"

"I like being alone," said Mr. Peplow, in a deep voice.

"Do you, though?" said Carstairs, eyeing him with some interest.

"I don't wish to be bothered with people," continued Mr. Peplow. "Let them go their way and I'll go mine."

"Poor—old—man!" said Carstairs, smiling. "I know what's the matter with you."

"Oh!" said Mr. Peplow, offensively.

Carstairs nodded. "Indigestion."

"Eh?" shouted Peplow, starting up as though he had been stung. "Look here, Carstairs, I don't know what you mean, but I've had enough of it. It's a vile conspiracy. It's—it's an infernal plant."

"What on earth's the matter?" inquired the marveling Carstairs.

"You—you've been talking to Miss Blake," cried Peplow, trembling with rage.

"Well, so do you when you get the chance," said Carstairs, in a soothing voice. "You don't want to monopolize the poor girl entirely, do you? Why shouldn't I speak to her? And I talk to her about you, my boy. Only yesterday I was saying how fat and well you——"

He drew back suddenly as Mr. Peplow with an inarticulate yell, sprang to his feet and stood mouthing at him. For some time the young man stood struggling in vain for speech; then he turned with a wild gesture and stamped his way below.

*(Somebody has dubbed W. W. Jacobs "the Dickens of the Sea"; you will get more of his deep-water fun in October Hearst's.)*


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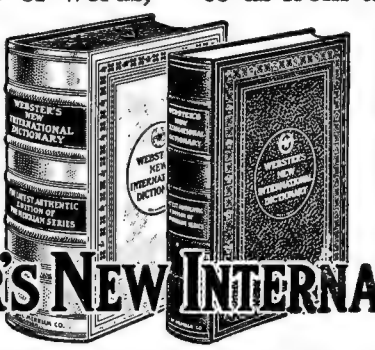


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## Dooley on Mexico

(*Concluded from page 175*)

forty millyon dollars' worth iv th' most durable money iver mannyfacthered. He set up schools f'r bull fighters in th' principal cities. He established a race thrack where pathriotic bookmakers were allowed to cut in at fifty dollars a head, which wint to th' support iv th' sacred cause. It looked as though nawthin' cud prevint him fr'm takin' th' place in histhry made vacant be th' ontimely death iv th' Apachy Kid whin th' other earnest pathrites iv Mexico made up their minds to jine with him. 'It's thrue,' says they, 'that he's a tough wan, a burglar an' given to murdher an' that he can't read or write, but these are but small blemishes on his noble an' pathriotic heart,' says they. 'Besides,' says they, ''twud be a shame to lave th' spindin' iv so much cash to a simple soul, who may be a pathrite but has no tastes above Mechanics' Delight an' a mess iv pepper wrapped up in a corn husk,' says they. An' they rallied to his support an' up-ended a bar'l an' played him siven up f'r th' pro-ceeds iv his campaign f'r socyal justice. An' whin th' dusk came they took a shot at him as he sped away on his fleet cayuse, with no assets left but his hat an' his spurs.

"Manetime what become iv our young an' talented frind P. Villa? Well, whin th' siven-up game was over he wint to th' hills, gathered his thirsty followers around him an' had a playful expedition acrost th' bordher where a comp'ny iv our army lay asleep, th' senthry bein' in the outside hammick. Afther shootin' at ivry nightcap that was poked out iv a window an' killin' a number iv incautious American citizens, who had been so imprudent as to stay in their own counthry, mind ye, whin all they had to do to be safe was to black up, put a shawl around their shouldhers, take off their shoes an' buy a fifty-dollar hat, he galloped away with his jolly companions. Prisidint Wilson was much annoyed be this prank an' denounced it as a deploorable incidint. He ordhered th' reg'lar army to chase Villa an' grab him an' bring him to Washington f'r a good talkin' to. Thin he ordhered out th' milishy. Fr'm farm an' field, fr'm factory an' shop, fr'm th' busy marts iv thrade an' pleasant cabaret, th' minyit men responded an' hurried in two or three weeks' time to th' camps where they were insthructed in' th' meanin' iv 'Right shouldher shift arms,' 'Hay fut, sthraw fut,' an' other military problems. They're down there now, complainin' like good sojers about the cookin', an' wondhrin' who's got their jobs at home.

"Manetime th' reg'lar army was chasin' Villa but he was too smart f'r thim. Ivry time they got near him he died suddenly, an' though mounted on good horses th' throops cud not overtake th' fun'ral corteeges. Maybe th' fun'rals was be autymobill. Annyhow th' last heerd iv th' deceased he had raided a ranch an' was shootin' at th' feet iv th' proprietor to make him do th' fox throt. Wan day some iv our throops that was lookin' f'r th' remains run into Carranza's army. Th' Carranza gin'ral come out an' says he, 'What ar-re ye doin' here? Vamoose!' he says. 'I'm lookin' f'r Villa,' says th' captain. 'I have ordhers to pro-ceed east,' says th' captain. 'I have ordhers,' says th' gin'r'al, 'not to let ye go east, west, south, southwest, west-sou'west, west-sou'west be a point west. Th' only way ye can move is joo north an' ye best be quick about that,' says he. An' sayin' this he cut loose with his machine guns. Th' captain was kilt but he must've died happy knowin' that th' gun that kilt him was manyfacthered in th' United States.

"Ar-re all Mexicans mauraudin' villyans like these fellows?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Iv coorse not," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis like what it was in this ward whin th' Dobble gang run it. All th' respictable business men an' th' dacint wurrukin' people seemed to be sidin' in with thim in pollyticks an' hid thim whin they were pursooed. Because why? Because if we didn't they'd come around an' hammer us over th' head or clane out our places. But whin th' chief iv polis made up his mind to put thim on th' run an' sint enough iv th' big boys with th' tin stars over with their bats, it was glad we were to see thim come on th' quick step an' I got out me bungstarter an' ye took up ye're pick an' jined with th' constabl'ry an' hunted th' rapparees fr'm their holes. I niver heerd iv a polis captain sindin' a solemn warnin' to a burglar."

# WHERE NATURE WAS NAKED

(*Continued from page 154*)

she looked up to where the wonderful little lake lay smiling into the sky; and she sighed.

"Nothing," she admitted.

"Well, I do! I've discovered why you can't intuit in this land of the sky-blue water, where the Sky Blue mine lies beside Sky Blue Lake beneath the sky-blue sky, and the reason is a pair of sky-blue eyes."

Betty's startled little forefinger slipped off the saddle-horn, then they rode on in silence.

"We are going down into the Green Buzzard mine," was the sudden decision.

"Mercy on us!" moaned Jane, to whom damp and dark places were an affliction. "What can you get there?"

"Acquainted with the boss," dimpled Betty.

Thereupon they visited the Green Buzzard, and found Mr. Doane, the assistant superintendent, a raw-boned lanky young fellow, with spectacles, who, in his fanaticisms for his work and the Green Buzzard mine, seemed impervious to all attack until he discovered that Jane Rowland was from Boston! He also was from Boston; and, in the warmth of that mighty kinship, he took them through the Green Buzzard, and told everything he knew, and when they got away from him Betty had no more information than before; and only one comfort! Mr. Doane was coming over to the dance. Betty had insisted on it.

"And will you tell me why?" demanded Jane, as they skirted the rim of Sky Blue Lake. "He doesn't dance, and doesn't approve of it! I don't suppose he drinks, smokes, swears, or flirts, and his only emotion is a green-eyed Green Buzzard jealousy of the Sky Blue mine; whence and wherefore, I opine, is the basis of the spiteful lawsuit! Why then am I to waste the allurement of my fascinating femininity to entangle and ensnare this little brother of the sacred cod? Or what?"

"I want to see them face to face," mused Betty. "Jack always said that when the innocent and the guilty meet, they each know which is which!"

BENEATH an enormous silver moon and a low-bending sapphire sky two tall and lank and flat figures traipsed round and round the avenue of twenty-four transplanted palms which encircled the Musquite Springs Hotel. These figures were none other than plain Jane Rowland and angular Emerson Doane, and they kept their company in acute silence, and thought their own thoughts; and plain Jane, who wore a lemon-colored tulle for the enhancement of her sallow complexion, occasionally put in a little skip step as the enticing music floated out through the brilliantly lighted windows, and angular Emerson plodded sturdily on and on, with no regard for the rhythm of the waltz nor the pace of his fair companion.

Ah! At last the appointed dance was over and there was a rush of nature seekers to the outer air; and Jane, with that diabolic smile which made her plain face fascinating, ruddered her escort decisively to the appointed porch-angle, where the light was brightest. Just as they arrived, around the corner came a sparkling, light-stepping couple, the same being Betty Carey, in the sky-blue chiffon worn in defiance of Jane's teasing, and Tadd Jasper, in all the glory of the only white tuxedo within two hundred and fifty miles.

"Hello!" hailed Jane.

"Hello!" hailed Betty.

Then the two girls stopped face to face, clinging to the arms of their escorts; and Betty Carey's little forefinger, finding a thread which could be made to give, poked a hole in the seam of a sky-blue flounce. Sure enough! There was the glare between Tadd Jasper and Emerson Doane! The tense instant so carefully planned had arrived! The innocent and the guilty, if there were an innocent and a guilty, stood face to face, and there was a certain knowledge between them of which was which, if there were a which and a which; and Betty, all her delicate intuitive perceptions alive, was a part of that telepathic current; a by-branch of it!

"Pleasant evening," said Mr. Jasper, with only a slight repression of his heartiness and breeziness.

"Delightful," agreed Emerson Doane, in the stiff tone which went with his neck.

Then the two couples, bowing and smiling, passed on. Betty could have detained them if she had liked, but what was the use? There would only be one electrical moment, and it had happened. And which was which, if there was a which?

She couldn't say. She didn't know. But, somehow, the next day, when she was over in Copperton, she obeyed a sudden imperative impulse, and located a large block of Green Buzzard shares—on the post-office porch.

"A tenth interest in the mine, lady," explained bald-headed old Pete Primple, who wore habitually a linen collar on his gingham shirt, and a lump of something in his cheek.

"Betty!" The agitated warning hiss of Jane Rowland.

"How much?" inquired Betty, who was always headstrong under impulse.

"Twelve and a half! And that's all!" enthusiastically stated Primple, dragging at each of his down-drooping yellow mustaches. "Twelve and a half, miss. Just a plumb even five thousand dollars! Miss, you'll die of heart-disease if you overlook this bet. If the Green Buzzard wins that suit——"

"Suppose they don't!" snapped Jane, bound under any risk to save Betty from the folly of her impulses. If Betty really knew anything, or if she had been strong even in an intuition, it would have been different.

"Well, then, young lady, suppose they don't," retorted Pete Primple calmly. "This here block of stock is just the same as a Government bond. It's been passed around this town as a five-thousand-dollar bill ever since the Green Buzzard struck its little pay-streak. It has paid off three mortgages, started up half-a-dozen new businesses, busted a gambling-house, and sent a human soul to pot by being spent in riotous living and whisky, and the list of transfers on its back is an A-1 social register of Copperton." He drew the certificate from his pocket and slapped it proudly in his palm. It was slick with age and much handling, the tatters of the edges had been pocket-worn to their hardest scalloping, and the outside was so brown with the brownness inherent to its history that the green printing was scarcely discernible. And this last served as a more powerful check than Jane to Betty's present temptation.

"I'm quite sure I don't want to buy it," she hastily decided, viewing askance the much-soiled social register of Copperton.

"You'll be sorry, miss," warned Pete, and he cast a venomous glance at Jane. "You're throwin' away a fortune as sure as you're born! I'm sure of it as I am that God made little apples!"

"Then why don't you keep it?" was Jane's parting shot, and she led Betty away.

"A child could intuit what he thinks about the Green Buzzard," insisted Jane. "And the whole town the same! The postmaster offered me some for twelve, and a perfectly stunning red-headed ex-miner offered me a one-share certificate for a kiss; but he was drunk."

"I don't know," worried Betty. "I don't know anything. But I do almost seem to want to buy some Green Buzzard shares, and Jack always said——"

"Never mind Jack Carey," grumbled Jane. "He has a bad influence on your life when you have your pocketbook in your hand."

"Jack always said," insisted his charming little widow, entirely unruffled, "that, in case of doubt, take a chance."

"Then why didn't you?" taunted Jane.

"I don't know," confessed Betty, and her forlorn little forefinger straightened and crooked in acute indecision. "I can find Mr. Primple at any time, I suppose."

Indeed she could. Mr. Primple arrived at Musquite Springs that evening at about the same time as Tadd Jasper; and, wonder of wonders, Emerson Doane arrived shortly after, all ironed up to walk silent round the twenty-four palms with Jane Rowland! For the balance of that week Betty divided her time between Tadd and Pete; and Jane between Emerson and Pete; but nobody arrived anywhere.

A LONG, low shed, with one Indian loafing outside each of six windows, two loafing outside the seventh, and one outside the eighth. A rough table at the end of the shed, and behind it the Judge, a young fellow with a narrow, high forehead and the cultivated solemnity of an undertaker. At the end of the table six jurymen—three in hickory shirts, two in red, and one in white; four had mustaches and two had beards. In front of the table the two opposing lawyers, a red-faced one and a brown-faced one. With the counsel for the plaintiff, a large man with a short neck and jet-black hair; the boss and principal owner of the Green Buzzard. With the counsel for the defense, the brown one, Tadd Jasper, wearing a confident, easy air, and an occasional smile for the young woman in the white riding-habit over by the window outside of which there was no Indian. For the rest of the court-room, all Copperton, including Pete Primple. He sat three chairs from Betty, and when the Indian left the second window from the end and loafed in at her window, and Betty moved up to the second one, Pete Primple moved up there too.

"Better buy it!" he urged, happy in the absence of the slab-sided young woman. "You know, if the Green Buzzard wins this trial, I won't sell to you at any price."

"No, thank you," refused Betty sweetly; but her little pink forefinger twisted and twisted in a buttonhole. Uneasy every instant, that little forefinger. It knew no rest and no content.

What were they doing now? Cross-examining another miner. He was Carlos Rodriquez of the Green Buzzard, who had overheard Jesue Morenza, of the Sky Blue, tell Pedro Bzezlikz, of the Sky Blue, that the Sky Blue vein was now being worked two hundred paces beyond the Green Buzzard line; and Carlos was at the point where he could not remember on what day he was supposed to have heard this, nor whether he'd had anything to drink on that day, nor whether Morenza was sober at the time when he was supposed to have said what he was supposed to have said, nor anything else. And it would be exactly the same with Jesue Morenza when he came to the stand, and with Pedro Bzezlikz when he came to the stand. And where was Jane? Why didn't she come?

Ah! A different voice now, a clear, crisp, vibrant voice, breezy and hearty, and Betty turned with pleasure to see Tadd Jasper on the stand, giving his testimony with a straightforwardness which was conviction in itself. Anybody could come into his mine just now when they were not so busy. He had been permitting people to go down, here lately, total strangers in some cases. But he'd be jiggered if he'd permit a rival, unless the court demanded it, to make a survey of his mine!

That was why he had fought the proposition for a year, on every legal technicality known, and why there had been four separate, free-for-all skull-crackings up around Sky Blue Lake, when the Green Buzzard had attempted to force such a survey by violence.

Splendid to hear him talk, with his half-humorous views of the folly of the whole case, and his candid, sincere, and above-board way of putting things; splendid to see him turn his frank and honest blue eyes on judge and jury, and take them into his confidence; and splendid to note his security in his own impregnable position! How could anyone suspect him of stealing copper! Betty felt guilty as she listened, and when Tadd came over to her, after a fruitless cross-examination by the red-faced counsel for the prosecution, she lowered her lashes, not with the shyness due to his bold gaze, but with contrition. Mercenary little creature that she was, subjecting every emotion—friendship and all the rest—to her sordid commercial instincts! Just because she was frantic for a pipe-organ, and also wanted to make enough money to buy enough bonds to yield her enough income so that, if she ever did marry again, she needn't consider money, either for or against. Jack had always said that a woman with a generous husband was blessed indeed, but that a woman with her own bank-roll had all the Beatitudes backed into a corner and yelping for mercy.

"Well, little mascot, we win!" smiled Tadd, leaning an elbow on Betty's window-sill, and covering with his brown hand the tapering white one which lay there. Its little pink forefinger was delicately investigating the edge of a scale of dried paint.

"Congratulations," dimpled Betty, and looking up she met his clear-blue eyes fixed on her with a gaze so significant that she hastily dropped her lashes again. Guilty?

(*Concluded on page 212*)


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# Easing the Farmer's Purse

## THE NEW FEDERAL FARM LOAN ACT

*By* Isaac F. Marcosson

RELIEF is marching to the aid of the farmer's beleaguered pocketbook.

The Great Credit Drive, organized to rout the usurer fattened on the gold of our soil production, has now been launched. In other words, the long and costly siege, set up by High Interest and which has hemmed in our whole agricultural expansion, is about to be raised. It will fall before the advancing legions of good American dollars, or their equivalent, employed cheaply and constructively for the benefit of the tiller of the soil. It means financial freedom for our largest and most important working class and at the same time the beginning of a whole fresh era of development for the country. Such is the significance of the new rural credit legislation.

For many years the farmer's money needs were like the boy's appetite in the famous Lincoln story. When some one asked the lad if he liked gingerbread he replied:

"Oh, yes! I reckon nobody loves it more and gets less."

Here then is the curious kink in our financial system which has made the farmer a sort of financial step-child, waiting on the doorstep of credit accommodation. Yet this very same horny-handed delver of the land is the bulwark of our prosperity; the unfailing sign-board of good or bad times.

Crops are the supreme barometer of business. Spread the report of drought or shortage and the commercial skies lower and trouble is afoot. Everybody is willing to acclaim the rural worker as a worthy, deserving, even necessary, person until it comes to lending him money. Then, by some strange irony, he becomes a thing apart—a victim rather than an essential cog in the banking machine.

### *The Millstone of High Interest*

Appraise the farmer at his real worth in the productive fabric and you see how keen this irony is. Most people look upon the glistening network of our railways, the grimy citadels of our industry, the marble palaces of our finance—all the familiar outposts of capital—as the ruling agencies of business. As a matter of fact it is the farm that really shapes the economic destiny. The man behind the plow, and not Wall Street, owns the country. Taking toll of one third of the population; entrenched on $40,000,000,000 worth of land which yields nearly $10,000,000,000 worth of products each year, he presses the buzzer that rings up failure or fortune for all of us.

Yet all these decades he has been penalized as no other borrower for the sinews of war with which to do battle with the ground.

Why is this so? The chief reason, aside from the impracticality of many farmers, is that the whole enginery of money is geared up to the service of business and industry. Commercial credit has no geographical limitations. The Western railroad can finance its needs in New York; the Southern cotton-mill in Chicago, and so on. The price of money as a commodity—so far as business is concerned—is fixed in the markets of the world. It is universal.

Not so with the farmer. His credit is accidental and haphazard. He cannot go abroad for it and this bondage to home capital is costly. He has two alternatives: one the local banker who generally prefers to do business with the merchant whose needs are frequent and short; the other happens to be the professional lender who ordinarily exacts his pound of flesh, blood and all. Either way the farmer's nose is to the grindstone.

The net result is that the farmer must pay an average of 8 and 8½ percent. With the many perquisites incidental to re-borrowing (for the farmer finds it difficult to get long-term credit which is his chief capital requirement), the price is often run up to 12 percent, even more. In all business enterprise, the profit upon farming is least compatible with the high interest charged.

Thus High Interest—which mulcts the farmer to the sad tune of half a billion dollars a year—is the real bug that eats into his sustenance. The mortgage, which should be the instrument for expansion, becomes a vampire that broods and bleeds.

Unfortunately the farmer has come to look upon debt as a menace. Yet in every other activity it spells progress. The railroads, for example, with a valuation of approximately $20,000,000,000 are plastered with $11,500,000,000 of mortgages, or fifty-seven percent. But these documents mean new equipment, thousands of miles of track, imposing terminals and, what is most important, increased income. The farms, on the other hand, with their immense equity, only carry $6,000,000,000 of obligations, a bare fifteen percent. What would their efficiency be if they were mortgaged up to half their value?

### *Rural Credits Come into Their Own*

Happily that efficiency is in a fair way toward realization now that the farmer's plea for help has been heard in the tumult of national lawmaking. After years of delay, during which time rural credits have been more or less lost in the obscurity of campaign "issues" or buried in the seams of platform planks, there is tangible action in the shape of a Federal Farm Loan Act, designed as a sort of Magna Charta to deliver the farmer from the thrall of grasp and greed. It makes him an independent and self-respecting borrower and takes him out of the financial step-child class.

This Act, which mobilizes land credit, sets up three closely inter-related agencies for the financing of the farm.

First among them is a Federal Farm Loan Board at Washington, composed of the Secretary of the Treasury and four other members, which will comprise the Supreme Court of Farm Finance.

Second is the bond-issuing machine in the shape of twelve Federal Land Banks (one for each of the twelve geographical districts to be determined by agricultural money needs), and which will be governed by the Farm-Loan Board just as the Federal Reserve Banks are governed by the Federal Reserve Board. These banks will have a minimum capital of $500,000 to be subscribed by firms, individuals or farm-loan associations. In case of a deficit in subscriptions the Government may take it up.

Third in this chain of relief are the coöperative National Farm Loan Associations or the privately capitalized Joint-Stock Land Banks which will be the medium through which the farmers will express and supply their needs.

How is the farmer to avail himself of this opportunity?

Take the concrete example as offered by the coöperative phase: Suppose ten farmers, all living in the same community, want loans of $2,000 each. They form a National Farm Loan Association, each subscribes 5 percent of the amount he wants to borrow, and the articles of association, together with the money, are forwarded to the Federal Land Bank of their district. The bank makes an investigation of the farms offered for security and then recommends to the Federal Farm Land Board whether or not a charter is to be issued.

If the charter is granted the Land Bank makes the loans at a rate of not more than 6 percent for a period of not less than five years or longer than sixty years. The farmer, however, can amortize his loan—that is, pay off the principal in annual installments. The proceeds of the loan must be used for the purchase of a farm, for improvements or equipment, or to wipe out an old mortgage. This means, in substance, that the funds to keep the plant in good working condition are available.

Now comes one of the beneficent by-products of this scheme: The money that the farmer subscribes to obtain membership in the farm-loan association automatically becomes part of the capital of the Federal Land Bank. It makes him an investor as well as a borrower.

But how is the Land Bank to get money enough to supply all the mortgage demands that must inevitably come surging in, you ask? Its capitalization of $500,000 is a mere wave in the high tide of our agricultural money need. A way is devised by which both borrower and investor are served. The bank can discount the mortgages in its vaults and issue bonds against them. The interest rate must be one percent lower than the rate charged for the loan. Thus, if the mortgage is put out at the maximum rate of 6 percent the bonds will be 5s.

Here is revealed another advantage of this system which, if properly exploited, can touch all the people in a very helpful way. It lies in the investment opportunity for the average man and woman that these bonds will create. Too long have we neglected this medium for the safe and profitable employment of money on which no chances can be taken. Yet Continental Europe, and especially France, raised the huge structure of popular investment on it, for it teaches the supreme lesson of putting money out to work so that it will earn more money. Plant this idea in the pocketbooks of a nation and you sow the seed of real economic independence.

### *How the New Act Will Work in Practice*

Now let us suppose that no farm-loan association is formed in a community. What can the farmer do to get a loan under the shark-proof plan? A wise provision of the Act makes any bank or trust company a Land Agent operating under the authority and, what is equally important, the safeguards, of the Federal Loan Board. Through this Agent the borrower can be served.

Then, too, the farmer has the alternative of joining a Joint-Stock Land Bank, capitalized like a commercial institution and combining the lending and bond-issuing features. It gets the right to live from the Federal Loan Board which acts as the watch-dog of the interest rate.

Now, after the long night of doubt and despair, the farmer sees the daybreak of an era that means cheap money and a standardized mortgage. The burden of having to dig for his fixed capital is gone and with it much of the handicap that has kept all agricultural growth in check.

This new Rural Credit scheme looms like the Financial Millennium for the one worker who needs the miracle. It ought to keep the boy on the farm; make our country folk more cheerful, prosperous and contented. And in this contentment lies the real mainstay of the nation. The farm mortgage, once the symbol of sweat and sacrifice, will become the medium of a mighty advance.

# Announcement
## *Mary Pickford Art Panel*

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**Advance orders** for Sept. 15th delivery are taken now for this beautiful Art Picture because we fear we will be overwhelmed unless we distribute the rush over a longer period. By ordering now you are assured of getting your Panel promptly on Sept. 15th, when the Panels will be finished.

So popular have the annual "Pompeian Beauty" Art Panels become that each year we have to disappoint from 30,000 to 50,000 people who delay and then write us after the edition is exhausted.

Price 10c. This Mary Pickford Panel has a full 50c Art Store value. We let you have it for 10c in order to make you feel friendly enough to recommend to your friends the Pompeian products, if you like them. Clip the coupon and reserve your copy now before you forget it. It shows her favorite photograph.

## Hot Weather Hints for Good Looks

When your face gets hot and worn, and evening finds you looking 10 years older than you are; when your hair becomes oily and lies flat on your scalp, that is bad enough. But the worst part is the damage that heat does to the complexion and hair—unless you do something for them now. The hints below will make you feel much refreshed, and look like your own attractive self in spite of the heat. **For fluffy hair** try a Pompeian *HAIR* Massage

with this clear, beneficial, amber liquid. When your hair looks oily and is hard to handle, and when you haven't time for a long, tedious shampoo, just sprinkle a little Pompeian *HAIR* Massage on the top and sides of your head. Work into the scalp with the fingers. Now dry the hair quickly with a soft towel and fan. Result? Soft, silky, brilliant, fluffy hair. *SCALP ITCHING* and *DANDRUFF* are stopped. Can't discolor the hair. Not oily or sticky. Delightful to use.

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**For sunburn** apply (and leave on the face) generous amounts of Pompeian *NIGHT* Cream. Wonderfully soothing! Motorists' tubes, 25c. Jars, 35c & 75c, at the stores.

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**Oily skins** are particularly benefited by Pompeian *MASSAGE* Cream. As it rubs in and out of the skin in its own peculiar way it removes excess oils from the pores and reduces face shine. Very refreshing and wonderfully cleansing. In short, it purifies and youth-i-fies the skin. Use it before meeting people and you'll look your best. Jars, 50c, 75c & $1, at the stores.

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# If You Digest What You Eat —You Can Eat What You Like

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## The Man With a Sick Stomach is Sick All Over

When the stomach is irritated by undigested food, the nerves, blood and heart are directly affected, and the person is dull, dejected, depressed in spirits and inclined to take a morbid or pessimistic view of things.

Spurring the body and brain to special effort and renewed zeal by means of stimulants alone does not correct the trouble or accomplish any permanent good. You must get at the cause of the trouble. When food does not digest, it forms into hard, lumpy masses. The tender lining of the stomach and intestines becomes irritated, and chronic dyspepsia is quite certain to result—often more serious disorders—even gastritis, cancer of the stomach and appendicitis.

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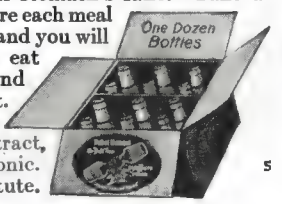


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# RAINBOW'S END—Rex Beach

(*Continued from page 164*)

Rosa met O'Reilly just inside the door, and at sight of her he uttered an exclamation of surprise, for during his absence she had removed the stain from her face and discarded that disfigurement which Evangeline had fitted to her back prior to their departure from the Pan de Matanzas. She stood before him now, straight and slim and graceful—the Rosa of his dreams, only very thin, very fragile. Her poor tatters only enhanced her prettiness, he thought.

"Rosa, dear! Do you think this is quite safe?" he ventured doubtfully.

Evangelina, who was bending over her husband, straightened herself and came forward with a smile upon her black face.

"She is beautiful, eh? Too beautiful to look at? What did I tell you?"

Rosa was in delightful confusion at O'Reilly's evident surprise and admiration. "Then I'm not so altogether changed?" she asked.

"Why, you haven't changed at all, except to grow more beautiful. Evangelina is right, you are too beautiful to look at. But wait!" He drew her aside and whispered: "I've been down in the well." Some tremor in his voice, some glint in his eyes, caused the girl to seize him eagerly, fiercely. "I may be wrong," he said hurriedly, "there may be nothing in it—and yet I saw something."

"What?"

"Wooden beams, timbers of some sort, behind the stone lining." It was plain Rosa did not comprehend, so he hurried on: "At first I noticed nothing unusual, except that the bottom of the well is nearly dry—filled up, you know, with débris and stuff that has fallen in from the curbing above; then I saw that, although the well is dug through rock, nevertheless it is entirely lined with stones laid in mortar. That struck me as queer."

"Yes?"

"I noticed, too, in one place, that there was wood behind—as if timbers had been placed there to cover the entrance to a cave. You know this Cuban rock is full of caverns."

Rosa clasped her hands; she began to tremble. "You have found it, O'Reilly. You *have!*" she whispered.

"No, no, I've found nothing yet. But I've sent Jacket for a pick or a bar and to-night I'm going to pull down those stones and see what is behind them."

"To-night? You must let me go too. I want to help."

"Very well. But meanwhile, you mustn't let your hopes rise too high, for there is every chance that you will be disappointed. And don't mention it to Evangelina. Now then, I've a few pennies left and I'm going to buy some candles."

Rosa embraced her lover impulsively. "Something tells me it is true! Something tells me you are going to save us all!"

Evangelina, in the far corner of the hut, muttered to her husband: "Such love-birds! They are like parrakeets, forever kissing and cooing!"

Jacket returned at dusk and with him he brought a rusty three-foot iron bar, evidently part of a window-grating. The boy was tired, disgusted, and in a vile temper. "A pickax! A crowbar!" he cursed eloquently. "One might as well try to steal a cannon out of San Severino. I'm ready to do anything within reason, but——"

"Why, this will do nicely; it is just what I want," O'Reilly told him.

"Humph! I'm glad to hear it, for that rod was nearly the death of me. I broke my back wrenching at it and the villain who owned the house—may a bad lightning split him!—he ran after me until I nearly expired. If my new knife had been sharp I would have turned and sent him home with it between his ribs. To-morrow I shall put an edge on it. Believe me, I ran until my lungs burst."

Little food remained in the hut—barely enough for Asensio and the women—and inasmuch as O'Reilly had spent his last *centavo* for candles he and Jacket were forced to go hungry again. Late that evening, after the wretched prison quarter had grown quiet, the three treasure-hunters stole out of their hovel and wound up the hill. In spite of their excitement they went slowly, for none of them had the strength to hurry. Fortunately, there were few prowlers within the lines, hunger having robbed the *reconcentrados* of the spirit to venture forth, and in consequence Spanish vigilance had relaxed; it was now confined to the far-flung girdle of entrenchments which encircled the city. The trio encountered no one.

Leaving Jacket on guard at the crest of the hill, O'Reilly stationed Rosa at the mouth of the well, then lowered himself once more into it. Lighting a candle, he made a careful examination of the place, with the result that Estéban's theory of the missing riches seemed even less improbable than it had earlier in the day. The masonry lining work, he discovered, had been done with a painstaking thoroughness which spoke of the abundance of slave labor, and time had barely begun to affect it. Here and there a piece of the mortar had loosened and come away, but for the most part it stood as solid as the stones between which it was laid. Shoulder-high, to O'Reilly, there appeared to be a section of the masonry less smoothly fitted than the rest, and through an interstice in this he detected what seemed to be a wooden beam. At this point he brought his iron bar into play.

It was not long before he discovered that his work was cut out for him. The cement was like flint and his blunt makeshift implement was almost useless against it. Ankle deep in muddy water, he patiently pecked and pounded and chipped, endeavoring to enlarge the crevice so as to use his bar as a lever. The sweat streamed from him and he became dismayed at his own weakness. He was forced to rest frequently.

Rosa hung over the orifice above, encouraging him, inquiring eagerly as to his progress. During his frequent breathing-spells he could discern her white face dimly illuminated by the candle-light from below.

After he had worked for an hour or two he made a report: "It begins to look as if there really was a bulkhead or a door in there."

The girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight. "Do hurry, dear! I'm dying of suspense."

O'Reilly groaned. "That fellow Sebastian knew his business. This cement is like steel, and I'm afraid of breaking my crowbar."

Rosa found a leaf, folded a kiss into it and dropped it to him. "That will give you strength," she declared.

O'Reilly lost all count of time after awhile and he was incredulous when Jacket came to warn him that daylight was less than an hour away. "Why, I haven't started," he protested. He discovered, much to his surprise, that he was ready to drop from fatigue and that his hands were torn and blistered; when he climbed the rope to the upper air he fell exhausted in the deep grass. "I—I'm not myself at all," he apologized; "nothing to eat, you know. But the work will go faster now, for I've made a beginning."

"Do you still think——" Rosa hesitated to voice the question which trembled on her lips.

"I'll know for sure to-night." He directed Jacket to replace the planks over the well, then the three of them stole away.

O'Reilly spent most of that day in a profound stupor of exhaustion, while Rosa watched anxiously over him. Jacket, it seemed, had peacefully slumbered on picket duty, so he occupied himself by grinding away at his knife. The last scraps of food disappeared that evening.

Given tempered tools to work with, it would have been no great undertaking to tear down that cemented wall of stones, but armed with nothing except his bare hands and that soft-iron bar O'Reilly spent nearly the whole night at his task. Long before the last rock had yielded, however, he beheld that which caused him to turn a strained face upward to Rosa.

"There's a little door, as sure as you live!" he told her.

The girl was beside herself with excitement. "Yes? What else? What more do you see?"

"Nothing. It appears to be made of solid timbers, and has two huge hand-wrought locks."

"Locks! Then we *have* found it." Rosa closed her eyes; she swayed momentarily. "Estéban was right. Locks, indeed! That means something to hide. Oh, if I could only help you."

"Gad! If I only had something—*anything*—to work with!" muttered the American as he fell to with redoubled energy. He no longer tried to conserve his strength, for the treasure-seeker's lust beset him. Rosa looked on, wringing her hands and urging him to greater haste.

But the low, thick door was built of some

hard native wood; it was wet and tough and slippery. O'Reilly's blows made no impression upon it, nor upon the heavy hasps and staples with which it was secured in place. The latter were deeply rusted, to be sure, but they withstood his efforts and he was finally forced to rest, baffled, enraged, half-hysterical from weakness and fatigue. Daylight was at hand once more, but he refused to give up and worked on stubbornly, furiously, until Rosa, in an agony, besought him to desist.

Johnnie again collapsed on the grass and lay panting while the other two replaced the planks.

"Another hour and I'd have been into it," he declared huskily.

"You'll skill yourself," Jacket told him.

Rosa bent over him with shining eyes and parted lips. "Yes," she said. "Be patient. We will come back, O'Reilly, and to-night we shall be rich."

COLONEL COBO lit a black cigaret, leaned back in his chair and exhaled two fierce jets of smoke through his nostrils. For a full moment he scowled forbiddingly at the sergeant who had asked to see him.

"What's this you are telling me?" he inquired finally. The sergeant, a mean-faced, low-browed man, stirred uneasily.

"It is God's truth. There are spirits on La Cumbre, and I wish to see the priest about it."

"Spirits? What kind of spirits?"

The fellow shrugged. "Evil spirits—spirits from hell. The men are buying charms."

"Bah! I took you to be a sensible person."

"You don't believe me? Well, I didn't believe them when they told me about it. But I saw with my own eyes."

Cobo leaned forward mildly astonished. Of all his villainous troop, this man was the last one he would have credited with imagination of this sort. "What did you see?"

"A ghost, my colonel, nothing else. La Cumbre is no place for an honest Christian."

The colonel burst into a mocking laugh. "An honest Christian! *You!* Of all my vile ruffians you are the vilest. Why, you're a thief, a liar, and an assassin. You are lying to me now. Come—the truth for once, before I give you the *componte*."

"As God is my judge, I'm telling you the truth," protested the soldier. "Flog me if you will—rather the *componte* than another night in those trenches. You know that old *quinta!*"

"Where Pancho Cueto made a goat of himself? Perfectly. Do you mean to say that you saw old Estéban Varona walking with his head in his hands?"

"No, but I saw that she-devil who fell in the well and broke her neck."

"Eh? When did you behold this—this marvel?"

"Two nights ago. She was there beside the well and her face shone through the night like a lantern. *Maldición!* There was fire upon it. She came and went, like a moth in the lamplight. I tell you, I repented of my sins. Some of the men laughed at the others. But last night two of the doubters went up there."

"Exactly. And they saw nothing?"

"Your pardon, my colonel. They came back in a cold sweat, and they spent the night on their knees. The woman was there again. You have seen the salt sea at night? Well, her face was aglow like that, so they said. They heard the clanking of chains, too, and the sound of hammers, coming from the very bowels of the earth. It is all plain enough when you know the story. But it is terrifying!"

"This is indeed amazing," Cobo acknowledged, "but of course there is some simple explanation. Spirits, if indeed there are such things, are made of nothing—they are like thin air. How, then, could they rattle chains? You probably saw some wretched *pacificos* in search of food and imagined the rest."

"Indeed! Then what did I hear with these very ears? Whispers, murmurs, groans, and the clinkety-clink of old Sebastian's chisel. For his sins that old slave is chained in some cavern of the mountain. I'm no baby! I know when I'm asleep and I know when I'm awake. That place is accursed, and I want no more of it."

Cobo fell into frowning meditation, allowing his cigaret to smolder down until it burned his thick fingers. He was not a superstitious man and he put no faith in the supernatural; nevertheless he was convinced that his sergeant was not lying, and reference to Pancho Cueto had set his mind to working along strange channels. He had known Cueto well, and the latter's stubborn belief in the existence of that Varona treasure had more than once impressed him. He wondered now if others shared that faith, or if by chance they had discovered a clue to the whereabouts of the money and were conducting a secret search? It was a fantastic idea; nevertheless, Cobo told himself that if people were prying about those deserted premises it was with some object, and their actions would warrant observation. The presence of the woman—a woman—with the glow of phosphorus upon her face, was puzzling, but the whole affair was puzzling. He determined to investigate it. After a time he murmured: "I should like to see this spirit."

The sergeant shrugged. It was plain from his expression that he could not account for such a desire. "Another night is coming," said he.

"Good! I shall visit the place, and if I see anything unusual, I—well, I shall believe what you have told me. Meanwhile, go see your priest by all means. It will do you no harm."

ALL that day, or during most of it at least, Rosa and O'Reilly sat hand in hand, oblivious of hunger and fatigue, impatient for the coming of night, keyed to the highest tension. Now they would rejoice hysterically, assuring each other of their good fortune; again they would grow sick with the fear of disappointment. Time after time they stepped out of the hut and stared apprehensively up the slopes of La Cumbre to assure themselves that this was not all a part of some fantastic illusion; over and over, in minutest detail, Johnnie described what he had seen at the bottom of the well. He tried more than once during the afternoon to sleep, but he could not, for the moment he closed his eyes he found himself back there in that pit upon the ridge's crest, straining at those stubborn rocks and slippery timbers. This inaction was maddening, his fatigue rendered him feverish and irritable.

Jacket, too, felt the strain, and after several fruitless attempts to sleep he rose and went out into the sunshine where he fell to whetting his knife. He finished putting a double edge upon the blade, fitted a handle to it and then a cord with which to suspend it round his neck. He showed it to O'Reilly, and after receiving a word of praise, he crept outdoors again and tried to forget how hungry he was. Black spots were dancing before Jacket's eyes; he experienced spells of dizziness and nausea, during which he dared not attempt to walk. He knew this must be the result of starvation, and yet, strangely enough, the thought of food was distasteful to him. He devoutly wished it were not necessary to climb that hill again, for he feared he would not have the strength to descend it.

Luckily for the sake of the secret, Evangelina spent most of the day searching for food, while Asensio lay babbling upon his bed, too ill to notice the peculiar actions of his companions.

But once O'Reilly was at the bottom of the well, and beheld the handiwork of Sebastian, the slave, just as he had left it, his sense of reality returned and with it a certain measure of determination. Inasmuch as he had made no visible impression upon the bulkhead by his direct attack, he changed his tactics now and undertook to loosen one of the jambs where it was wedged into the rock at top and bottom. After a desperate struggle he succeeded in loosening the entire structure so that he could pry it out far enough to squeeze his body through.

"I have it!" he cried to Rosa. Seizing the candle, he thrust it into the opening. He beheld what he had expected to find—a small cavern or grotto which had evidently been pierced during the digging of the well. He could appreciate now how simple had been the task of sealing it up so as to baffle discovery. Rosa, poised above him, scarcely breathed until he straightened himself and turned his face upward once more.

He tried to speak, but voiced nothing more than a hoarse croak; the candle in his hand described erratic figures.

"What do you see?" the girl cried in an agony of suspense.

"I—it's here! B-boxes, chests, casks—everything!"

"God be praised! My father's fortune at last!"

Rosa forgot her surroundings, she beat her hands together, calling upon O'Reilly to make haste and determine beyond all question that the missing hoard was indeed theirs. She drew perilously close to the well, and knelt over it like some priestess at her devotions; her eyes were brimming with tears and there was a roaring in her ears. It was not strange that she failed to see or to hear the approach

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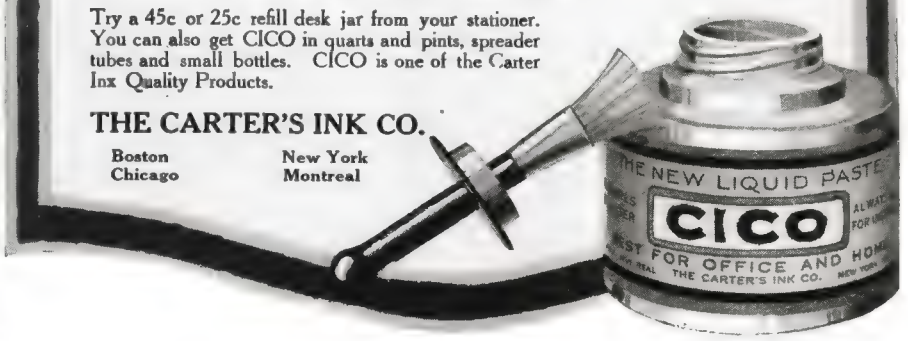

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of a great blurred figure which materialized out of the night and took station scarcely an arm's length behind her.

"He intended it for his children," she sobbed, "and Providence saved it from our wicked enemies. It was the hand of God that led us here, O'Reilly! Tell me, what do you see now?"

Johnnie had wormed his way into the damp chamber and a slim rectangle of light was projected against the opposite side of the well. Rosa could hear him talking and moving about.

Don Estéban Varona's subterranean hiding-place was large enough to store a treasure far greater than his; it was perhaps ten feet in length with a roof high enough to accommodate a tall man. At the farther end were ranged several small wooden chests bound with iron and fitted with hasps and staples; along one side was a row of diminutive casks, the sort used to contain choice wines or liquors; over all was a thick covering of slime and mold. The iron was deeply rusted and the place itself smelled abominably stale.

O'Reilly surveyed this Aladdin's Cave in a daze. He set his candle down, for his fingers were numb and unsteady. Cautiously, as if fearful of breaking some spell, he stooped and tried to move one of the casks, but found that it resisted him as if cemented to the rock. He noted that its head was bulged upward, as if by the dampness, so he took his iron bar and aimed a sharp blow at the chine. A hoop gave way; another blow enabled him to pry out the head of the cask. He stood blinking at the sight exposed, for the little barrel was full of coins—yellow coins, large and small. O'Reilly seized a handful and held them close to the candle flame; among the number he noted a Spanish doubloon such as young Estéban must have found.

He tested the weight of the other casks and found them equally heavy. Knowing little about gold, he did not attempt to estimate the value of their contents, but he judged they must represent a fortune. With throbbing pulses he next lifted the lid of the nearest chest. Within, he discovered several compartments, each stored with neatly wrapped and labeled packages of varying shapes and sizes. The writing upon the tags was almost illegible, but the first article which O'Reilly unwrapped proved to be a goblet of most beautiful workmanship. Time had long since blackened it to the appearance of pewter or some base metal, but he saw that it was of solid silver. Evidently he had uncovered a store of old Spanish plate.

In one corner of the chest he saw a metal box of the sort in which valuable papers are kept, and after some effort he managed to break it open. Turning back the lid he found first, a bundle of documents bearing imposing scrolls and heavy seals. Despite the dampness they were in fairly good condition, and there was enough left of the writing to identify them beyond all question as the missing deeds of patent to the Varona lands—those crown grants for which Doña Isabel had searched so fruitlessly. But this was not all that the smaller box contained. Beneath the papers there were numerous leather bags. These had rotted; they came apart easily in O'Reilly's fingers, displaying a miscellaneous assortment of unset gems—some of them at first sight looked like drops of blood, others like drops of purest water. They were the rubies and the diamonds which had brought Isabel to her death.

O'Reilly waited to see no more. Candle in hand he crept out into the well, to apprise Rosa of the truth.

"We've got it! There's gold by the barrel and the deeds to your land. Yes, and the jewels too—a quart of them, I guess. I—I can't believe my eyes." He showed her a handful of coins. "Look at that! Doubloons, eagles! There appear to be thousands of them. Why, you're the richest girl in Cuba! Rubies, diamonds—yes, and pearls, too, I dare say——" He choked and began to laugh weakly, hysterically.

"I've heard about those pearls," Rosa cried shrilly. "Pearls from the Caribbean, as large as plums. Isabel used to babble about them in her sleep."

"I found those deeds the first thing. The plantations are yours now, beyond any question."

Rosa drew back from her precarious position, for she had grown limp from weakness and her head was whirling. As she rose to her feet she brushed something, somebody, some flesh-and-blood form which was standing almost over her. Involuntarily she recoiled, toppling upon the very brink of the pit, whereupon a heavy hand reached forth and seized her. She found herself staring upward into a face she had grown to know in her nightmares, a face the mere memory of which was enough to freeze her blood. It was a hideous visage—thick-lipped, flat-featured, black; it was disfigured by a scar from lip to temple and out of it gleamed a pair of eyes distended and ringed with white, like the eyes of a man insane.

For an instant Rosa made no sound and no effort to escape. The apparition robbed her of breath, it paralyzed her both in mind and body. Her first thought was that she had gone stark mad, but she had felt Cobo's hands upon her once before and after her first frozen moment of amazement she realized that she was in her fullest senses. A shriek sprang to her lips, she tried to fight off the man, but her weak struggle was like the fluttering of a bird. Cobo crushed her down, strangling the half-uttered cry.

Terror may be so intense, so appalling, as to be unendurable. In Rosa's case a merciful oblivion overtook her. She felt the world grow black, fall away; felt herself swing dizzily through space.

O'Reilly looked upward, inquiring sharply: "What's the matter?" He heard a scuffling of feet above him, but received no answer. "Rosa! What frightened you? *Rosa!*" There was a moment of sickening suspense, then he put his shoulder to the timbers he had displaced and, with a violent shove, succeeded in swinging them back into place. Laying hold of the rope, he began to hoist himself upward. He had gone but a little way, when, without warning, his support gave way and he fell backward; the rope came pouring down upon him.

"ROSA!" he called again in a voice thick from fright. Followed an instant of silence, then he flattened himself against the side of the well and the breath stuck in his throat.

Into the dim circle of radiance above a head was thrust—a head, a pair of wide shoulders and then two arms. The figure bent closer, and O'Reilly recognized the swarthy features of the man he had seen at the Matanzas railroad station. There could be no doubt of it—it was Cobo!

O'Reilly's upturned face was ghastly. He wet his lips. He managed to whisper Rosa's name.

"The riches of the Varonas! *Caramba!* What a find!" Cobo's teeth shone white in a grin of avarice. "Yes, I see now—a cavern in the rock. Well, well! And you are the spirit of Sebastian, chained in the bowels of La Cumbre. Ha! These are the ghosts——" He began to chuckle, but the sound of his malevolent merriment was like the hiccoughing of a drunken man.

The fellow continued to sway himself back and forth, peering as if his eyes were about to leave his head. For a long moment or two he utterly disregarded O'Reilly, but finally, as he gained more self-control, his gaze shifted and his expression altered. He changed his weight to his left arm and with his right hand he drew his revolver.

"What are you doing?" O'Reilly cried hoarsely.

The colonel seemed vaguely surprised at this question. "Fool! Do you expect me to share it with you?" he inquired.

"Wait! There's enough—for all of us," O'Reilly feebly protested; then, as he heard the click of the cocked weapon: "Let me out. I'll pay you well—make you rich." In desperation he raised his shaking hand to dash out the candle, but even as he did so the colonel spoke, at the same time carefully lowering the revolver hammer.

"You are right. What am I thinking about? There must be no noise. *Caramba!* A pretty business that would be, wouldn't it? With my men running up here to see what it was all about. No, no! No gunshots, no disturbance of any kind. You understand what I mean, eh?"

His face twisted into a grin as he tossed the revolver aside, then undertook to detach a stone from the crumbling curb. "No noise!" he chuckled. "No noise whatever."

O'Reilly, stupefied by the sudden appearance of this monstrous creature, stunned by the certainty of a catastrophe to Rosa, awoke to the fact that this man intended to brain him where he stood. In a panic he cast his eyes about him, thinking to take shelter in the treasure cave, but that retreat was closed to him, for he had wedged the wooden timbers together at the first alarm. He was like a rat in a pit, utterly at the mercy of this maniac. And Cobo was a maniac at the moment; he had so far lost control of himself as to allow the stone to slip out of his grasp. It fell with a thud at O'Reilly's feet, causing the assassin to laugh once more.

"Ho, ho!" he hiccoughed. "My fingers are clumsy, eh? But there is no need for haste." He stretched out his arm again, laid hold of another missile and strained to loosen it from its bed. "Jewels! Pearls the size of plums! And I a poor man! I can't believe it yet!" He could not detach the stone, so he fumbled farther along the curbing. "Pearls, indeed! I would send a dozen men to hell for one——"

O'Reilly had been standing, petrified, his body forced tightly against the rough surface behind him, following with strained fascination the deliberate movements of the man above him; now he saw Cobo, without the least apparent reason, suddenly twist and shudder, saw him stiffen rigidly as if seized with a sudden cramp, saw his eyes dilate and heard him heave a deep, whistling sigh. O'Reilly could not imagine what ailed the fellow. For an eternity, so it seemed, Cobo remained leaning upon his outspread arms, fixed in that same attitude of paralysis—it looked almost as if he had been startled by some sound close by. But manifestly that was not the cause of his hesitation, for his face became convulsed and an expression of blank and utter astonishment was stamped upon it. The men stared fixedly at each other, O'Reilly with his head thrown back, Cobo with his body propped rigidly upon wooden arms and that peculiar shocked inquiry in his glaring eyes. But slowly this expression changed; the colonel bent as if beneath a great weight, his head rose and turned back upon his neck, he filled his lungs with another wheezing sigh. "*Maldición!*" he whispered.

His teeth ground together, his head began to wag upon his shoulders; it dropped lower and lower; one hand slipped from its hold and he lurched forward. An instant he hung suspended from the waist, then he appeared to let go limply as all resistance went out of his big body. There came a warning rattle of dirt and mortar and pebbles; the next instant he slipped into the well and plunged headlong down upon O'Reilly, an avalanche of lifeless flesh.

Johnnie shielded himself with his upflung arms, but he was driven to his knees, and when he scrambled to his feet, half stunned, it was to find himself in utter darkness. There was a heavy weight against his legs. It seemed a miracle, indeed, until he looked closer. Then he understood. Cobo lay in a formless, boneless heap; he seemed to be all arms and legs; his face was hidden, but between his shoulders there protruded the crude wooden handle of a home-made knife to which a loop of cord was tied!

O'Reilly stared stupidly at the weapon, then he raised his eyes. Peering down at him out of the night was another face, an impertinent, beardless, youthful face.

He uttered Jacket's name, and the boy answered with a smile. "Bring my knife with you when you come," the latter directed.

"*You!*" The American's voice was weak and shaky. "I thought——" He set the candle down and covered his eyes momentarily.

"That's a good knife, all right, and sharp, too. The fellow died in a hurry, eh? Who does he happen to be?"

"Don't you know? It's—it's Cobo!"

"*Cobo!* Cobo, the baby-killer!" Jacket breathed an oath. "Oh, that blessed knife!" The boy craned his body forward until he was in danger of following his victim. "Now this *is* good luck indeed! And to think that he died just like any other man."

"Rosa! Where is she?" O'Reilly inquired in a new agony of apprehension.

"Oh, she's here," Jacket assured him carelessly. "I think she fainted. *Caramba!* Isn't that like a woman—to miss all the fun? But, *compadre*—that was a blow for *Cuba Libre;* what? People will talk about me when I'm as dead as that pig. 'Narciso Villar, the slayer of Cobo'—that's what they'll call me!" Jacket giggled hysterically. "I—I thought he would jump up and run after me, so I fled, but he tried to bury himself, didn't he? His flesh was like butter, O'Reilly."

"Help me out, quick! Here, catch this rope." Johnnie managed to fling the coil within reach of his friend and a moment later he had hoisted himself from that pit of tragedy.

WHEN Rosa Varona regained consciousness sufficiently to understand what had happened she proved herself a person of no little self-control. She went to pieces for a moment, as was only natural, but O'Reilly soon succeeded in calming her. Nor did he have to remind her twice that this was no time for weakness or hysteria; it was she, in fact, who first voiced the fear that Cobo dead was scarcely less of a menace than Cobo alive.

"What are we going to do with him?" she inquired.

Jacket, too, appreciated the dangers of the situation: "We must get rid of him quickly," said he, "for his men are close by; he will be missed and there will be a search."

"I don't intend to make him a present of that treasure," O'Reilly said grimly. "It is our only salvation."

"But how are we going to hide him?" Jacket inquired. "One might as well try to conceal a church; oxen couldn't hoist him out of that hole."

"Precisely! He has made our work easy for us. We can't take more than a small part of the money with us, anyhow; the rest will have to lie here until the war is over. Well! We shall leave Cobo on guard over what remains!"

Jacket was immensely pleased with this idea, once he had grasped it. "What could be better?" he cried. "The man's spirit is evil enough to frighten people away, and we will drop stones upon him, so that he can learn the taste of his own medicine. It suits me exactly to think of Colonel Cobo standing on his head in a hole in the ground for the rest of eternity!"

O'Reilly was by this time suffering the full reaction from the events of the past half-hour and he was nearer exhaustion than he dreamed; but, conquering his repugnance for his unescapable task, he lowered himself once more into the well. His arms were weak, however, and his fingers numb, so he fell rather than slid the length of the rope. He managed to open the door of the treasure-chamber, then entered and loaded his pockets with gold. He sent up the jewel-box at the end of the rope, dragged the body of Cobo into the cave, then wedged the barricade back into place. It required the combined strength of Rosa and Jacket to help him the last few feet of this climb.

"Now fetch stones, rubbish, anything—and throw it in there," he gasped.

They were weak, sick, deadly tired; they could barely shuffle a few yards at a time when they finally reached Asensio's hut, nevertheless there was hope in their hearts, for O'Reilly's ragged clothes sagged with the weight of gold pieces and the little metal box he carried was heavy. Nor were they greatly concerned about the safety of the treasure they had left behind, for the entrance to the cavern lay deeply buried, and Cobo, the *guerrilla*, stood guard over the chests of plate and the casks of gold and silver.

Evangelina, vastly bewildered at the sight of the coin which was dropped into her palm, went for food and spent most of the day in cooking it. The treasure-hunters alternately slept and ate. It was not until well along toward evening that Rosa and O'Reilly felt any desire to take stock of the contents of that jewel-box; but finally, with heads together and with backs to the door of the *bohio*, they made a furtive examination. It was a task that held them spellbound, for there were loose gems of many varieties—some well, some badly cut; there were pieces of antique Spanish jewelry, valuable mainly by virtue of their antiquity; clumsy settings of silver and gold containing dead, uninteresting stones; others of the finest and most delicate workmanship. Some of the pieces were like glittering cobwebs, enmeshing sparks of fire and drops of blood. They found emeralds and sapphires the value of which they did not attempt to estimate; and besides these a miscellaneous assortment of semi-precious stones. There was a fine collection of opals of every size and color—among which were a number of huge flat black ones, indescribably gorgeous with their ever-changing peacock hues. But finest of all the lot were the pearls. Where old Don Estéban had secured these latter was a mystery, for he had not been a widely traveled man. They were splendid—unrivaled in size and luster. Some had the iridescence of soap-bubbles, others ranged from pink to deepest chocolate in color. To touch them was like sacrilege.

O'Reilly realized vaguely that he held in his lap a fortune greater than his wildest dreams had ever compassed. These were the jewels of a rajah. It seemed incredible that this ragged girl beside him was a regal heiress, the possessor of a treasure such as kings might envy. After a time he realized that the mere possession of these gems constituted a new and overwhelming menace.

All that evening he and Rosa cowered in the darkness, whispering furtively, their nerves on edge, their senses strained. It seemed to them that new and unsuspected perils stalked abroad through the night.

Morning found all hands more nearly rational, and feeling the first gnawings of a healthy hunger. Even Asensio confessed to a quite miraculous improvement. While Evangelina prepared breakfast the lovers

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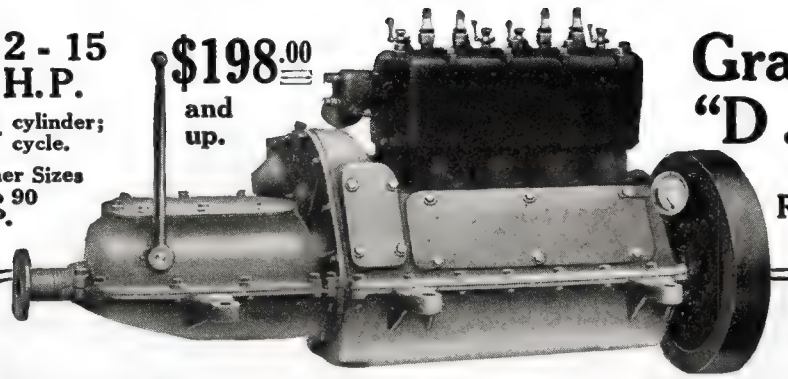

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agreed upon a story to explain the origin of that mysterious gold piece, and later Johnnie warned Jacket for a second time to keep his tongue between his teeth.

"We will have to be doubly careful now," he told the boy. "An unguarded word or an incautious move would be the end of us."

Jacket nodded his complete comprehension. "Sure! All Spaniards are robbers and they'd skill us for a *peso*. Yes, and the *pacificos* are no better. I tell you, we need to get out of this place."

"I intend to arrange it at once, but—the sight of those jewels has frightened me. If we are searched—if we are even suspected——"

"Oh, Rosa wouldn't have any more use for her pretty trinkets. She'd be in heaven before you could scratch your nose."

O'Reilly frowned. "She isn't at all strong, yet. I'm wondering if she can endure the hardships we'll encounter when—or if—we get away."

"Exactly what I was thinking. I've been considering another plan."

"Indeed?" O'Reilly scanned the face of his young friend with interest. He was beginning to have a high regard for Jacket's capabilities, and the boy's exploit of the night before certainly entitled him to be heard upon any subject.

"I told you about my friend at the market," the latter continued. "Well, he is a miserable Spaniard, but he has a son in the *manigua*."

"One of us?" Johnnie was surprised.

"Yes. The old fellow owns a *volandra* in which he brings charcoal from the eastward twice a month."

There was a moment of silence, then O'Reilly said slowly, as if hesitating even to voice such a suggestion: "You mean—he might take us out of here—on his schooner?"

"Who knows? He's not a bad old fellow and he likes me. But there would be no place for women."

"How well does he like you?"

"Oh, we are like two thieves."

After another period of thought O'Reilly said: "Take me to him, and remember, I'm your brother Juan."

The Matanzas market did not present a scene of great activity when the two friends slunk into it. It was midday, and what food had earlier been offered for sale had for the most part long since disappeared. All but a few of the stalls were empty, and a number of emaciated *reconcentrados* were searching listlessly among them for neglected scraps, or imploring aid from such marketmen as still lingered about. Like most Spanish markets, the building was far from clean and housed odors unpleasant even to starving people. In the smelliest section, at one of the fish-stalls, Jacket accosted a villainous old brigand in a rough Gallego cap, baggy blouse and trousers, and straw sandals.

"Good day, my captain," he cried cheerily. The Spaniard raised his head, scowled ferociously, then waved a long, thin-bladed knife in menacing fashion.

"Aha! So there you are, robber! Be off now, before I slit your greedy little belly!" He spoke in an angry, husky voice. When Jacket stood his ground, he reached for him with a hand upon which blood and fish-scales had dried. "Didn't I promise to give you to the soldiers if you came back to bother me?"

Jacket was unabashed by this hostile reception. He grinned broadly and with an impudent eye he scanned the empty premises. "Where is my little fish?" he demanded. "As I live, I believe you have sold it! *Caramba!* What a miser! For the sake of another *centavo* you would see me starve? There's a heart for you!"

"What a nuisance!" grumbled the marketman. He reached into a basket and flung a mackerel upon the table. "There! I saved it for you, and sent the good women of Matanzas away empty-handed. But it is the very last. Annoy me again, and I shall open you with my knife and put salt on you."

"Ah! You *are* my good captain!" Jacket cried in triumph, possessing himself of the prize. "Where would I have been but for you?" Turning to O'Reilly, who had looked on from a distance at this artificial quarrel, he said: "Captain Morin, this is that brother, Juan, of whom I have told you."

Morin smiled at Johnnie and extended his dirty palm. "The little fellow can speak the truth when he wishes, it seems. I began to doubt that he had a brother. What a boy, eh?" Leaning closer he whispered hoarsely: "It is cheaper to give him a fish than to have him steal a whole basketful. But he is a great liar. Even yet, I'm not sure that he knows my Miguelito."

"You have a son with the *insurrectos?*"

"Yes." The fisherman cast a furtive glance over his shoulder. "He is a traitor of the worst sort, and I don't approve of him, but he's a brave boy and he loves fighting. Sometimes I get hungry to see him."

"Why don't you go and fight by his side?" Jacket demanded.

"God forbid!" Morin flung up his hands. "I'm a loyal subject."

"Well, we are going back to fight. We are going to escape and join Gomez once more!" Jacket made the announcement calmly.

"*S-sh!* What talk!" Morin was in a nervous panic, lest they be overheard. "As if anybody could escape from Matanzas! What made you come here if you are so eager to fight?"

"I'll tell you." O'Reilly assumed direction of the conversation. "There are three of us brothers, we two and Estéban, a pretty little fellow. He was captured by Cobo's men and driven in, and we came to find him."

"You came *here*—here to Matanzas?" Old Morin was incredulous. He muttered an oath. "That was a very nice thing to do. And did you find him?"

"Oh, yes! That was easy enough, for the lad is deformed."

"*Tse! Tse!* What a pity!"

"But he is sick—dying——"

"Of course. They're all dying—the poor people! It is terrible."

"We—" O'Reilly faltered slightly, so much hung upon the manner in which Morin would take what he was about to say—"We want to get him out of here; we *must* do so, or we'll lose him."

Sensing some hidden significance, some obscure purpose behind this confession, the Spaniard looked sharply at the speaker. His leathery countenance darkened.

"Why are you telling me this?" he inquired. "What makes you think I won't betray you?"

"Something tells me you won't. You have a good heart, and you have kept Narciso from starving for the sake of your own boy."

"Well?"

"Will you help us?"

"I? In heaven's name, how?"

"By taking us away in your charcoal schooner."

"You're mad!" Morin cast another apprehensive look over his shoulder. "I'm a poor man. All I have is my two boats, the *vivero*, which brings fish, and the *volandra*, which sails with charcoal. Do you think I'd forfeit them and my life for strangers?"

"There wouldn't be much risk."

"Indeed? Perhaps I know something about that."

O'Reilly leaned closer. "You say you're a poor man. I will pay you well."

"What kind of *pacificos* are you?" Morin queried. His mouth had fallen open, his eyes protruded.

"I too, am a poor man, but I'm willing to buy freedom for my little brothers and myself."

"How many coins like that have you?"

"Um—m—more than one; enough to pay you for several cargoes of charcoal."

"And I have given you fish to eat!" Morin rolled his eyes at Jacket. He pondered the marvel of what he had seen, he muttered something to himself.

"For the sake of Miguelito," Jacket urged. "*Caramba!* What a hard-hearted father begot that boy!"

"Hush!" The fisherman was scowling. To O'Reilly he said: "You do wrong to tempt a poor man."

"My brother Estéban is sick. He is a frail little lad with a crooked back. God will reward you."

"Perhaps! But how much will *you* pay?"

"Ten Spanish sovereigns like this—all that I have."

"No! It is not enough."

O'Reilly took Jacket's hand and turned away. "I'm sorry," said he. "I wish I might offer you more." He had taken several steps before Morin hailed him.

"Come back to-morrow," the fisherman cried crossly. "We will try to talk like sensible people."

The brothers Villar were back at Morin's fish-stand on the following afternoon and they returned daily thereafter until they at last prevailed over the Spaniard's fears and won his promise of assistance. That much accomplished, they made several cautious purchases—a coat here, a shirt there, a pair of trousers in another place—until they had assembled a boy's complete outfit of clothing.

At first Rosa refused absolutely to desert her two faithful negro friends, and O'Reilly won her consent to consider his plan of

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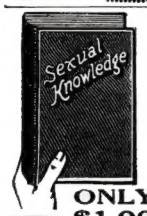


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escape only after he had put the matter squarely up to Asensio and his wife and after both had refused to enter into it. Asensio declared that he was too sick to be moved, and asserted that he would infinitely prefer to remain where he was, provided he was supplied with sufficient money to cover his needs. Evangelina agreed with him.

Then, and not until then, did Rosa begin her preparations. First, she made Evangelina cut her hair, a sacrilege that wrung sighs and tears and loud lamentations from the black woman, after which she altered the suit of boy's clothing to fit her figure, or rather to conceal it.

When at last she put it on for O'Reilly's approval she was very shy, very self-conscious, and so altogether un-boylike that he shook his head positively.

"My dear, you'll never do," he told her. "You are altogether too pretty."

"But wait untll I put that hideous hump upon my back and stain my face, then you will see how ugly I can look."

"Perhaps," he said doubtfully. A moment, then his frown lightened. "You give me a thought," said he. "You shall wear the jewels."

"Wear them? How?"

"On your back, in that very hump. It will be the safest possible way to conceal them."

Rosa clapped her hands in delight. "Why, of course; it is the very thing! Wait until I show you."

Profiting by her first moment alone—Evangelina and her husband being still in ignorance of the contents of the treasure-box—Rosa made a bundle out of the jewels and deeds and fastened it securely inside her coat. After a few experiments she adjusted it to her liking, then called O'Reilly once more. This time he was better satisfied; he was in truth surprised at the effect of the disfigurement and, after putting Rosa through several rehearsals in masculine deportment, he pronounced the disguise as nearly perfect as could be hoped for. An application of Evangelina's stain to darken her face, a few tatters and a liberal application of dirt to the suit, and he declared that Rosa would pass anywhere as a boy.

There came a night when the three of them bade good-by to their black companions and slipped away across the city to that section known as Pueblo Nuevo, then followed the road along the water-front until they found shelter within the shadows of a rickety structure which had once served as a bath-house. The building stood partially upon piles and under it they crept, knee-deep in the lapping waves. To their left was the illumination of Matanzas; to their right, the lights of the Penas Altas fort; ahead of them, empty and dark save for the riding-lights of a few small coasting vessels, lay the harbor.

The refugees waited a long time; they were beginning to fear that old Morin's nerve had weakened at the eleventh hour when they beheld a skiff approaching the shore. It glided closer, entered the shade of the bath-house, then a voice whispered:

"*Psst!* You are there?" It was Morin himself.

Hastily the three piled aboard. Morin bent to his oars and the skiff shot out. "You were not observed?" he inquired.

"No."

Morin rowed in silence for a time, then confessed: "This business is not to my liking. There is too much risk. Think of me putting my neck in peril!"

"Ho!" Jacket chuckled. "It is just the sort of thing that I enjoy. If Miguelito was captain of his father's boat we'd been in Cárdenas by daybreak."

"When do you sail?" O'Reilly asked.

"At dawn, God permitting. You will have to remain hidden and you mustn't even breathe. I have told my men that you are members of my wife's family—good Spaniards, but I doubt if they will believe it."

Intrigue of this sort did not frighten the fisherman. "It is not often they board us nowadays," he said more hopefully, "but of course one never can tell. Perhaps we shall sail out under their very noses."

He brought the skiff alongside a battered old schooner and his passengers clambered aboard. There was a tiny cabin aft, and on it, sheltered from the night dew by a loose fold of the mainsail, were two sleeping men. The newcomers followed Morin down into the evil little cabin, where he warned them in a stertorous whisper:

"Not a sound, mind you. If anyone comes aboard, you must shift for yourselves. Creep into the hold and hide. Of course, if we are searched—" He muttered something, then groped his way out on deck, and closed the hatch behind him.

It was inky dark in the cabin, the occupants dared not move about for fear of waking the sailors overhead. Time passed slowly. After awhile Jacket yawned and sighed and grumbled under his breath. Finally he stretched himself out upon a narrow board bench and fell asleep. O'Reilly drew Rosa to him and she snuggled comfortably into his embrace, resting her head upon his shoulder. It was their first real moment alone.

Now that they had actually embarked upon this enterprise and the girl had given herself entirely into his hands, now that an imminent peril encompassed them both, Johnnie felt that Rosa belonged to him more absolutely, more completely, than at any time heretofore, so he held her close. He caressed her gently, he voiced those tender, intimate, foolish thoughts which he had never dared express. This velvet darkness, this utter isolation, seemed to unite them; to feel the girl's heart beating against his own and her breath warm upon his cheek was intensely thrilling. An exquisite ardor inflamed him, and Rosa responded to it. They resisted briefly, prolonging the delights of this moment; then her arms crept about him, her lips met his in absolute surrender.

They began to whisper, cautiously, so as not to disturb the sleeping boy; they became unconscious of the flight of time. Rosa lay relaxed against her lover's shoulder and in halting murmurs, interrupted many times by caresses, she told O'Reilly of her need for him and her utter happiness. It was the fullest hour of their lives.

Sometimes he thought she must be dozing, but he was never sure, for she answered to his lightest touch and awoke to the faintest pressure of his lips. The night wore swiftly on, and it was not long enough for either of them.

With daylight, Morin routed out his men. There was a sleepy muttering, the patter of bare feet upon the deck above, then the creak of blocks as the sails were raised. From forward came the sound of someone splitting wood to kindle the charcoal fire for breakfast. Other sailing craft seemed to be getting under way and a fishing-boat, loaded with the night's catch, came to anchor alongside.

The three brothers Villar felt the schooner heel slightly and knew that she was stealing toward the Spanish gunboat which was supposed to be on guard against precisely such undertakings as this. A few moments, then there came a hail which brought their hearts into their throats. Morin himself answered the call.

"Good morning, countryman! Have you caught any of those accursed filibusters since I saw you last? So? Cayo Romano, eh? Well, they come in the night and they go in the night. If I were the pilot of your ship, I'd guarantee to put you where they'd fall into your arms, for I know these waters. What have I aboard?" Morin laughed loudly. "You know very well—cannon and shot for the rebels, of course. Will you look? . . . No? . . . Then a cup of coffee, perhaps?"

O'Reilly peeped through a dirt-stained cabin window and saw that the *volandra* was slipping past the stern of the ironclad, so he withdrew his head quickly.

In spite of his hospitable invitation, Captain Morin made no move to come about, but instead held his schooner on her course, meanwhile exchanging shouts with the unseen speaker. It seemed incredible that Spanish discipline could be so lax, that the schooner would be allowed to depart, even for a coastwise run, without some formalities of clearance, but so it seemed. Evidently the Spaniards had tired of examming these small craft. It was typical of their carelessness.

Of course, this was but one danger past and there were many more ahead, for Morin's schooner was liable to be stopped by any of the numerous patrol-boats on duty to the eastward. Nevertheless, when an anxious hour had gone by and she was well out toward the harbor mouth, the refugees told each other they were safe.

Morin shoved back the companionway hatch and thrust a grinning face into view. "Ho, there, my lazy little cousins!" he cried. "Wake up, for I smell Pancho's coffee boiling!"

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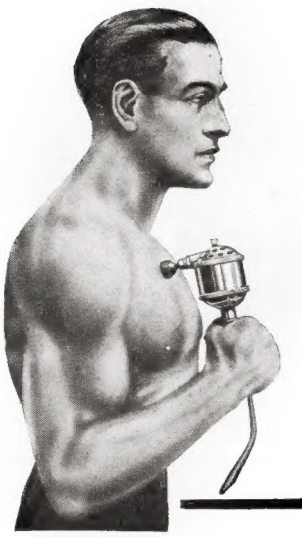

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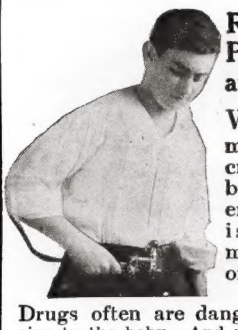

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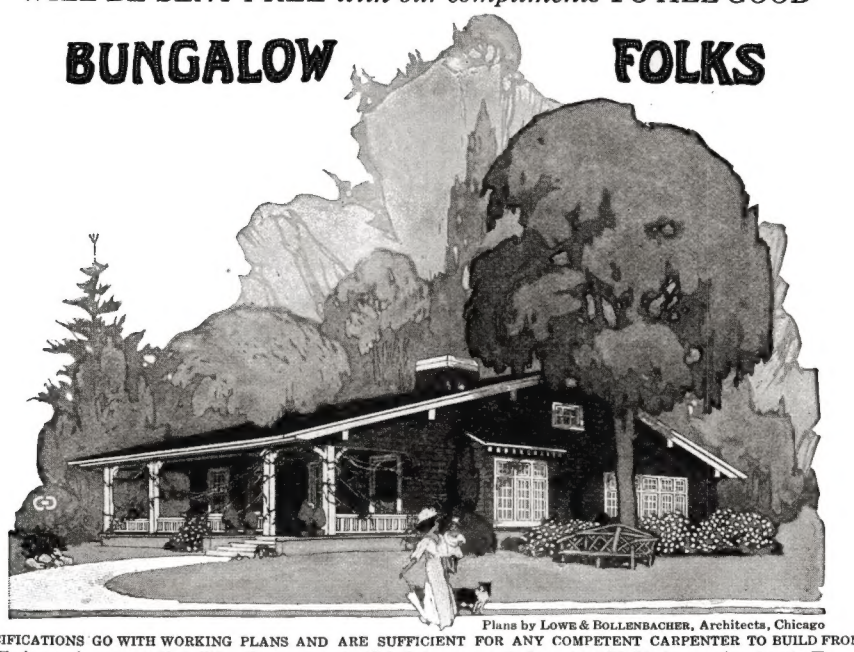

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***With one of the severest winters experienced in this section, I kept our house 72 to 75 degrees throughout the season commencing October 10, and my coal bill will not exceed $40 heating twelve rooms—house exposed on all sides. This being the fourth season what better recommendation would one want?***

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Warm Air..... Steam or Hot Water.....
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Heating Contractors: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our new proposition. Both are winners.

(*Concluded from page 203*)

Oh, she felt guilty! How could anyone suspect anyone with such eyes of stealing copper! Something moved restlessly under the broad, brown hand of Tadd Jasper. It was the cramped and dissatisfied little forefinger, and it wriggled out sidewise and crept its tip up over the ledge, where it pressed until the nail was white.

"Hear that jury charge!" laughed Tadd. "Nothing proved, no justifiable reason for the court to order a survey, and probable grounds for libel. No jury could get away from that charge." He patted the white hand, then suddenly took it in a firmer clasp, all but the tip of the little forefinger. It stayed outside! "Betty!"

Something unmistakable in that tone. Every girl knows the sound of it, knows that the minute is rapidly approaching, and that the thing is as likely to take place on a crowded ballroom floor, or in an open orchard, as in a dim, secluded corner of a parlor.

"Betty!"

Her hand trembled slightly under his, all but the tip of her little forefinger. She gazed out along the one street of sunlit Copperton, deserted except for the row of patient horses hitched on either side, and the drowsy dogs lying on the wooden-awninged porches of the little frame shanties, and strove to collect her fleeting will. A fine fellow, Tadd, a delightful fellow, a fellow she liked to be with, at all times; and yet she was desperately afraid he might sweep her into promising something hastily and without sufficient consideration; and yet the touch of his hand was so potent, and his blue eyes were so compelling, and he was leaning nearer and nearer, and——

Suddenly Betty's eyes snapped wide and her lips half parted, and she bent eagerly forward. Down the road from the mines and into Copperton there loped, with a succession of stiff-legged bounds, a white mule, its ears sticking straight forward and its tail straight back, and to it clung flat Jane Rowland, her eyeglasses dangling and thumping on the neck of the mule, and her hat hanging by its two pins to the knot of hair at the back of her head! Before Betty could recover from her startled surprise at this unexpected apparition, a wiry bronco dashed down the mine road and into the street of Copperton. It was flecked with foam, and on its back was flat and lanky Emerson Doane, his eyeglasses dangling and flapping, his shirtsleeve torn, and water glistening all over him! What could have happened at the mines!

Somebody's hand slid up Betty's arm to her shoulder and pressed there. Somebody was quite close to her. Tadd! He was leaning forward, and as Betty looked up he saw Emerson Doane. Ah! In that instant Betty discovered something startling in the clear-blue eyes, a depth to which she had not yet penetrated, and it took her breath!

Betty Carey possessed a marvelous power. She could pigeonhole a thing instantaneously, even a hurt, to be taken out and examined later, and she could put another thing right in its place, temporarily. Her eyes snapped and little pink spots of excitement took the place where her dimples belonged as she slipped over next to Pete Primple, and sat down, oh, ever so quietly!

"How much now do you want for that Green Buzzard?" she bantered him.

"Twelve and a half, miss. I ain't actin' for myself, or you might beat me down. I'm only an agent, and twelve and a half is the price. Five thousand dollars, miss, and, win or lose——" He stopped in the midst of his garrulous argument, for something had been trust peremptorily into his hand. A check!

"It's for five thousand dollars," said Betty crisply. "Where is your certificate? Here's my pen. Sign it."

She was just wrapping the scaled register of Copperton in a nice clean handkerchief when Jane Rowland plunged through the door and interrupted the dignity of the court and the slumber-compelling charge of the young judge with the shout of:

"Betty! Betty! Mr. Primple, we'll buy your Green Buzzard!"

As the spectators, thus rudely wakened, sprang up, Pete Primple grabbed for his certificate.

"No you won't!" he yelled.

"I have it, Jane!" and Betty frantically waved it out of reach.

"Why—why—why——" stammered Jane.

"Give it back!" yelled Pete.

"Your check's certified!" shrilled Betty, and popped the certificate down the neck of her blouse.

"Order!" boomed the court.

"What's happened!" Tadd Jasper confronted Jane with distended nostrils.

"I'll sell my Green Buzzard!" shouted the sandy-whiskered juror. "Ten shares!"

"How much!" Jane was dashing madly across the courtroom, and jerking a roll of bills from her handbag as she went.

"Fifteen!"

As Jane paid the sandy-whiskered juror a hundred and fifty dollars, Emerson Doane jumped in at the door, and ran down the aisle waving both arms.

"Stop that trial!"

"The case is closed!" Tadd Jasper was rushing up to the judge's table.

"Back up, Jasper, or I'll shoot a drift through you!" bellowed the black-haired boss of the Green Buzzard.

"I demand to be sworn in as a witness for the Green Buzzard!" shouted Doane.

"I'll give eighteen for my stock!" The sandy-whiskered juror.

"Make it twenty!" As her own money and fifty dollars more was thrust into her hand, Jane screeched across the babble and the swaying of the excited courtroom: "Betty, Betty! I made fifty dollars in two minutes!"

"Order! Order! Order!"

"I'll give twenty for Green Buzzard!"

"I'll give twenty!"

"Twenty-one!"

They were all at it now, shrieking and howling and overturning chairs, and during the pandemonium which ensued, while the clerk was swearing in Emerson Doane and the judge was pounding furiously with his Bible for order, Jane, now a fiery-eyed fury, and utterly unconscious that Betty was trying to restrain her with one hand while holding off the importunate Primple with the other, repurchased the sandy-whiskered juror's ten shares at twenty-five!

Only one thing could restore that pandemonium to a semblance of order—the vitally interesting testimony of Emerson.

"It's proved!" he declaimed, as soon as he took the stand. "The Sky Blue's richest vein belongs to the Green Buzzard!"

"It's a lie!" thundered Tadd Jasper.

"Liar yourself!" The black-haired boss of the Green Buzzard jumped for him, but five of the jurors sprang between.

"I found a fissure in our northeast drift," went on the deadly determined Doane, "and I turned the flume of the lake into it, and flooded out the Sky Blue mine—straight down below us!" He had to stop until the wild uproar which rose on that could be quieted. "We had a battle and my men won! They're down there now, with proof and evidence of the blocked-up passage which was to fool the survey if the court forced one! And——"

"I'll give you thirty!" yelled the sandy-whiskered juror, and this time there was no stopping it. The Copperton court was turned into a stock-exchange on the minute, though only two stocks were handled—Sky Blue and Green Buzzard! One man did not trade; Tadd Jasper. He was on his way up to the Sky Blue to destroy his books!

Half-an-hour later the two girls emerged from the courthouse, Betty sparkling-eyed and enthusiastic and Jane, limp and dishevelled; and they were both jabbering like intoxicated persons.

"I bought it eight times and I sold it eight times, and I'll never know how much I made because a bill blew out of the window and an Indian ran away with it, and I don't know the size of it!" And while she was telling this over and over, amplifying its details and trying to recall what the price had been each time, Betty, with equal disregard of whether she was heard or understood, was rattling on about the exact details of her own sale to the black-haired man of the Green Buzzard for thirty-two thousand dollars; and how she had just known the minute she saw that look in Tadd's eyes, and how her intuition had always been correct, except that the blue eyes had fooled her, and how this back-to-nature wooing of the quick Westerners was a dangerous thing, and how at one time she'd thought of keeping the shares, because they would pay such good dividends, but that she'd remembered just in time that Jack used to say it's always safe for a winner to cash in; and speaking of Jack made her homesick!

They were half a mile out of Copperton now, and Betty looked around her with dissatisfaction.

"The sky seems so low down and the hills so close in," she commented. "And Jane, if I ever marry again, which I sometimes doubt, I don't think it will be a man with blue eyes."

"Not sky-blue anyhow," amended Jane, with the diabolic smile which made her plain face fascinating.

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